The Saturday Evening
POST
September 22, 1956 — 15¢

SEP 1 8 '56
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

A New Novel by ALISTAIR MacLEAN
Author of H M S ULYSSES

ROCKY MARCIANO
Tells His Own Story

LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLL BEREA OHIO 25-56
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all-new Big Ben and Baby Ben

by WESTCLOX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westclox proudly presents the

all-new Big Ben and Baby Ben

with a bright new look and fresh new features for modern living...perfect giving!

NEW BIG BEN SPRING ALARM. Modern metal case; cushioned base. Smartly patterned dial. *New features!* Cone-shaped, shatter-proof crystal. Whisper tick. Quiet single key wind. Sweep alarm indicator on dial. Fire-alarm gong can be regulated to loud or soft. 4⅞" high. In white and gold color, or black and nickel color.

NEW BIG BEN ELECTRIC ALARM. Identical smart modern design. Metal case, cushioned base; cone-shaped, shatter-proof crystal. Patterned dial with sweep alarm indicator. Single knob sets both time and alarm. He's 4⅞" high, has his own special features. Sweep second hand. Insistent call. Two striking finishes: white and gold color, bronze and gold color.

NEW BABY BEN SPRING ALARM. Same handsome styling as his big brothers—in miniature. Modern metal case with cushioned base. Quiet tick. A steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. 3⅜" high. *New!* Cone-shaped, shatter-proof crystal; sweep alarm indicator on dial. White and gold color or black and gold color.

Each is **$6.95.** *With luminous dial you can read at night,* **$7.95.**

YOU CAN have your new Big Ben either spring or electric—and in either case, you'll have a truly handsome fellow! But with all his new charm and up-to-the minute convenience, Big Ben can offer you even more. It's the *dependability* that made his name respected around the world.

And we'll miss our guess if you don't fall in love all over again with perky Baby Ben spring alarm! He's proud as a peacock to have the same modern styling as his big brothers.

Yes indeed, these new Westclox are designed to grace *any* room in your home...and delight anyone on your gift list. Enjoy their new luxury to your heart's content, knowing they'll never forget their first responsibility—to call you in the morning and keep you on time all day.

Electric or Spring

PRODUCTS OF GT GENERAL TIME CORPORATION

WESTCLOX*...*dependable as the day is long!*

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • *In Canada:* Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U.S.A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change. *Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office.*

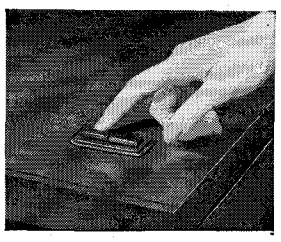
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

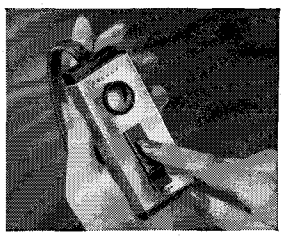
OPEN YOUR EYES AND EARS TO A NEW KIND OF TV...

PHILCO DIAMOND D TELEVISION

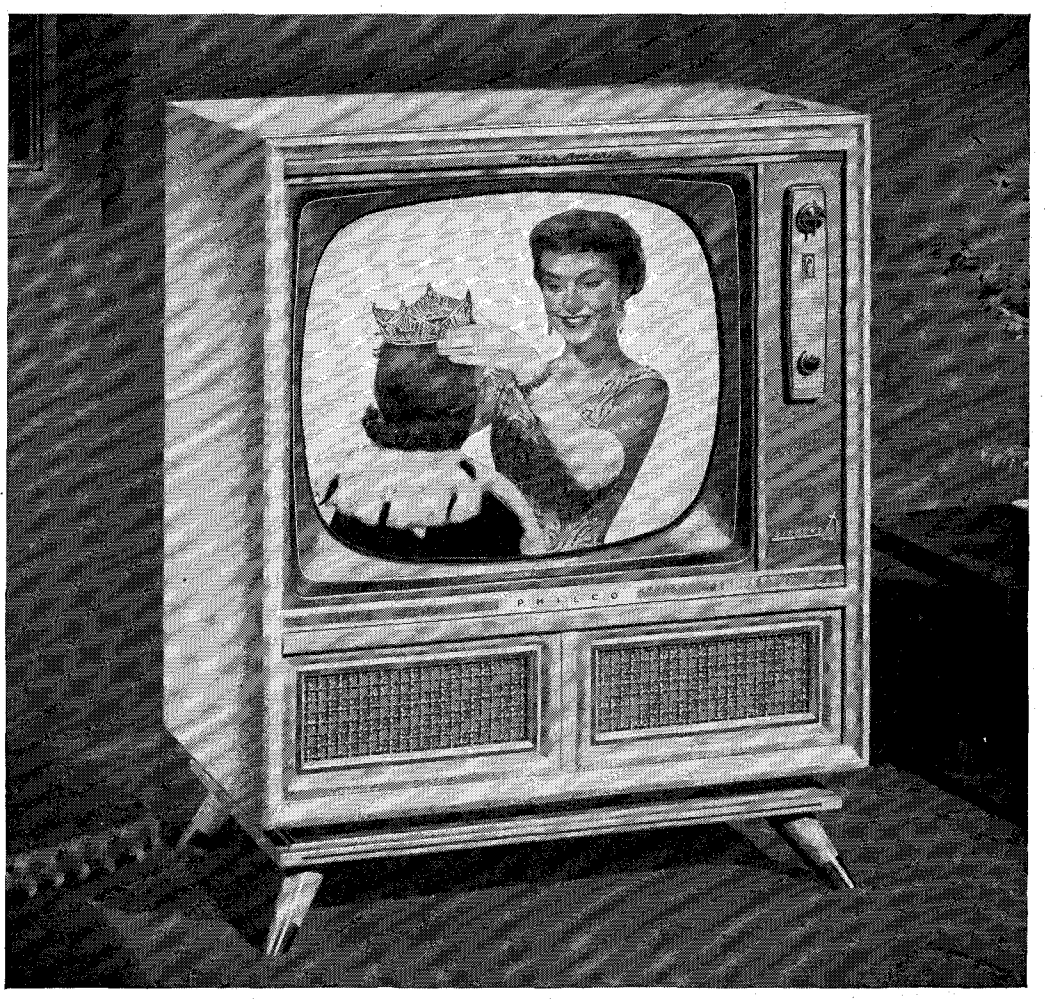
Startling new mastery of Sight and Sound!

Philco invites you to look and listen to the first *perfect marriage* of sight and sound . . . brilliant result of Project Photosonic—three years of research and two far-reaching Philco inventions. Now a picture up to 50% brighter than any other TV can offer at any price! And wedded to this diamond-bright picture power is a dynamic new outpouring of sound . . . crystal clear Sound Out Front, even in new low-priced horizontal consoles. Remember, if it isn't Philco Diamond D Television it isn't *photosonic!* And if it's not *photosonic* it's an "old hat" set. You can own Philco TV for only $119.95.

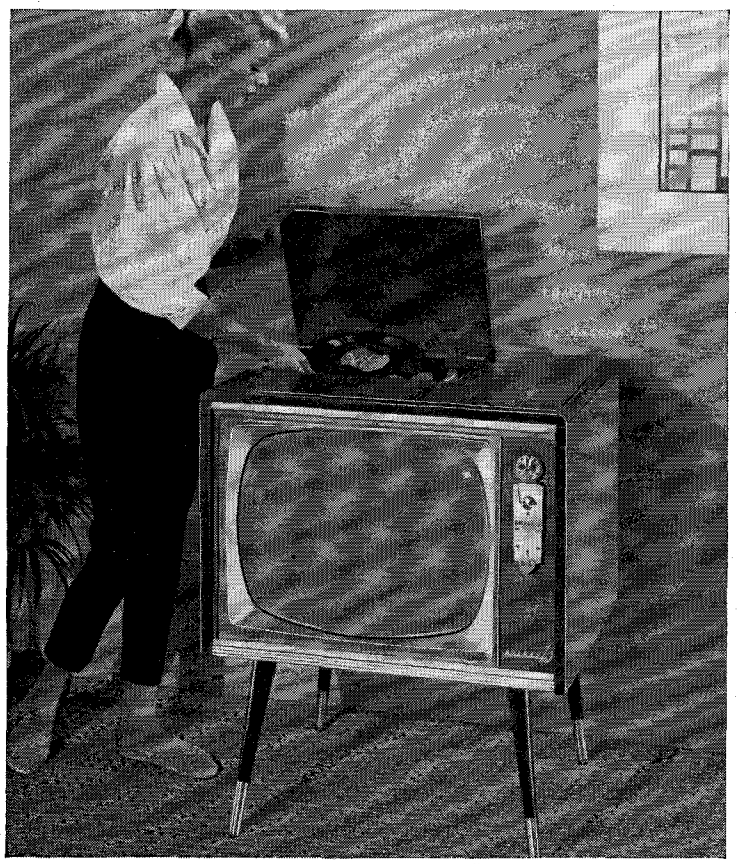




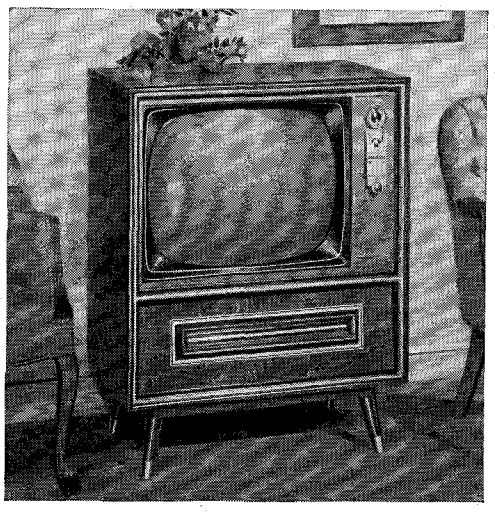
NO OTHER TV IS SO AUTOMATIC! At the top of the set... or by 4-Way Remote Control . . . just a touch turns the set on or off, changes stations, selects volume.



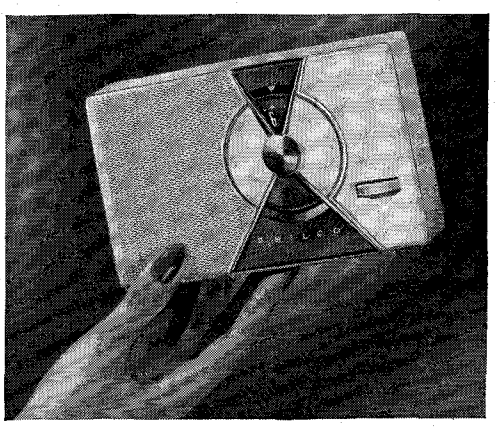
The New Philco "Miss America" . . . world's most wanted giant-screen console in blond or mahogany. New Diamond D power plant for up to 50% more picture brightness. Dual up-front rectangular speakers with Acoustic Lens for studio-dynamic sound. Automatic Top Touch Tuning and 4-Way Remote Control.



BIG SCREEN TV—PLUS 4-SPEED PHONOGRAPH. Never before a *double value* to compare with it! Complete television-phonograph service in one compact horizontal console at a low table model price. Sound Out Front for both TV and records. Philco 4802.



A TRIUMPH OF PHOTOSONICS in contemporary styled swivel console. New up-front 14″ rectangular speaker. High-voltage power plant for new mastery of sight and sound. Philco 4614.



MOST POWERFUL ALL-TRANSISTOR PERSONAL RADIO No tubes. No cords. 7 transistors operate on just 2 flashlight batteries. Plays 200 hours. Camera-size convenience. Leather carrying case. Philco T-7.

PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

PHILCO® *Famous for Quality the World Over*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*

Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* Beverly Smith, *Washington Editor*

Associate Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Hugh Morrow, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*

Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Editorial Assistants: Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, Patricia Walsh, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor

IN THIS ISSUE

September 22, 1956 *Vol. 229, No. 12*

4 Short Stories

Man With a Secret . . . . . *Noel Clad* 30
Killers of the Reefs . . . . . *Olaf Ruhen* 34
Epidemic! . . . . . *Ronald Sercombe* 37
The Heart Always Knows . . . . . *Lucy Cores* 42

8 Articles

I Fought All the Way, Part II: They Said I'd Get Murdered
Rocky Marciano, as told to Al Hirshberg and Milton Gross 26
He Domineers Beautiful Women . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 28
I Had a Brain Tumor . . . . . *Cynthia Flannery Stine* 31
Olympic Preview . . . . . *H. D. Thoreau* 32
The Russian to Watch . . . *Vladimir Shabinsky with Ellsworth Raymond* 36
Four-Footed Cops . . . . . *J. C. Furnas* 38
The Face of America: Coffee Break . . . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 40
The Labrador Limited . . . . . *Arthur W. Baum* 44

2 Serials

The Guns of Navarone (First of eight parts) . . . . . *Alistair MacLean* 23
The Case of the Lucky Loser (Fourth of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 51

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Keeping Posted 128
Post Scripts 46
Verse 58, 81, 115, 123

THE COVER

The Watters family and dog wish to move down the river in their vessel, so upsy-daisy goes most of our cover. The reaction in those automobiles would be more cordial if the voyagers had moved by in a more entertaining craft, say a battleship. What this world needs is time-saving drawbridges that snap open and shut in a trice; and the world needs lots of other things too. Illustrator Ben Prins sat beside a drawbridge for three hours to watch it move, and it never moved a muscle, nothing wanting to go through but a gull. Finally the kindly bridge tender, saying he'd better test the thing for shimmies anyway, waited till auto traffic was light and flapped it up and down for art's sake. As no boats were visible, the motorists must have feared the man had gone on a bender.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1956 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S., payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice. All subscriptions must be paid for in advance.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

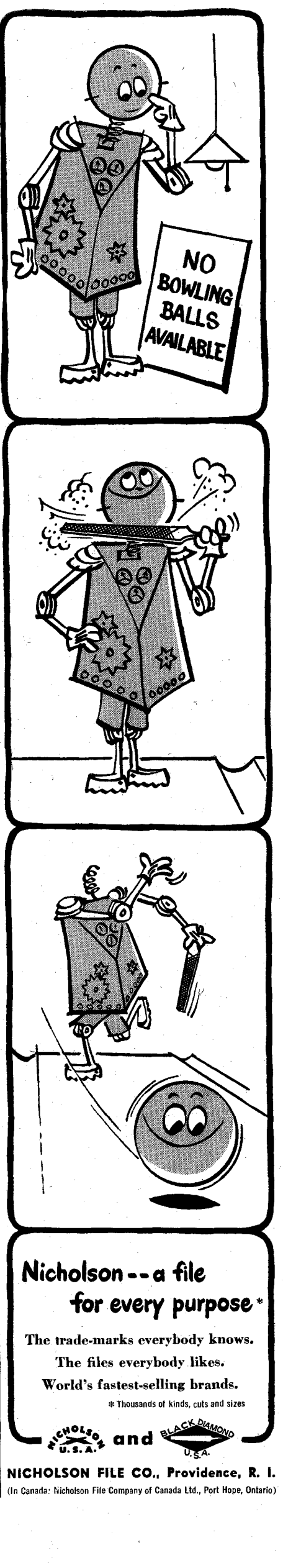
How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22-56 or December 1, 1956; 49-57 or June 8, 1957. You always count from the previous July first.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Walter D. Fuller, Chairman of the Board; Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice-Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Circulation; John M. Downs, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Manufacturing; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Research; Arthur W. Kohler, Sr. Vice-Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Edward C. Von Tress, Vice-Pres. and Executive Director of Advertising; Morton S. Bailey, Vice-Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



Nicholson -- a file for every purpose*

The trade-marks everybody knows.
The files everybody likes.
World's fastest-selling brands.

* Thousands of kinds, cuts and sizes

NICHOLSON U.S.A. and BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

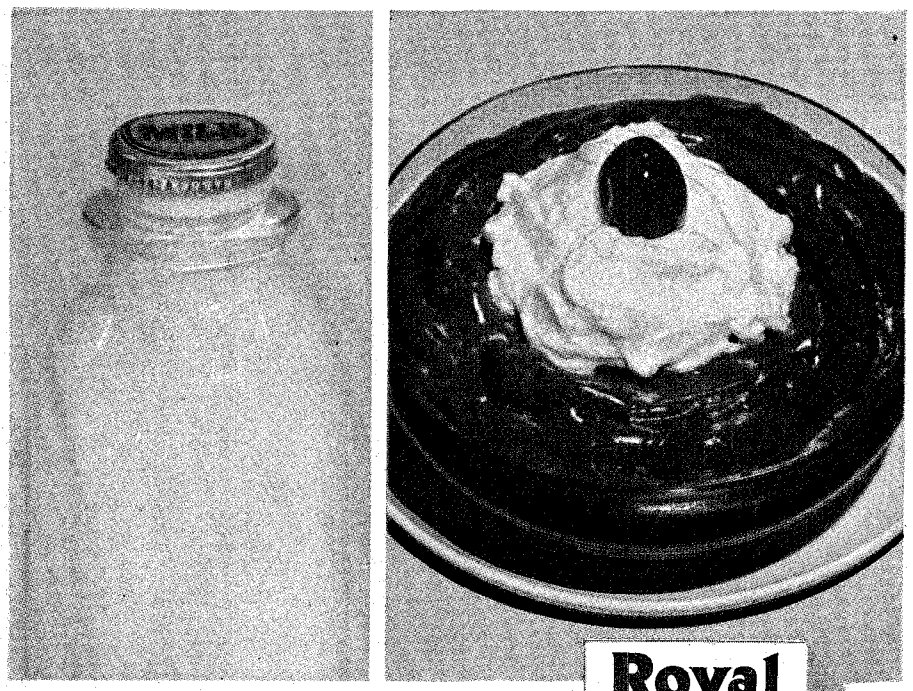
NICHOLSON FILE CO., Providence, R. I.
(In Canada: Nicholson File Company of Canada Ltd., Port Hope, Ontario)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

74% more food energy than fresh whole milk

in every delicious serving of

Royal Pudding

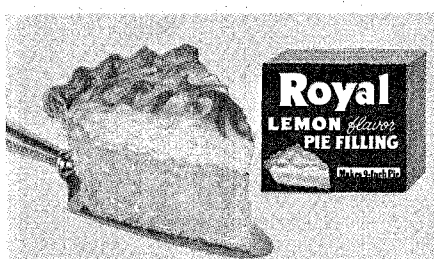


Milk is Nature's best food—as every mother knows. It's needed for strong, sturdy bodies, for growth, for vitality. But prepared ROYAL PUDDINGS—*Instant* or *Regular*—give you all the benefits of the milk *plus 74% more Food Energy*. Get *Regular* ROYAL for easy-to-cook, buttery-smooth Pudding and Pie Filling . . . no-cook *Instant* ROYAL for quick, melt-in-your-mouth desserts.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

FOR SCRUMPTIOUS DESSERTS EVERY TIME...

Always Reach For Royal



Lemon-y, Lemon Pie with Royal Lemon Flavor Pie Filling

Only Royal Gelatin Dessert gives you the "FRESH-FRUIT VITAMIN"—C

Letters

Car Thieves

Dear Sirs:

Your story KING OF THE CAR THIEVES [by Beverly Smith, Aug. 11–18] interested and enraged me. Both the leniency shown this gang of thieves and defense attorney Harry Gittleson's quoted argument for such leniency are enough to make anyone's blood boil. . . .

If a lifetime of crime is to be excused because the "proud" criminal and his family "have never been on relief," what future is there for industrious and honest people, many of whom have been forced to seek public relief, largely because our courts and police departments have so often failed to curb such callous lawbreakers as the Vigoritos?

HERBERT E. COTTON
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

It occurs to me that the source of the trouble could be controlled effectively by the car manufacturers. How about using large embossed numbers on the engine, or some atomic method readily detectable if tampered with.

S. GISLASON
Winnipeg, Man., Can.

Glamorous Groceries

Dear Sirs:

In spite of THEY'RE PUTTING GLAMOUR IN THE GROCERIES (by Harold Mehling, August 11) we have gone back to the corner grocery. We are not just another basket; we are real live people with names, addresses and personalities with food likes and dislikes, all of which are known to our grocer, his wife and the butcher. We give them an order weekly and pick up emergency or extra items as we go along. They carry only the best brands, which eliminates picking and choosing from huge displays. The butcher

knows just how much we need and the cuts we prefer and when to substitute. The meat is all wrapped in freezer paper and labeled. If we wish, they will deliver our order and put the perishables in the refrigerator or freezer compartment in our absence. A charge account, too, if we wish. . . .

We don't want glamour, we want homely services. Come back, all you corner grocers!

MRS. HARRY L. DROGMUND
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Eating food! That is what Mrs. Walter Margulies wanted that Saturday morning. Not fountains and flowers and colored lights. Not packages and cans and disinfectant and computers and ramps for parking the car!

OLIVE H. EVANS
Lake Ramsey, Ontario, Canada

Backwoods Justice

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading POOL OF LOST MEN, by Ronald Sercombe, in the August 11th issue.

It was interestingly written and entertaining. However, when I was through, there was a disturbing thought in my mind about the solution of Yucca Owen's problems. Yucca seemed to have many virtues and one vice. His vice of assisting a bootlegger was forgiven by the "law" because he saved the lives of the two men who represented the "law" to him. I question the solution of this moral issue. If it was illegal to transport the untaxed liquor in the first place, it was still illegal after he had saved the lives of Mason and Matthews. I question the right of Mason and Matthews, as officers of law, to settle cases in this manner. They are not judges. "Favors" to law-enforcing officers should not affect law violation. If this were accepted, no one would be arrested; all one would have to do would be to find a way to serve the law officer to avoid punishment.

WILLIAM A. WILLER
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Saint or Troublemaker?

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the article about Billy Martin [HE'S NEVER OUT OF TROUBLE, by Al Stump, August 18]. It was excellent. I hope the public realizes what a fine and loyal ballplayer and person he really is. I think he is the best 2nd baseman in the Major Leagues.

JANE BLACKSTONE, *President*
National Billy Martin Fan Club
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Re Bill Martin. We know the Majors are full of Minor League ballplayers, but why write a full-length article about one? Aren't there any interesting stories about the real big leaguers?

HAROLD R. MILLER
Bloomsburg, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Regarding the article on Billy ("I Never Start Fights—the Other Guys Just Hit Me Back") Martin, I don't really see why you wasted the time and space.

Martin is an arrogant, uncouth troublemaker and a childish poor loser. He is no credit to any sport.

L. S. THORNWALD
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I don't think the title HE'S NEVER OUT OF TROUBLE is quite accurate. . . . As Billy Martin's regimental commander at Camp Carson, I can definitely state that not only was he out of trouble during that period but he was in high regard with the entire regiment, including myself. To say he was a (Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your car can turn the pages of history

—and the more you drive, the less it costs per mile!

Isn't there a historical spot you've always wanted to visit? Your car makes it easy to get there—no matter where it may be. In fact, on most any drive you can find places that bring to life the legends, folklore and famous events from our nation's past.

And while you're reliving thrilling moments of the past, your car helps make it an economical as well as a pleasant trip. Official AAA figures show that a large part of the costs of car ownership do not change with mileage. Whether you drive around the block or cross country, such things as depreciation, license fees and insurance remain about the same.

The relatively small cost of gasoline and oil is the main added expense for extra mileage. However, competition among U.S. oil companies has held down these prices, and you get one of today's biggest bargains. So, as you can see quickly by the chart, every mile you drive costs less than the one before.

AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

For **5,000** *miles**		*For* **15,000** *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License Fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	**TOTAL FAMILY COST**	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

EXAMPLE FIGURED FOR FAMILY OF FOUR. YOUR FAMILY SIZE MAY CHANGE THIS COST A LITTLE. *Source: AAA

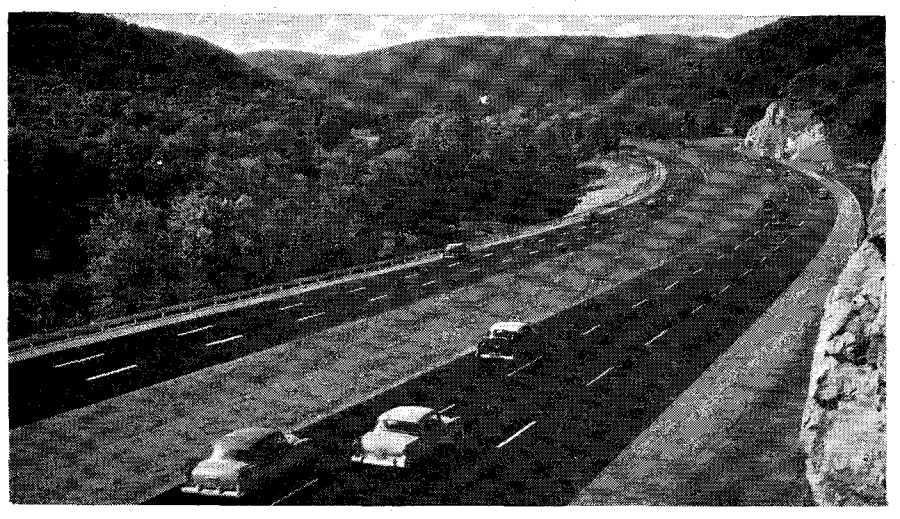
This fall, take the family and explore the country. And please drive safely.

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N.Y.

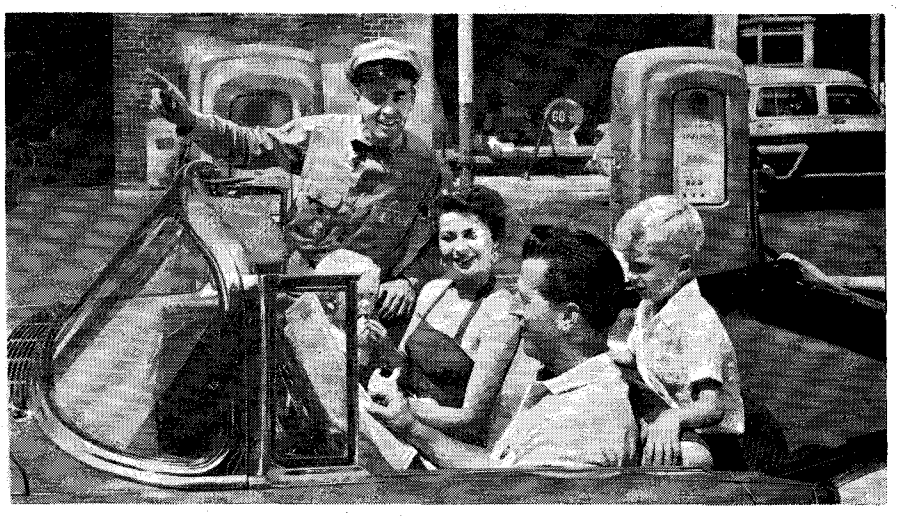
ON THE SPOT. There are many beautiful and historic sights to see at Gettysburg National Park. Visiting the spots where history was made is an unforgettable experience.

DRIVE MORE ...it gets cheaper by the mile!

SCENIC HIGHWAY: Modern asphalt highways make driving safer and more pleasant. You'll enjoy some of the country's most beautiful scenery and see many colorful and historic sites when you travel by car. It's fun for every member of the family.

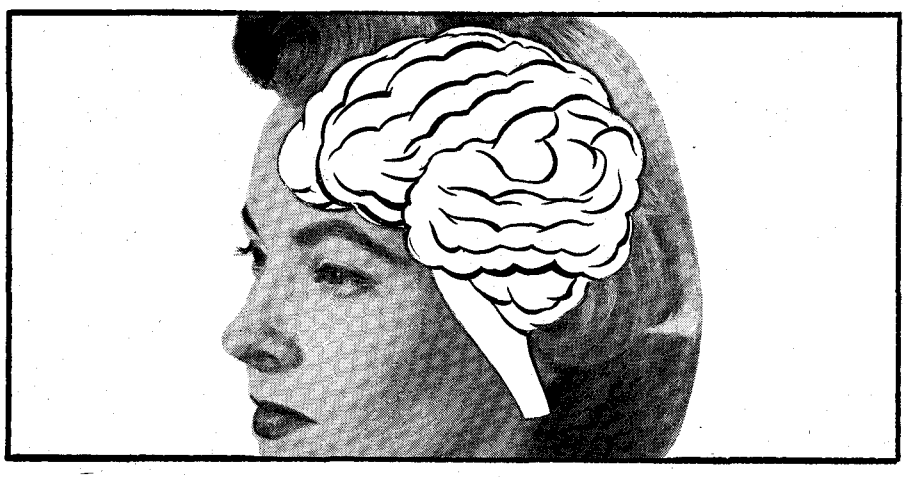


FAMILY FRIEND: The service-station dealer can point out many local sites of interest. And he's ready with dependable service and reliable products for your car.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES



Get faster relief with

STRONGER YET SAFER ANACIN®

Also goes to work instantly to relieve pains of Neuritis, Neuralgia, Normal Periodic Pain and Distress of Colds.

Anacin not only gives *stronger, faster* but also *safer* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets can not upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit-forming ingredients. Despite their great strength, you can take Anacin Tablets as directed as often as needed without the slightest harm.

You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients.

The highest medical authorities in the nation declare that the Anacin way — a formula combining smaller quantities of a *number* of highly effective pain relievers — gives faster, more effective and safer relief than a large dose of one *single* drug. This is one of the first fundamentals of medicine taught in all schools of medicine and dentistry. Just ask your own physician or dentist if this isn't true.

So whenever stronger yet safer medication is needed — you can depend upon Anacin. Remember — no single drug can give you the same strong safe relief of Anacin's combination of powerful pain relievers. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

If pain persists — see your doctor.

Highest medical authorities have established beyond a shadow of a doubt that Anacin's *combination* of potent pain relievers acts smoother and more efficiently than any *single* drug.

Can not upset Your Stomach!

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

"model soldier" would imply he was being good just for appearances. Since this is not so, I would rather see him described as a "fine soldier."

When Billy arrived, I asked him to come up for an interview. He said he wanted to play ball, but he did not want to be pampered. With this I heartily agreed. So he played ball and also marched one hundred and forty miles up to Camp Hale with the regiment. In fact, he asked to march at the rear of the column in order to "pick up stragglers." There were no stragglers.

COL. EDWIN M. VAN BIBBER
Boston, Mass.

Modern Navy

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hanson Baldwin's writings are always interesting, sometimes instructive; his conclusions at times debatable.

In his article Is THE NAVY OBSOLETE? (SEP, Aug. 11th) he makes the flat remark: "Since World War II and Japan's defeat by American sea power ——"

Now no fair man would endeavor to detract from the glory earned by the Navy, marine, air, surface or submarine. The latter destroyed enough surface shipping to render the Jap position precarious due to cutting their supply lines.

But "defeat by American sea power" is a little too thick for even this Navy admirer.

HARRY COLEMAN DRAYTON
Captain, USAF (Ret.)
Cambridge, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I am sure that even the Navy is now somewhat confused as to what its mission actually should be.

How do the fantastic and incredibly expensive defense schemes suggested by Mr. Baldwin contribute to the problems of solving the current interservice conflicts and the elimination of the billions of dollars wasted by duplication of effort so that the taxpayer receives the most effective service "team" for his money? Even the Air Force admits that no air defense could be considered foolproof.

A. J. HARLAND
Zurich, Switzerland

Democrat's Viewpoint

Dear Sirs:

THERE'S NO DEMAND FOR A G.O.P. NEW DEAL [editorial, Aug. 11] is a good example of the comical SEP editorials. Your reference to "the Truman Administration's record of scandals, truckling to labor bosses and ineptitude in foreign policy" is hilarious.

In view of the conflict-of-interest mess, the sell-out to big business and the foreign-policy debacle of the Eisenhower Administration, anyone who implies that the Democrats are stupid and wicked, but the Republicans are brilliant and holy, certainly has a very broad sense of humor. . . .

Keep up the good work. No better service could be rendered to the Democratic Party and the Democratic nominee.

VIRGLE GLENN WILHITE
Norman, Okla.

St. Louis Slums

Dear Sirs:

HOW TO RESCUE A CITY [by Joe Alex Morris] in the August 18 issue was deeply appreciated by the many St. Louisans who have unselfishly contributed their time and efforts to our revitalization program.

It has been my good fortune, since being mayor, to have widespread bipartisan support from the business leaders, labor, neighborhood groups, the newspapers, church organizations and many other groups and individuals who fully realize that St. Louis had reached the crossroads.

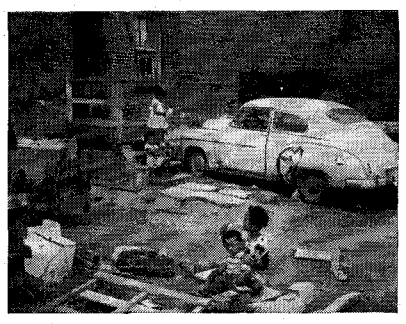
The lion's share of the credit for whatever success we have achieved actually belongs to the voters of our City who had the vision to support a progressive program when it was clearly presented to them. They have realized that their future and the future of their children rests with the success or failure of our City. We have never lost faith in the people.

RAYMOND R. TUCKER, *Mayor*
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Reference is made to the Joe Alex Morris article. . . .

Judging from the first picture, it would be a waste of time to move the occupants of the building shown to a fine, new building. People willing to live in such a litter, when it would be possible to have



flowers in the yard, do not deserve a decent place to live. How long do you think it would take to make a new place a mess? Most slum areas are slum areas because the dwellers are too lazy and shiftless to clean up the area and living quarters.

ANN M. WILLIAMSON
Detroit, Mich.

● *Sociologists, anthropologists and officials of public-housing projects have found that the great majority of slum dwellers respond favorably and quickly to improved housing conditions.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

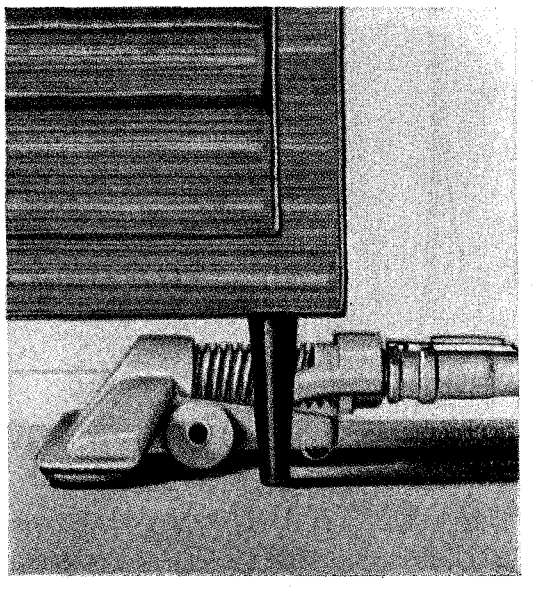
6—Bill Shrout. • 23, 24, 25—Al Muenchen. • 26—International. • 27—Two anonymous; International, Louis Weintraub, United Press, two by Larry Keighley. • 28, 29—Eugene Kammerman. • 30—Earl Mayan. • 31—R. J. Demarest, Margery Lewis. • 32—Wide World, United Press, Wide World, two from Sovfoto. • 33—United Press, International, Wide World, International, Wide World. • 34, 35—Ben Stahl. • 36—Brian Brake (Magnum). • 37—Larry Kritcher. • 38—John Burns. • 39—John Burns, Camera Press, John Bickel. • 40, 41—Ivan Dmitri. • 42, 43—Robert Meyers. • 44, 45—George Burns. • 51—James R. Bingham. • 80—George Burns. • 94—Two from Sovfoto; U. S. Army. • 110—Eugene Kammerman. • 128—Anonymous, Larry Keighley, anonymous, Bill Shrout.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW HOOVER *Constellation*

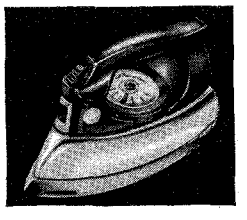
New airborne cleaner follows you around the house under its own power—no pulling, no tugging

Now Hoover has come up with something so amazing that you have to see it to believe it. It's a new cleaner that travels across the room *by air*. Through its air lift, the new Constellation glides after you under its own airpower. You do nothing but guide the rolling nozzle. Your Hoover does the rest—following along behind you wherever you go. Then, for reaching high places—even to the top of stairs—Hoover's exclusive double-stretch hose gives you a full 16-foot reach. See the one and only cleaner that walks on air—the Hoover Constellation. $97.50 at your dealer's. Also available in Canada.



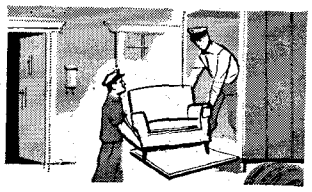
New kind of nozzle. See how it stays flat on the floor? Hoover's exclusive flexible "throat" keeps it that way whatever the position of the wand. Now, look at the wheels . . . three of them to give you easy one-hand cleaning.

HOOVER®
FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house, around the world



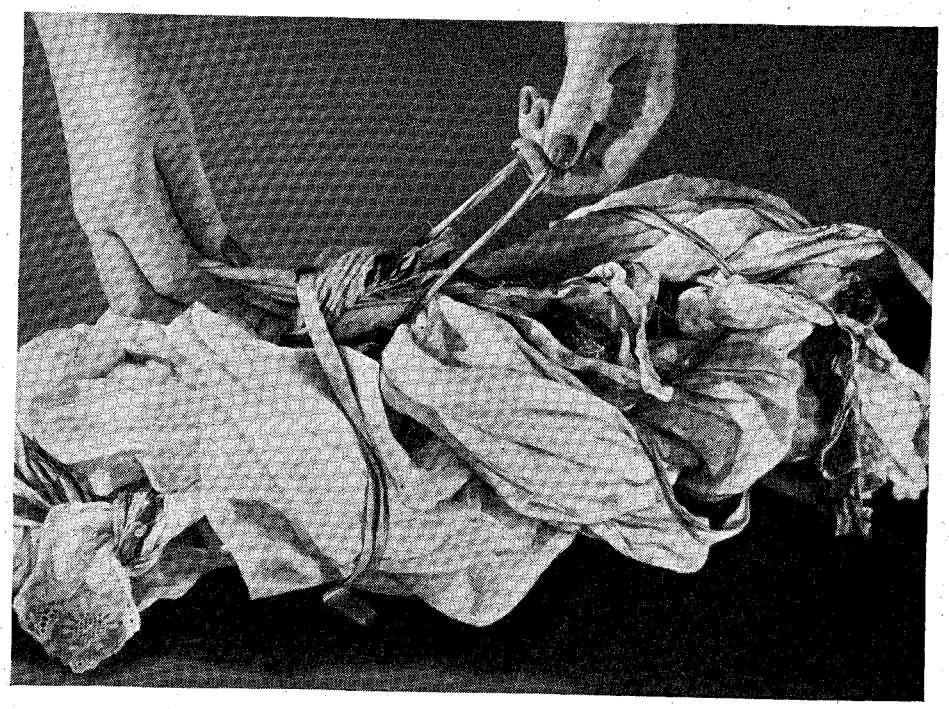
Do you know the Hoover people also make America's finest steam-dry iron, with the first stainless steel soleplate? Only $17.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

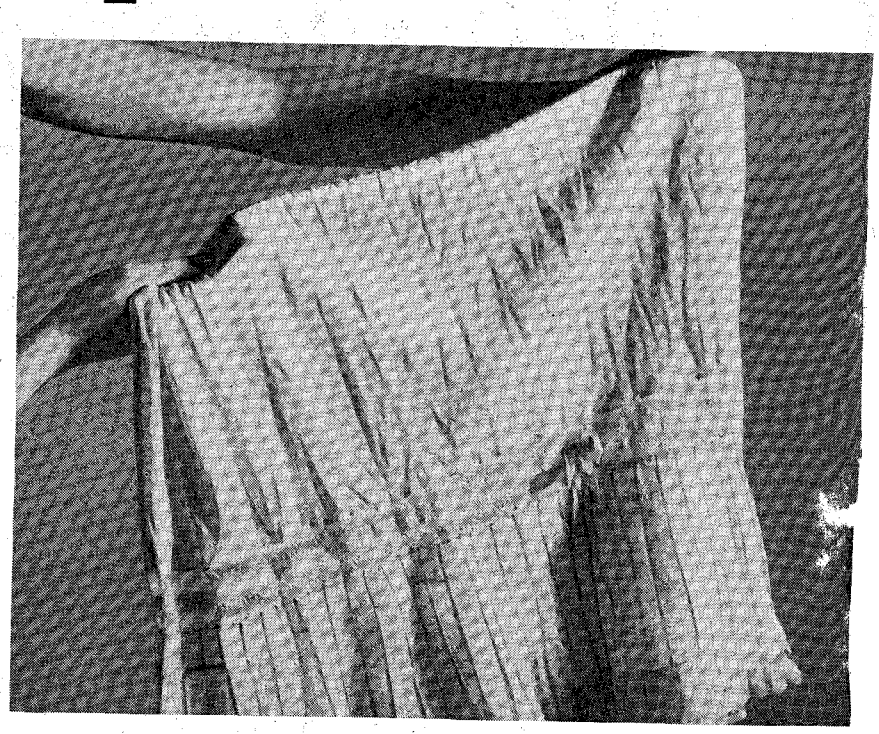


MOVING THIS FALL?
Perfect time to trade in that faithful but weary washer and move up to a Maytag Automatic. Start your new home life smoothly with this finest automatic of them all. Read here all about it.

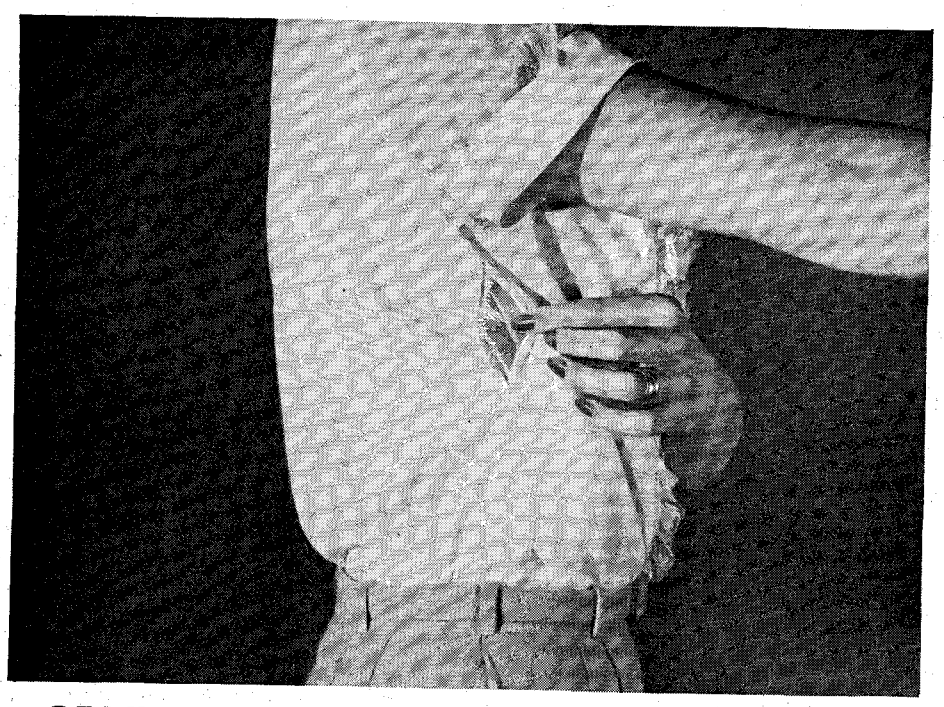
Wash these problems



"WHIPPED WASH"
Familiar? Some automatics knot and tangle your wash. Never happens with Maytag at either regular or slow speed; saves strain on sleeves and straps.



CREASED NYLON
Recognize this problem? Caused by too-hot water, fast spin. Makes ironi twice as hard. New Maytag lets you wash nylon wrinkle-free in warm or c water at slow speed.



SPLIT SEAMS
Ever happen to you? Lovely blouse go rip? Often caused by the strain of whipped and beaten wash. Won't happen with new Maytag's gentle action for delicate things.

SHRINKING WOOLENS
Dad's socks now Junior's size? Not with Maytag's cold water wash and ri and slow speed. Wool socks, sweaters, skirts, stay their size! No troubleso lint either.

THE LONG-LIFE MAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

right out of your life!

(and with new pushbutton ease)

New *All-Fabric* Maytag with 2 speeds and 3 water temperatures removes the beat and the heat that cause these problems

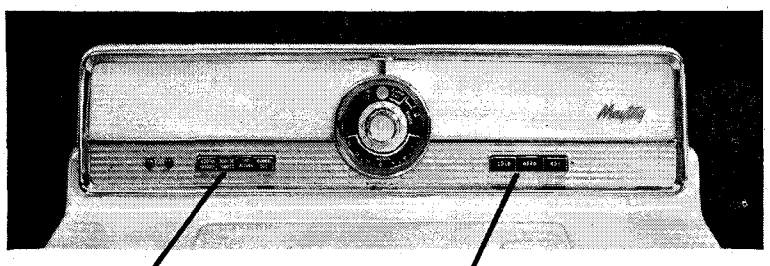
Haven't you wished there were an automatic that would give everything you wash the same gentle care your own hands do?

Now, there is. The new Maytag *All-Fabric* Automatic is almost *human* in the way it adjusts to the job to be done. All *you* do is push buttons.

It controls the amount of water, the safest temperature (from hot to cold), and gives you a choice of regular or slow washing speeds. Handles your delicate things with wash-bowl care, yet gets your heavy-duty wash *Maytag*-clean (which, as Mother will tell you, is the cleanest there is).

If the price has been bothering you, relax. With the new Maytag Automatic, you save as you wash. Over the years, you will get back in savings what you paid. In one year, for instance, you'll save up to 26 boxes of soap powder, up to 2500 gallons of hot water, and, biggest saving of all, your clothes will last longer with gentle Maytag care.

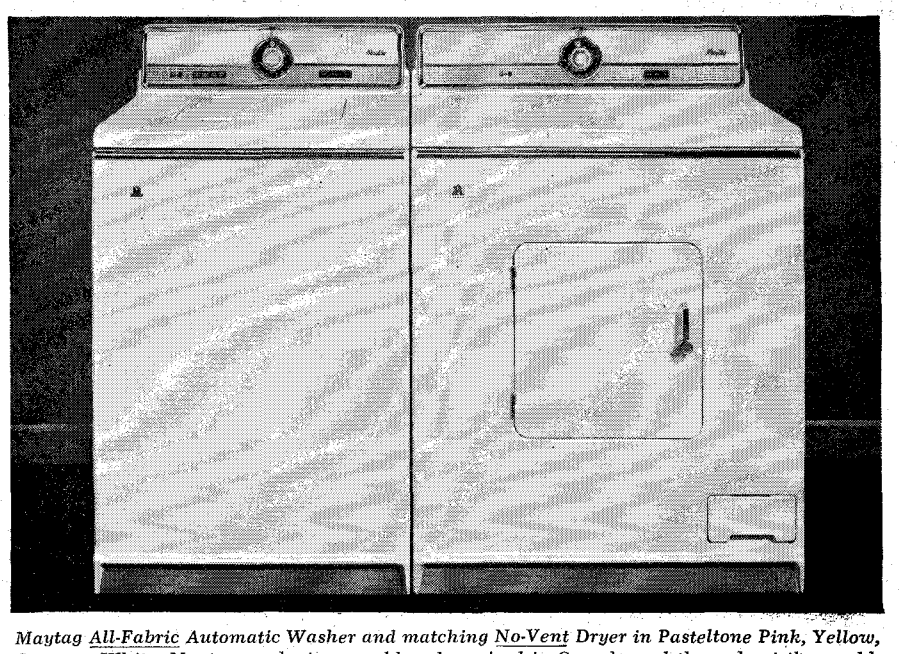
But don't let *us* do all the talking. Let your Maytag dealer show you advantages we can't even find room to mention here. What about today? *The Maytag Co., Newton, Iowa.*



2-SPEED ACTION
Regular speed for heavy wash. Slow speed safely washes delicate things.

3 WATER TEMPERATURES
"Hot" and "Warm" for regular washes . . . "Cold" for heat-sensitive items.

ANY WATER LEVEL
Save up to 9 gallons of hot water on a small load by dialing the water level.



Maytag All-Fabric Automatic Washer and matching No-Vent Dryer in Pasteltone Pink, Yellow, Green or White. Maytag products are sold and serviced in Canada and throughout the world.

Only Maytag gives you all these work, time and money-saving features

- Two-Speed Action
- Safety Lid
- Suds Saver
- Cold Water Wash and Rinse
- Double-Spin Tubs
- Automatic Water Level Control

Yours for as little as $3.50 a week

TAG AUTOMATIC WASHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

How Can We Take Heat Out of the Hot Rods?

Unless you move in hot-rod circles, you may not know that a "drag" is no longer a deep pull on a cigarette, but a trial of pick-up and eventual top speed between two automobiles. Such contests staged on public thoroughfares by featherheaded kids are an increasing threat to public safety and order. Hence the "drag strip"—an off-highway proving ground, usually converted from an obsolete air strip, where organized hot-rodders under respectable auspices can "get the speed out of their systems" without imperiling others.

Within five years the idea has spread from its origin in Pomona, California, up the West Coast and far eastward in places ranging in size from Aurora, Illinois, to Portland, Oregon. Sponsorship often comes from service clubs or other local civic bodies plus the local police. The American Automobile Association, albeit most gingerly, endorses such "supervised off-highway testing grounds" for youngsters who like to get grease on their hands.

On the other side of the argument Northwestern University's Traffic Institute recently reprinted from a bulletin of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies an editorial questioning the soundness of the idea. Organized hot-rodders bitterly resented this. But safety-education people, particularly teachers of driver-training courses, are skeptical about drag strips as an aid to good driving habits.

The drag strip sounds smart and constructive, superficially. But it could well be, as the association pointed out, that any kind of dragging, informal or supervised, spreads a psychological poison among the rising generation of drivers. That editorial says:

"By providing a place where youngsters can exhibit and win favor for driving practices which are always dangerous in traffic, a community . . . may be spreading [them] to youngsters who would otherwise be conservative drivers. . . . Competition is the dominant attraction in the successful operation of a drag strip. . . . For safety's sake, the automobile should be used solely as a means of transportation . . . not . . . as a means of expressing emotional impulses."

Note that the AAA, while leaving houseroom for dragging, officially advises that more mechanical-minded youngsters be persuaded, as some already are, to "substitute a miles-per-gallon objective for the present one of miles-per-hour." Certainly this notion of the automobile as a thrill toy is as outmoded as acetylene headlights, and creates far greater hazards. Society should be doing its utmost to wipe it out instead of trying to isolate it in order to mask inability to crack down on speedometer-happy kids.

Hot-rodders and their police allies insist that properly operated drag strips completely and permanently stop gasoline-powered hoodlumism on public thoroughfares. There is room for skepticism about that. A National Safety Council committee recently embarked on a nationwide check of this situation, a thing badly needed, in view of the scarcity of facts. Until these returns are in, communities under pressure to please the kids and the cops by setting up a drag strip would be advised to mark time.

An Old-School-Type Grammarian Gives Up the Struggle

By BRUCE BLIVEN

This is to serve notice on the world that I quit. I resign. I give up the crusade.

For forty years I worked on the copy desks of newspapers and magazines, trying to straighten out the grammar of the great American public, and, in particular, six of the most common faults. My success has been about that of most reformers. From the instant I began my efforts, things have been getting steadily worse and worse.

As every copyreader knows, six of the most common faults are these:

Using "data" as a singular noun. ("The data is readily available.")

Using "contact" as a verb. ("I'll contact you tomorrow.")

Confusing "like" and "as." ("Just go on acting like you did before.")

Comparing "unique." ("His collection of coins is rather unique.")

Using "providing" for "provided." ("He will come providing he is able.")

Using "literally" for "figuratively." ("I was literally burned up at what he said.")

I am no longer on any copy desk, but old habits die hard. I find that I go on editing printed copies of newspapers and magazines furiously, and then throwing them into the wastebasket, which is not a very effective plan of operation. I also sit in front of my television set shouting at the tiny figures on it: "No, no, you dope! 'Like' is a preposition. The conjunction is 'as, as, as'!" . . . I can't understand why my wife insisted on having this psychiatrist to dinner, a man I hardly know, or why he kept asking me those extremely personal questions.

Now I am resigning from my crusade, not merely because of my blood pressure—as to which the doctor tells me, "When it breaks 200, sell"—but for a more logical reason. It is perfectly clear that the American people in their collective unconscious wisdom are changing the language. They have every right to do it. I can't stop it. This has been going on as long as there has been a language, with fuss-budgets like me being dragged, kicking and screaming, at the tail of the procession. Another few years and even the purists will happily use the expressions I find so painful today.

When that day comes, just contact me, like I'm asking you now to do. I'll then look in my most unique files for the data which is there confirming my prophecy. That is, of course, providing I am not literally frozen with horror at the way things are going.

Modern Accounting Could Save Millions for U.S. Taxpayers

The Hoover Commission has come up with a lot of good ideas on how to make the Government save money and be more efficient. In spite of good intentions, few of these ideas have so far been adopted. One important proposal was to change Federal bookkeeping methods so as to give a better idea on how Washington bureaus spend the taxpayer's money.

Optimists say these streamlined methods could save us $4,000,000,000 per year. One of them is J. Harold Stewart, who used to be head of the American Institute of Accountants. He ran the Hoover Commission task force on budget studies, which decided the Government should change its accounting to what's known as the "accrual" method. As defined in The Wall Street Journal, which ought to know all about finance, this method "simply consists of keeping an accurate record of the charges for goods and services received in a given year and using that record as the basis for budgeting for the year ahead."

By using such methods, private companies have managed to save as much as 10 per cent on costs. But Government doesn't use these methods, and that's why Congress often appropriates money which a Government agency does not need at all. For instance, when, back in 1954, the foreign-aid budget showed $20,300,000 as "obligated" for economic aid to Pakistan, you'd have thought the money was being put into wheat, or agricultural machinery, or salaries of know-how experts. All wrong. Only $2,600,000 was actually spent by the end of that fiscal year. And what happened to the other $17,700,000? It was listed by the Foreign Operations Administration as "costs."

By using budget methods common in private business, the Washington agencies would have to come to Congress and say, "This is what we spent; this is what we bought with it, and this is what we have left over." Then Congress could base its appropriation on direct knowledge of what a Government agency has on hand, and there'd be no "squirreling" of funds or carryovers from one year to another.

Private industry has competition to worry about, and so it doesn't keep money tied up where it isn't needed. Government stays in business even if it is inefficient. That's why we're not sure "accrual" accounting will actually save as much as $4,000,000,000. Still, the Hoover Commission's idea seems worth putting into practice. And anyway, the taxpayer can dream, can't he?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of these eight will go to the hospital this year

It is true that, on the average, one out of every eight Americans will go to the hospital this year. It may be because of accident, sudden illness or need for surgery, or it might be a happy occasion like the birth of a baby. In any event the chances are that you or members of your family will need hospitalization *several* times in the course of your family life.

The cost of illness or injury can be a sudden and staggering blow to the family budget. Not only may there be medical and hospital expenses, but also loss of income. This is why it is well to be prepared for such an emergency . . . to have one of Metropolitan's new Accident and Sickness Policies to help pay for your loss of time from work . . . and, of course, Hospital and Surgical Expense Insurance to help cover the cost of hospital confinement or surgery.

How do you select such insurance policies? No advertising message could give you a complete answer to this question. Two of the more important considerations, however, in selecting sickness insurance are:

1. Choosing a policy which contains benefits appropriate to your family needs, at a premium cost within your budget.

2. Insuring with a company which has the facilities and the reputation for giving prompt and considerate attention to your claims.

Sound, competent advice by an insurance expert can help tailor a plan suitable to your needs. Your Metropolitan Representative is such a person. He has been carefully trained in the analysis of insurance needs, and he is interested in helping you get the most coverage for your money.

With Representatives located in more than a thousand Local Offices in the United States and Canada, insurance service *the Metropolitan way* is always nearby. You will find it a continuing source of comfort and security to know that in times of emergency . . .

Metropolitan service is
as local as Main Street . . .
as close as your phone

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please have my local Metropolitan Representative bring me more information about Accident & Sickness and Hospital & Surgical Expense Insurance. 10-56-E

Name_____ **Age**_____

Street_____ **Wife's Age**_____

City_____ **State**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patience + Delco Brakes = Safer Driving!

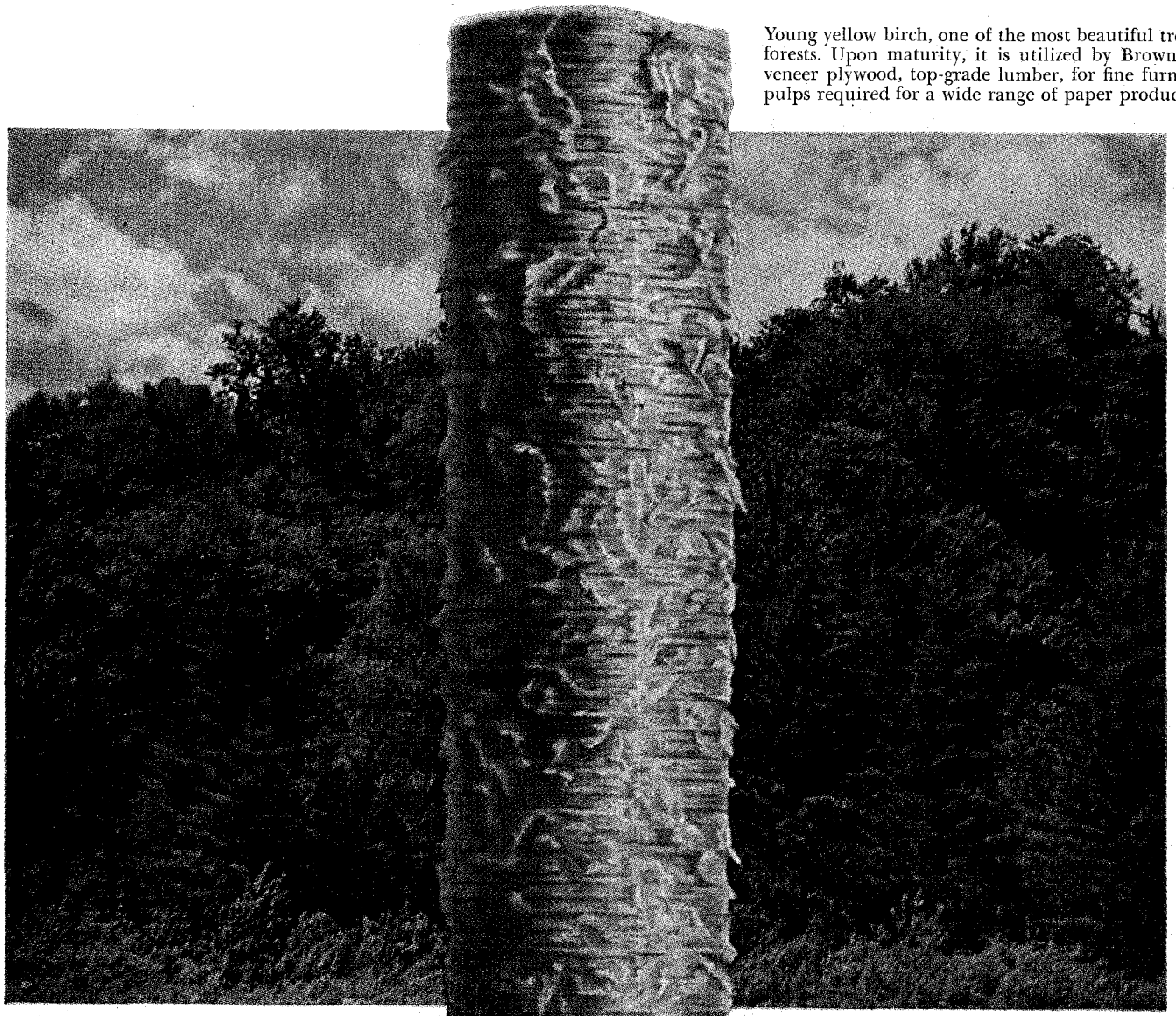
A little patience goes a long way toward making your driving safer . . . easier, too, for both you and the other fellow. And, it's easier to be patient when you know your car is equipped with Delco brakes. Delco brakes are supported by more than twenty years of progressive engineering, careful testing and skillful manufacturing. Delco hydraulic brakes and controls, Moraine power brakes, and Delco Super 11 heavy-duty hydraulic brake fluid improved with HTD are all General Motors products built for safer driving.

Another General Motors Value

Moraine Products

Division of General Motors • Dayton, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



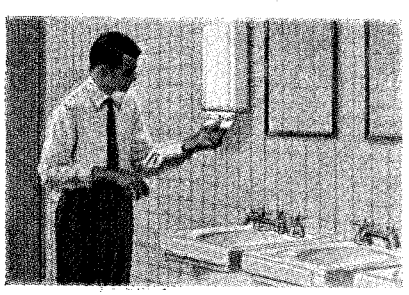
Young yellow birch, one of the most beautiful trees in New England's forests. Upon maturity, it is utilized by Brown Company for finest veneer plywood, top-grade lumber, for fine furniture and the varied pulps required for a wide range of paper products.

. . . it's in the wood

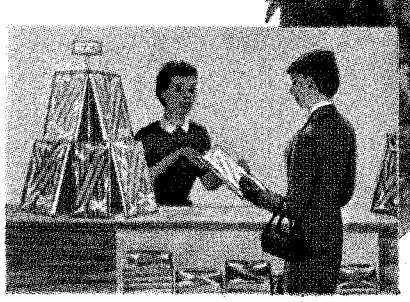
YOU CAN EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM BROWN COMPANY

Golden harvest of the forest, transformed into cellophane to sparkle on eye-catching packages . . . into paper tape that will take the place of a steel band . . . into soft paper towels that soak up water like a sponge—this is the wonder of wood cellulose chemistry at work, sparked by the imagination of Brown Company research.

You can count on more and more useful things . . . *better* things for your home, for your business, for all industry—from Brown Company's prolific New England forests, abundant water power from fast-flowing rivers, and the invaluable talents of men who know what's in the wood and possess the skill to make the most of it.



Nibroc towels, used in industry more than any other paper towel.



Cellophane, the "evening gown" of wrapping papers.

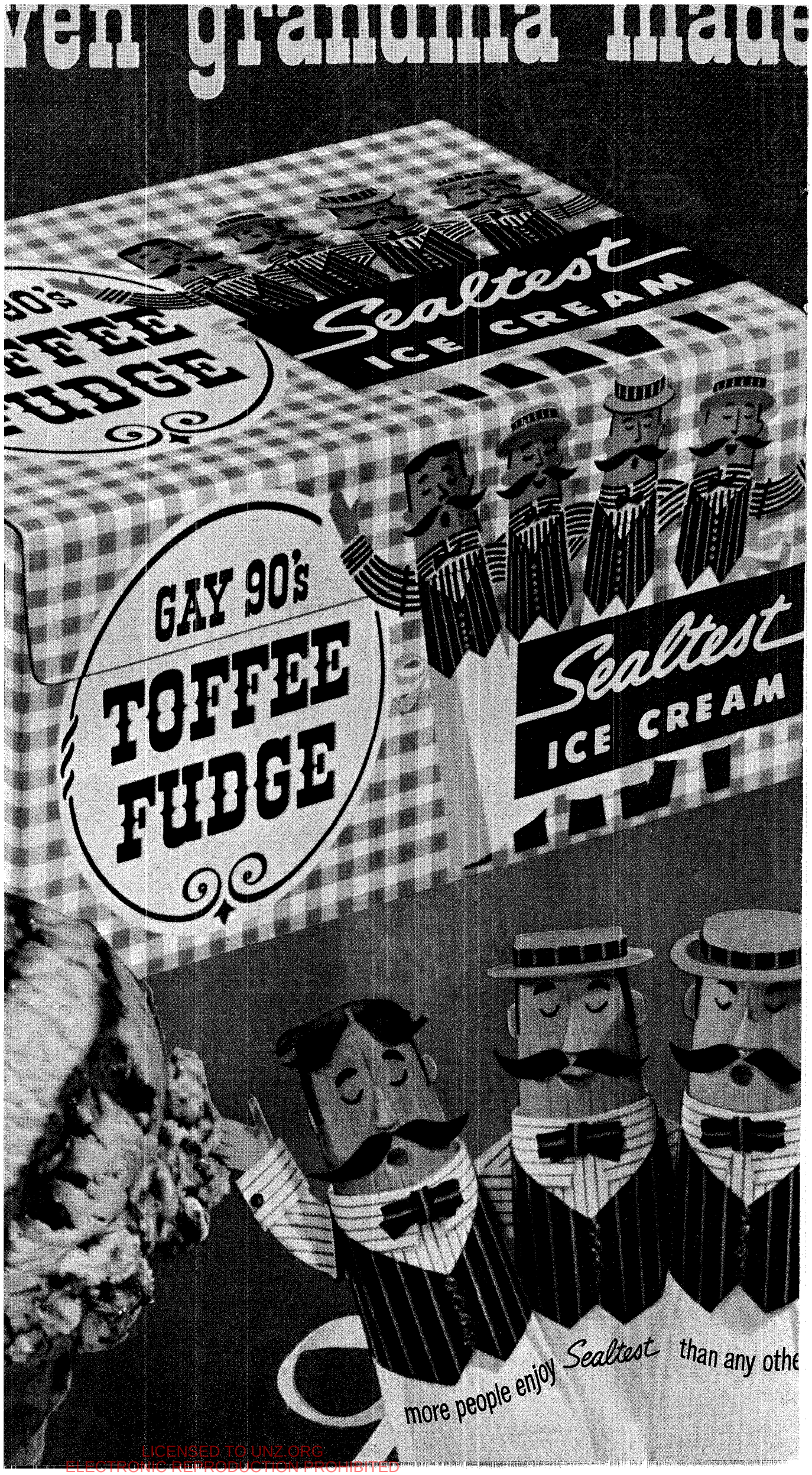
Cellulose fibre insoles, in two billion women's shoes.

Tough, lightweight bituminized fibre pipe.

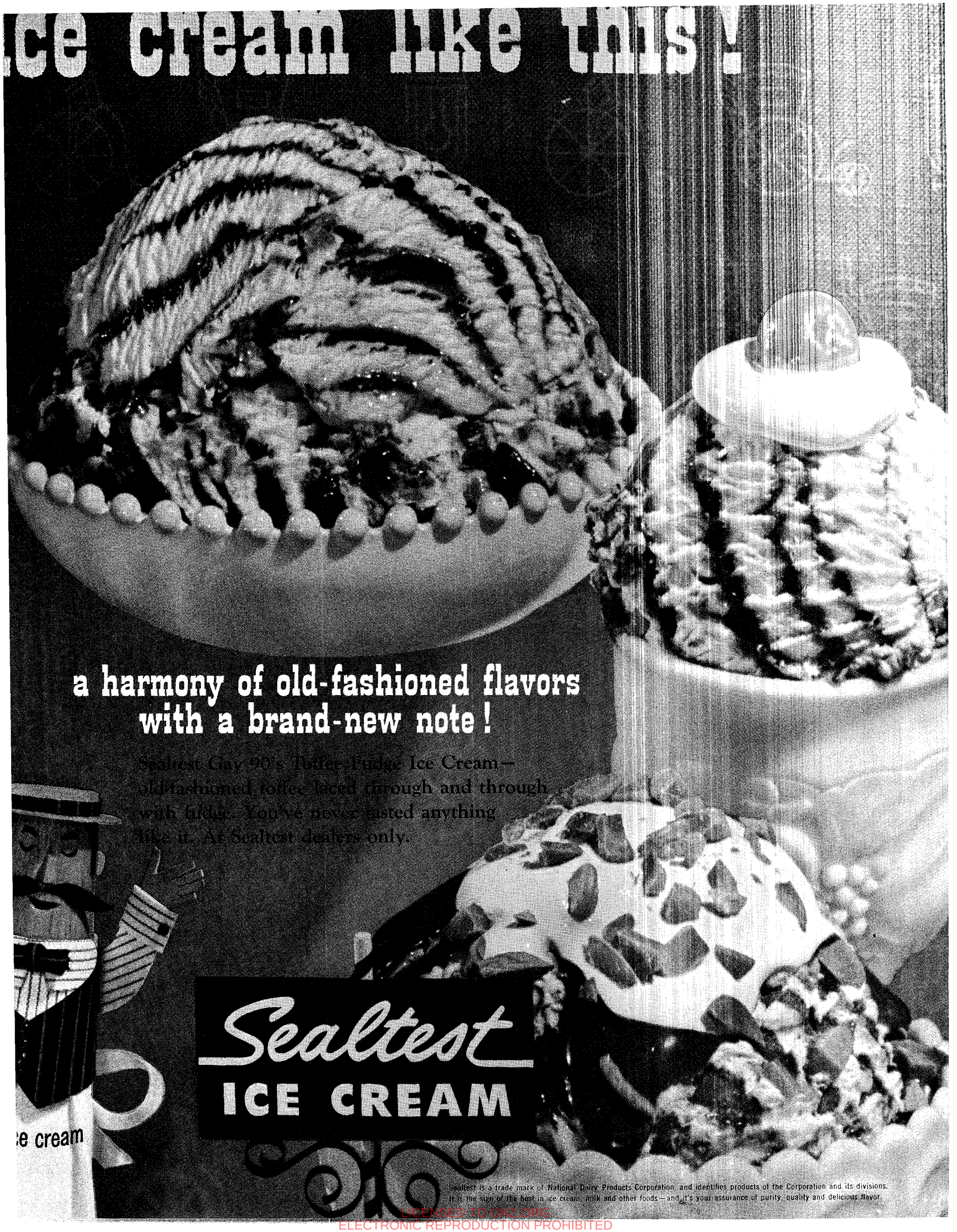
BROWN COMPANY

Executive and General Sales Offices: 150 Causeway Street, Boston 14, Mass. Mills: Berlin and Gorham, N. H.; Corvallis, Ore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


ice cream like this!
a harmony of old-fashioned flavors with a brand-new note!
Sealtest Gay 90's Toffee Fudge Ice Cream—old-fashioned toffee laced through and through with fudge. You've never tasted anything like it. At Sealtest dealers only.
Sealtest
ICE CREAM
ce cream
Sealtest is a trade mark of National Dairy Products Corporation, and identifies products of the Corporation and its divisions. It is the sign of the best in ice cream, milk and other foods—and it's your assurance of purity, quality and delicious flavor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE DOES
A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY
LEAVE OFF—AND
HER INDISCRETION
BEGIN?

"Years from now,"
Laura was saying softly,
"when you talk about this—
and you will—be kind . . ."

From the sensational stage success that ran 91 weeks . . . and
starring the players who created the original Broadway roles

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

Tea and Sympathy

starring

Deborah Kerr · John Kerr

with

Leif Erickson · Edward Andrews

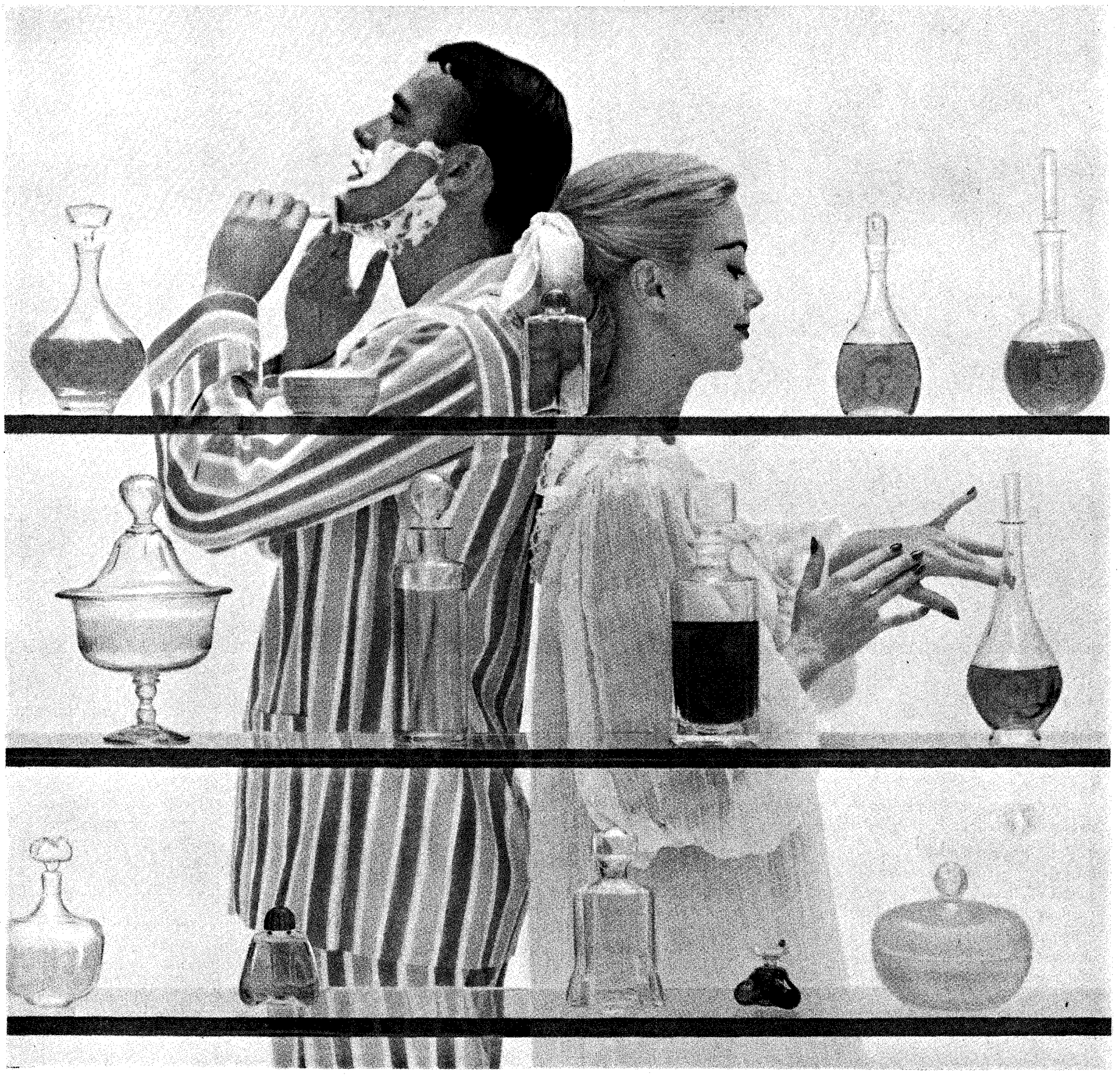
screen play by **Robert Anderson** · based on the play by **Robert Anderson** · directed by **Vincente Minnelli** · produced by **Pandro S. Berman**

An M-G-M picture

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Helping him and her to health and beauty!



The after-shave lotion he rubs on his chin . . . her cosmetics so kind to feminine hands . . . the alcohols for bracing rub-downs or antiseptic needs . . . many depend on a chemical ingredient from oil first developed by Esso Research. So many things that help us live better today are the result of **ESSO RESEARCH** *– working wonders with oil!*

Esso

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard its privacy, different names and pictures have been used.

Can you really save by shopping for automobile insurance?

IT WAS an important question for Bob and Phyllis Higbee . . . one they considered carefully.

Their 1952 sedan represents more than a way of getting around. It represents a way of life. One which stems from the Higbees' $5,200 yearly income and revolves around their five-room suburban home.

Bob knows that $25,000 in automobile accident damages—not an unusual judgment these days—would put an end to this way of life. He knows that automobile insurance is most important *after you have an accident*. This is when you *save* a lot. Or this is when you can lose everything.

Bob compared costs and services. He decided on the company that puts an agent at his side, and *on* his side, when he needs him most. He picked the *certain* protection of the new Travelers Family Automobile Policy.* And a whole lot more . . .

American Family Independence

The Higbees have, in fact, taken several other important steps toward enjoyment of worry-free living today—through a financially secure future. Toward what their Travelers man calls American Family Independence.

They found they could also afford adequate life insurance and protect the values of their health and home. And they were happily surprised at how little their entire program costs each month.

Your Travelers man will help *you* discover the peace of mind about the present—the confidence in the future—that comes with American Family Independence. Because he represents the company that sells *all kinds of insurance*, you'll get impartial guidance. Why not talk to him?

* **New . . . Travelers Family Automobile Policy**

Here's what we believe is the most complete and satisfactory automobile policy offered today. It typifies the broad protection offered through The Travelers American Family Independence program . . . provides many added benefits *at no additional cost*. Your Travelers man will be pleased to help you fit this policy to your family needs.

AMERICAN FAMILY INDEPENDENCE · THROUGH THE TRAVELERS ·

THE TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let Us Buy You a 25-Day Supply of RYBUTOL!

The high-potency B_1 and B_2 formula with 11 Vitamins and 9 Minerals!

The Vitamin Corporation of America makes this sensational FREE offer:

BUY 100
Get 25-Day Supply
($1.98 size) FREE

HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

To get your FREE 25-day supply of Rybutol—regularly priced at $1.98—buy a bottle of 100 Rybutol Gelucaps at $5.95 and send the entire empty carton to The Vitamin Corporation of America. Immediately, we will send you your FREE 25-day supply of RYBUTOL—the high-potency B_1-B_2 formula with 11 vitamins and 9 minerals.

DO YOU HAVE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY YOU FEEL?

When a friend asks, "How are you?", do you have to force yourself to say, "Fine"?

Do you think to yourself, "Maybe I'll feel better when this hot weather is over... or winter's over. Maybe it's my nerves... perhaps I'm working too hard... maybe I'm just getting older."

Has it occurred to you that maybe the only reason you're not feeling your best is that you need high-potency vitamins B_1 and B_2 with minerals, including iron?

One of the first signs of a lack of B-Complex vitamins, thiamin and riboflavin, may be a loss of pep—and nervousness. When you lack these vital elements, naturally you feel thoroughly miserable.

If this is your trouble, there is one simple way that may correct it! Start taking Rybutol, the high-potency B_1 and B_2 formula with 11 vitamins and 9 minerals. You've nothing to lose, everything to gain. For the only way to be sure you are getting enough vitamins and minerals is to take *more* than the minimum daily requirements. In Rybutol you not only get many times the established minimums of B_1 and B_2—but you get a greater variety of both vitamins and minerals. *Rybutol is guaranteed* to make you feel better in 7 days or money back.

RYBUTOL GUARANTEES—
Feel Better in 7 Days or Money Back!

When the Vitamin Corporation of America introduced Rybutol they guaranteed results! Feel better in 7 days or money back. People everywhere—tired and worn out due to the lack of thiamin and riboflavin—started taking Rybutol Gelucaps. Today thousands of them are regular users of Rybutol—no longer bothered by the complaints caused by a deficiency of essential vitamins and minerals.

What Makes Rybutol So Much Better?

First of all, one daily Gelucap of Rybutol supplies 15 times the minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin B_1 (thiamin) and 3 times the requirement of B_2 (riboflavin). This is enough B_1 and B_2 not only to maintain daily needs but to help correct definite deficiencies. For instance, 1 single Rybutol Gelucap contains more B_1 than 14 loaves of enriched bread—more B_2 than 20 pork chops. In addition, Rybutol supplies the full minimum daily adult requirement of vitamin C.

Rybutol Gelucaps are Absolutely Safe!

The important thing is to be sure you take *enough* vitamins. Long ago, medical science proved that surplus vitamins are simply discarded by the body. Unlike fats, starches or other carbohydrates, you don't store up extra vitamins for any length of time. Although your daily Gelucap of Rybutol gives you a generous supply of vitamins and minerals, you can not possibly get harmful quantities from this dose. Instead, the carefully balanced formula helps correct shortages which can be harmful—guards against deficiencies which can increase and get more serious as time goes on.

How Do You Know You Need Vitamins?

When you're in the best of good health, your body lets you know—you feel good. All's right with the world because all's right with you. However, if you lack energy, have a poor appetite, catch too many colds or have trouble sleeping, your body may be trying to tell you it needs more vitamins and minerals.

At first you may wonder what happened to your old get-up-and-go. You may begin to feel nervous. Or you may feel no warning at all that the delicate balance of your body chemistry is being affected. Like getting into debt, you may be piling up serious vitamin-mineral shortages. If you are, you can't depend on a single vitamin product—you need multiple vitamins and minerals. You may need the high potency B_1 and B_2 contained in Rybutol!

Look at the Label—
Know what you're getting!

The law requires a complete list of all the ingredients and their amounts on every label of a vitamin product. It's up to you to make sure that you are getting enough vitamins and minerals in the product you buy. Compare any vitamin product at any price with Rybutol. Prove to yourself that every Gelucap of Rybutol contains 11 vitamins including high-potency B_1 and B_2 and 9 minerals (including iron) in amounts big enough to make a difference in the way you feel.

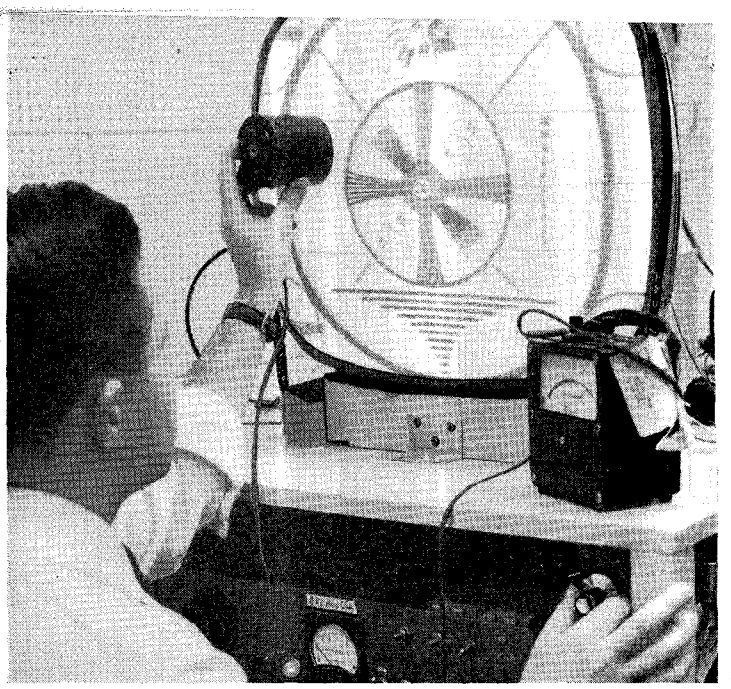
RYBUTOL IS A PRODUCT OF THE VITAMIN CORPORATION OF AMERICA • 71 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New thrills in TV-watching! Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV's picture is up to 80% brighter, resulting from the latest refinement of the famed aluminized picture tube. Equally thrilling is Hotpoint's new sound system, which brings out the high-fidelity quality of TV's FM sound and lets you hear deep, rich bass sounds inaudible in ordinary sets. Together, they create a new world of sight and sound for new excitement and realism in TV viewing. There's a new *hi*gh in *vi*vid picture, new *hi*gh in *vi*vid sound, new *hi*gh in *vi*vid styling waiting for you in all-new Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV! You're sure to be thrilled with this entirely new concept in television pleasure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trapped light beams and
enriched sound waves bring
new pleasure to television viewing



80% brighter picture . . . proved in exacting lab tests. In the latest development of the famous aluminized picture tube, a mirrorized lining on the inside of the TV tube "traps" light beams that are lost or wasted in ordinary TV sets. Now, all the light goes into pictures!

Introducing a new concept in television pleasure

HOTPOINT Hi·Vi TV

New high in vivid picture, new high in vivid sound, new high in vivid styling

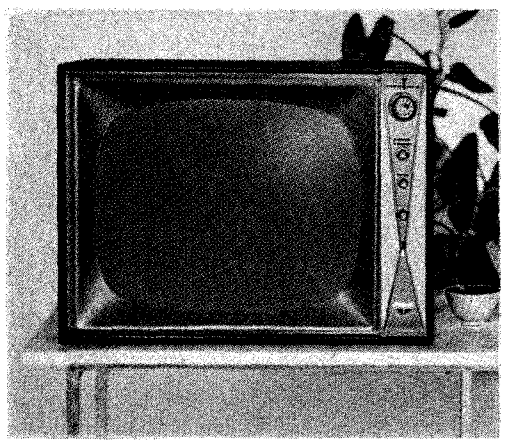
An exciting new concept of TV viewing and listening pleasure awaits you in all-new Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV—new *high* in *vivid* picture, new *high* in *vivid* sound, new *high* in *vivid* styling, one great set that combines every major electronic TV development of the past eleven years!

Pictures are 80% brighter with richer contrasts . . . proved by test. Sound surrounds and thrills . . . so lifelike it seems to put you right in the midst of the program! Vivid styling of new Hotpoint Hi-Vi sets adds new beauty to any room.

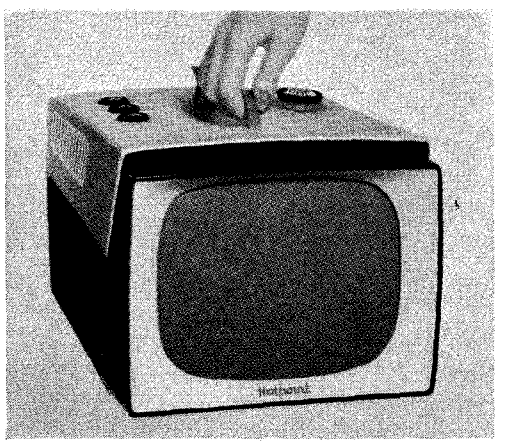
And now Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV, engineered in the world's greatest electronic laboratories, brings you a new ease of operation, for it's almost entirely *automatic!* Power Tuning automatically finds your favorite stations at the touch of a button. No more dial twisting. Synchromatic Tuning brings in perfect sound to match perfect picture. Automatic Focus keeps picture and sound in perfect adjustment. Special circuits mask out the interference that causes picture distortions. Construction by "automation" gives prolonged trouble-free performance.

Prices* from $99.95! (*Slightly higher West and South.*) **See these Hotpoint Hi-Vi TV sets at your dealer today!**

**Manufacturers' recommended retail prices*

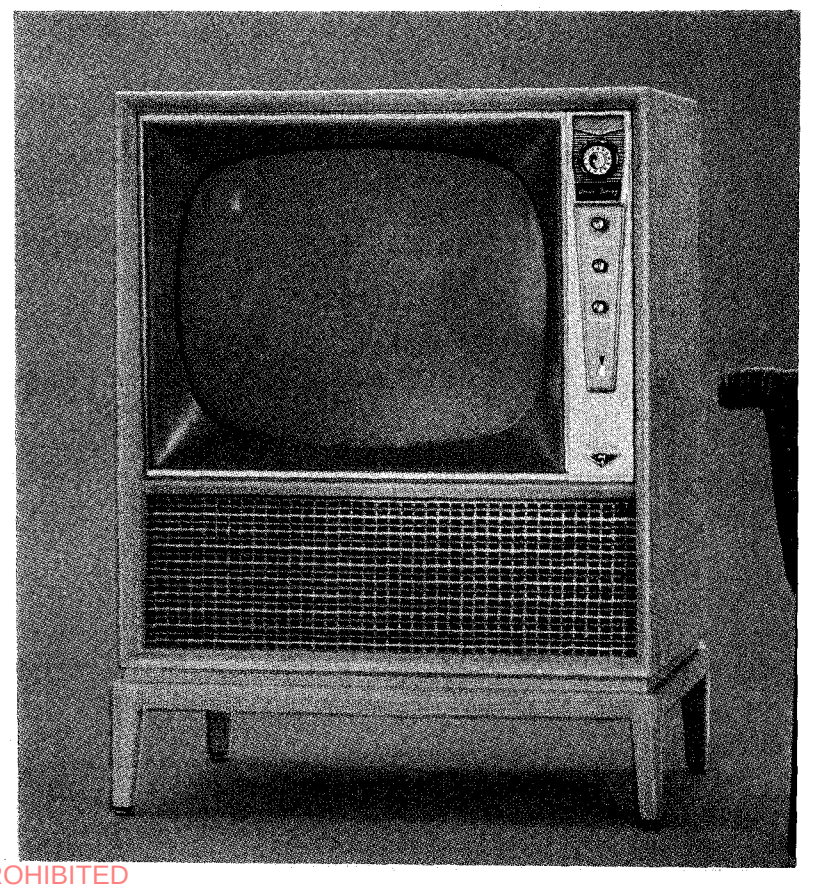


Brilliant 21″ Table Model (diagonal measurement) with Hotpoint's 80% brighter picture and vivid new sound that surrounds and thrills. Synchromatic Tuning, Automatic Focus, and Stay-Set Volume Control are among its many new features. Outstanding value! Smart ebony-finish cabinet. Model 21S401.



Amazing 13-lb. Portable! 9″ screen (diagonal measurement). One of 7 new Hotpoint Hi-Vi Portables, here's the lightest portable TV ever! Extra-brilliant picture and sound, plus vivid new color combinations! Perfect for children, or as a second set, and for carrying along with you wherever you go! Model 9S101.

Fully Automatic 21″ Console (diagonal measurement) brings you every major luxury feature in modern TV—Power Tuning, Automatic Matched Sight 'n' Sound, Automatic Focus, optional Remote Control, and many others. Beautiful new cabinet design in light oak or mahogany wood veneers. Model 21S552.



HOTPOINT CO. (A Division of General Electric Company)
5600 W. Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois

Hotpoint Hi·Vi TV

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Ranges • Refrigerators • Automatic Washers • Clothes Dryers
Dishwashers • Disposalls® • Water Heaters • Food Freezers
Air Conditioners • Customline • Television

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Important Milestones in Modern Medicine: 1796—Triumph Over Contagious Diseases. First inoculation by Dr. Jenner. 1846—Triumph Over Pain. Dr. Morton's demonstration of ether. 1929—Triumph Over Bacterial Infections. Fleming discovers penicillin.

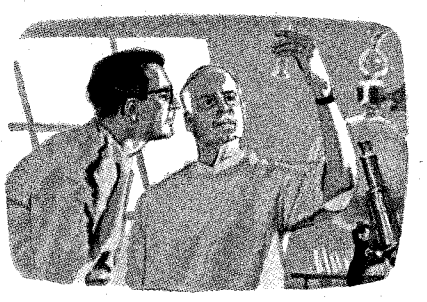
Now—1956—**Procter & Gamble proudly announces . . .**

TRIUMPH OVER TOOTH DECAY

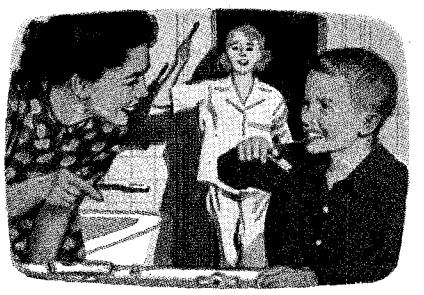
Crest Toothpaste with Fluoristan strengthens teeth themselves. You brush Crest on... it actually goes in... and locks decay out

Fluoristan® is Procter & Gamble's exclusive stannous fluoride formula —proven the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.

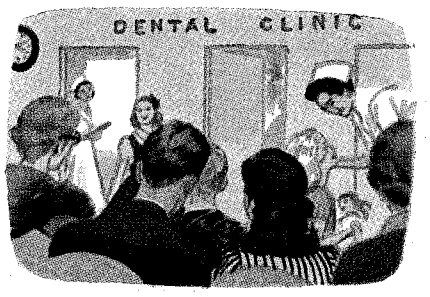
Miracle of the Towns Without Toothaches. For years, children growing up in certain Western towns were virtually without cavities. Then science learned why: nature's decay-preventive, *fluoride,* was present in their drinking water!



Science Long Tried to Capture Fluoride—only medically-approved preventive of decay—in a toothpaste. At last, after years of research, university scientists discovered *Fluoristan*—the greatest decay-preventive in any toothpaste.



Fluoristan Makes Possible Crest. Without Fluoristan, you cannot get maximum protection against tooth decay with a toothpaste. You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out,* for adults and for children, 6 and over.



Dentists Tested Crest for three years with 5,673 people. No toothpaste stops all decay—but Crest set decay prevention records *never approached by any other toothpaste.* Thus Crest marks a new era . . . triumph over tooth decay everywhere.

IMPORTANT

Crest with Fluoristan is the only toothpaste ever developed that makes possible a major reduction in tooth decay for everyone, everywhere, by strengthening tooth enamel. Thereby, Crest marks a turning point in man's age-old struggle against this almost universal disease.

You brush Crest *on* . . . it actually goes *in* . . . and locks decay *out.* Each time you brush Crest *on* your teeth, Fluoristan builds new resistance to decay *into* tooth enamel. In this way, Crest actually *fortifies* and *strengthens* teeth to lock out cavities—the only toothpaste proved to do so. With Crest, your family approaches the long dreamed-of day of healthy, decay-free teeth.

Fluoristan® is a trademark for Procter & Gamble's exclusive fluoride tooth decay fighter

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE PREVENTS DECAY LIKE **CREST!**

©1956, The Procter & Gamble Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

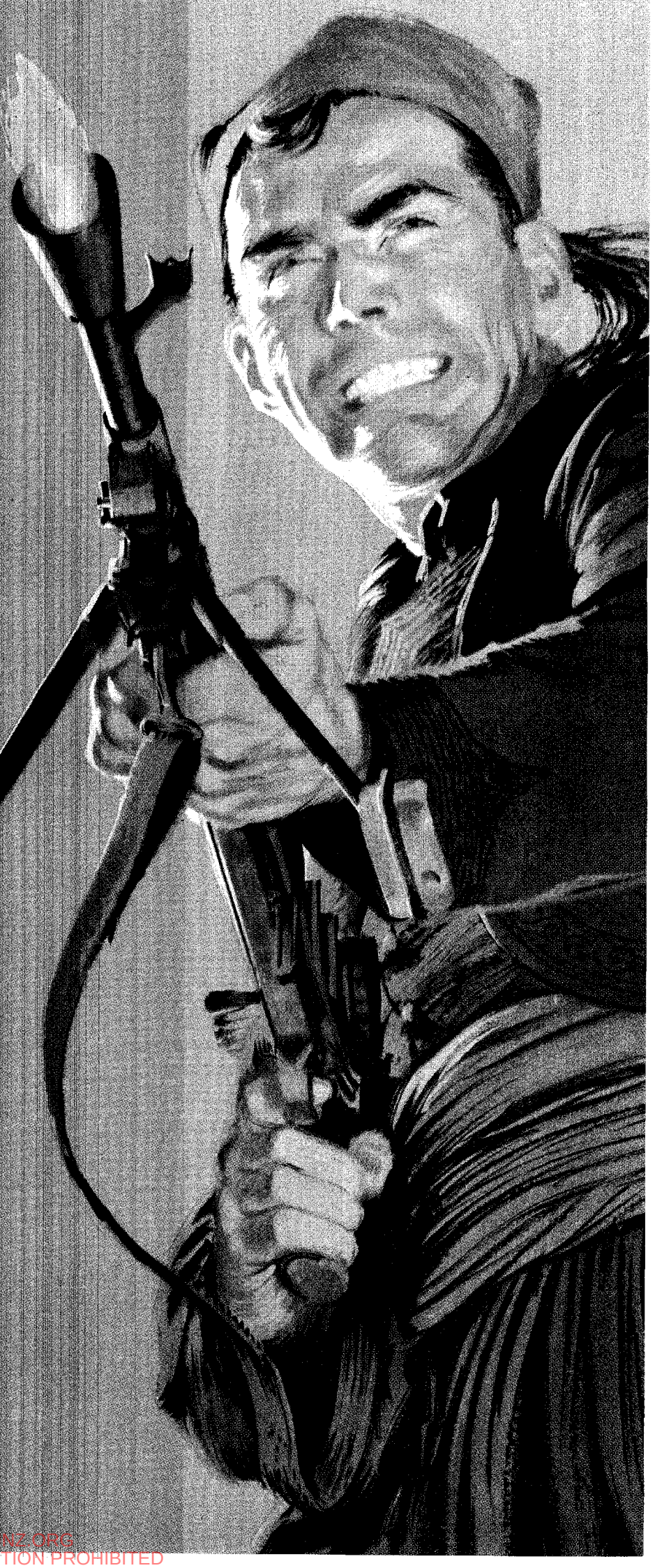
The Post Presents a Gripping and Unusual Adventure:

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

The Long-Awaited Second Novel By

ALISTAIR MacLEAN

Author of the Famous Best-Seller, HMS ULYSSES



The Story of Captain Keith Mallory, Who Held a Thousand Lives in His Hands, Begins on the Next Page...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the stillness of the desert night the match scratched noisily across the rusted metal of the corrugated-iron shed, fizzled, then burst into a spluttering pool of light. Mechanically, Mallory's eyes followed the cupped sweep of the flaring match to the cigarette jutting out beneath Captain Jensen's clipped mustache. Then the match was gone, ground into the sand of the airfield perimeter.

"I can hear them," the captain said softly. "I can hear them coming in. Five minutes, no more. Come on, let's meet them in the interrogation room." He paused, looked quizzically at Mallory and seemed to smile. But the darkness deceived, for there was no humor in his voice. "Just curb your impatience—just for a little longer. Things haven't gone too well tonight. You're going to have all your answers, I'm afraid, and have them all too soon."

Their footsteps crunched in companionable unison over the hard-packed sand, rang sharply as they moved on to the concrete of the runway. Mallory took a deep breath and turned suddenly toward Jensen.

"Look, sir, just what is all this? What's all the flap, all the secrecy about? And why am I involved in it? Good Lord, sir, it was only yesterday that I was pulled out of Crete—hauled out of bed at midnight, told I was to meet you, and then driven for hours across the blasted desert by a mad Scotsman who sang drunken songs and asked hundreds of even more silly, fool questions!"

"One of my more effective disguises, I've always thought," Jensen said smugly. As the brilliantly successful Chief of Operations of the Subversive Operations Executive in Cairo, intrigue, deception, imitation and disguise were the breath of life to Capt. James Jensen, D.S.O., R.N. "Personally I found the journey most entertaining!" he added.

"One of your ——" Mallory broke off, appalled at the memory of the things he had said to the elderly, bewhiskered Scots captain who had driven the command vehicle. "I—I'm terribly sorry, sir. I never realized ——"

"Of course you didn't!" Jensen cut in briskly. "You weren't supposed to. Just wanted to find out if you were the man for the job. . . . Here they come!"

Both men screwed up their eyes in automatic reflex as the fierce glare of the landing lights struck at them. In less than a minute the first bomber was down, heavily, awkwardly, taxiing to a standstill just beside them. The gray camouflage paint of the after fuselage and tailplanes was riddled with bullet and cannon shells, an aileron was shredded and the port outer engine out of commission, saturated in oil. The cabin canopy was shattered and starred in a dozen places.

For a long time Jensen stared at the holes and scars of the damaged machine, then shook his head and looked away. "Come on, Captain Mallory," he said quietly.

The interrogation room, harshly lit by two powerful, unshaded lights, was uncomfortable and airless. The furniture consisted of some battered wall maps and charts, a score or so of equally scuffed chairs and an unvarnished deal table. The commanding officer, an air commodore, flanked by Jensen and Mallory, was sitting behind this when the door opened abruptly and the first of the flying crews entered, blinking rapidly in the fierceness of the unaccustomed light. They were led by a dark-haired, thick-set pilot, trailing helmet and flying suit in his left hand. Scowling, wordlessly and without permission, he sat down in front of them, produced a pack of cigarettes and rasped a match across the surface of the table. Mallory looked furtively at the commodore. The commodore just looked resigned. He even sounded resigned.

"Gentlemen, this is Squadron Leader Torrance. Squadron Leader Torrance led tonight's attack on Navarone. . . . Bill, these gentlemen here—Captain Jensen, of the Royal Navy; Captain Mallory, of the Long Range Desert Group—have a very special interest in Navarone. How did things go tonight?"

Illustrated by Al Muenchen

Navarone. So that's why I'm here tonight, Mallory thought. *Navarone.* He knew it well; rather, knew of it. So did everyone who had served any time at all in the Eastern Mediterranean: a grim, impregnable iron fortress off the coast of Turkey, heavily defended by—it was thought—a mixed garrison of Germans and Italians, one of the few Aegean islands on which the Allies had been unable to establish a mission, far less recapture, at some period of the war. He realized that Torrance was speaking, the slow drawl heavy with controlled anger.

"Awful, sir. That cliff overhang shuts the target clean off. Might as well have dropped a shower of leaflets asking them to spike their own guns. Then they've got every second A.A. gun in the south of Europe concentrated along this narrow fifty-degree vector—the only way you can approach the target, or anywhere near the target. Russ and Conroy were belted good and proper on the way in. Didn't even get halfway toward the harbor. They never had a chance."

"I know, I know." The commodore nodded heavily. "We heard. Radio reception was good."

Jensen touched his sleeve. "May I have a word with the squadron leader?"

"Of course, captain."

"Just one little question, squadron leader. You don't fancy going back there again?"

"You're too right, I don't!" Torrance growled.

"Because?"

"Because I don't believe in suicide. Because I don't believe in sacrificing good blokes for nothing. Because I'm not God and I can't do the impossible." There was a flat finality in Torrance's voice that carried conviction, that brooked no argument.

"Thank you, squadron leader—and all of you." Jensen was on his feet. "I know you've done your very best; no one could have done more. And I'm sorry. . . . Commodore?"

"Right with you, gentlemen." He nodded to the bespectacled Intelligence officer who had been sitting behind them, to take his place, led the way out through a side door and into his own quarters.

"Well, that is that, I suppose." He broke the seal of a bottle of Talisker, brought out some glasses. "You'll have to accept it as final, Jensen. If anyone could have done tonight's job, it was Bill Torrance, and if he says it's impossible, believe me, Captain Jensen, it can't be done."

"Yes." Jensen looked down somberly at the golden amber of the glass in his hand. "Yes, I know now. There's just the one way left now."

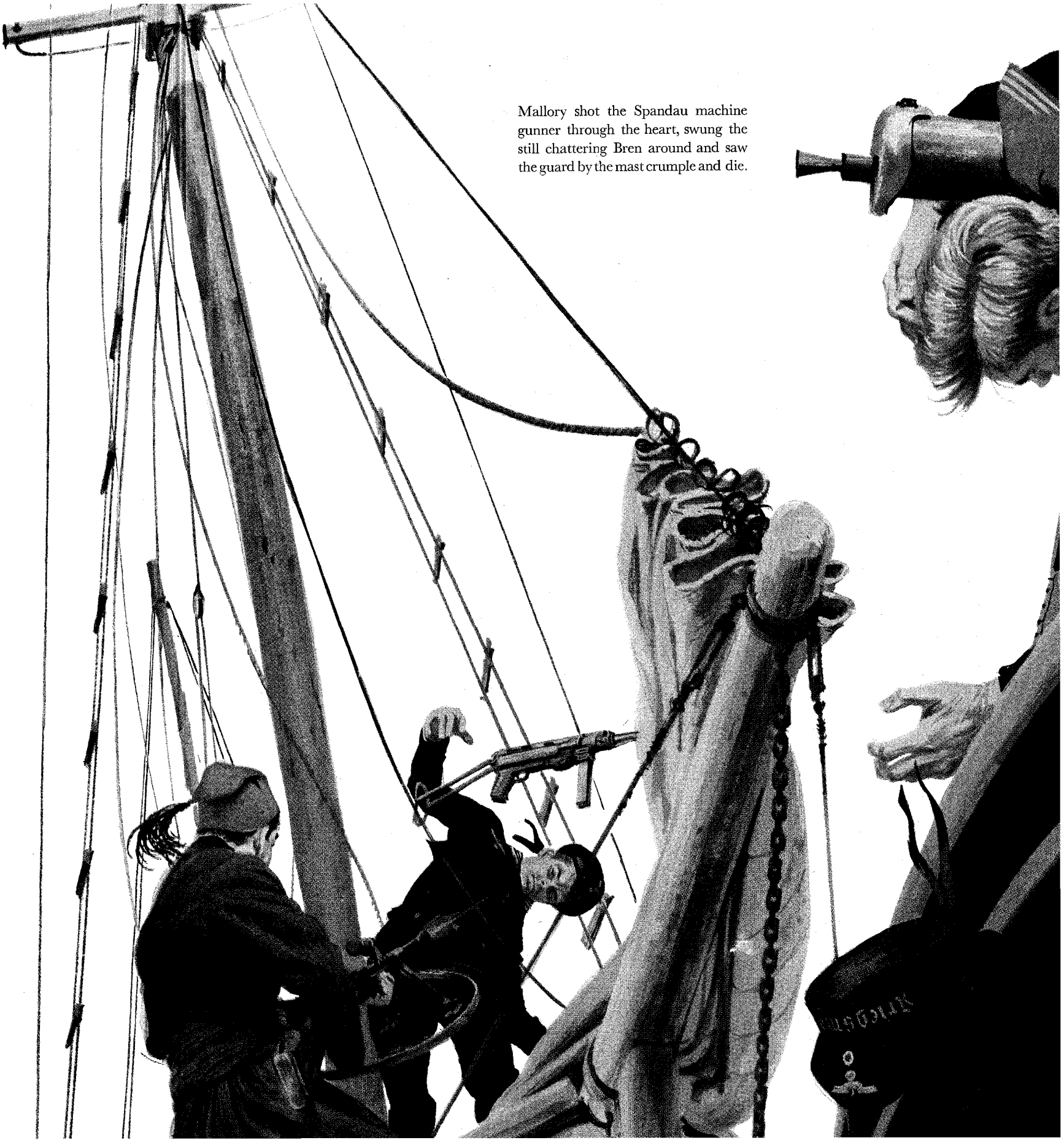
"There's just the one," the commodore echoed. He lifted his glass, shook his head. "Here's luck to Kheros!"

"Here's luck to Kheros!" Jensen echoed in turn. His face was grim.

"Look!" Mallory begged. "I'm completely lost. Would somebody please tell me ——"

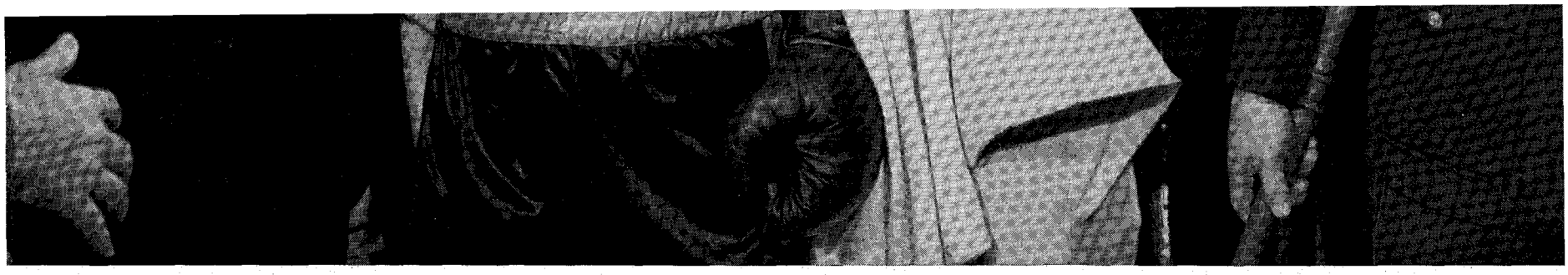
"Kheros," Jensen interrupted. "That was your cue call, young man. All the world's a stage, laddie, and so on, and this is where you tread the boards in this particular little comedy." Jensen's (Continued on Page 55)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mallory shot the Spandau machine gunner through the heart, swung the still chattering Bren around and saw the guard by the mast crumple and die.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rocky's big night—Sept. 23, 1952—when he won the title from Joe Walcott in Philadelphia. The happy little fellow at the champ's shoulder is trainer Charley Goldman.

I Fought All the Way Part Two

They Said I'd Get Murdered!

By Rocky Marciano

as told to Al Hirshberg and Milton Gross

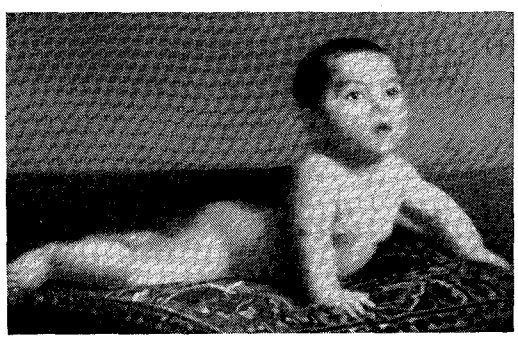
Young Rocky mashed grapes for wine, played in the neighborhood crap games, and was told that, if he turned pro, "You'll get your brains beat out."

When I decided last April that I owed it to myself and my family to quit the ring and start living a normal home life, I thought I might get a big argument from my manager, Al Weill. He'd been practically running my life for me ever since I turned pro in 1948. When I told him I was going to retire, though, he actually didn't make too much of a fuss. He seemed to accept that my mind was made up. He said he wouldn't stand in my way, but that we could still make money on exhibitions if I'd hold off on announcing the retirement.

I refused, because I'd promised my wife to make a clean break. "I told Barbara I'd have

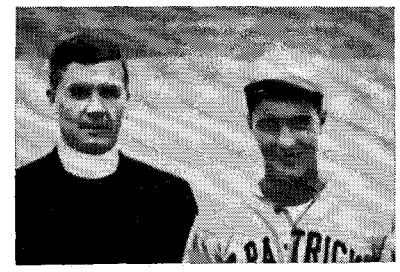
© 1956 The Curtis Publishing Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An informal portrait of young Rocco Marchegiano, who became known to the world as Rocky Marciano.

A cocky Rocky poses with Brockton, Mass., schoolmates. "I had a reputation of being the strongest kid around."



Rocky attended church regularly—to stay on Father Minnehan's ball team.

The house on Brook Street. Rocky's folks lived on the second floor. Grandpa Picciuto lived on the first floor and made wine in the basement.

good news for her in two weeks, Al," I said. "I want to get it over with. You set up any kind of arrangement you want for me to announce it."

I called Barbara right after that and told her what had happened. Gee, she sounded happy. So did the good friends I confided in, like Ted Cheff, of the Holland Furnace Company, and his wife, Katie. Ted had arranged for my training out in Holland, Michigan, for the second Walcott fight. He told me I was doing the right thing, and said I could have a lifetime job with his firm any time I was ready. I called my friend, Ernie Clivio, the Boston dairyman, and he said the same thing. Frank Gengler, a successful businessman in Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, congratulated me too, and so did George Stone, a manufacturer from my home town, Brockton, Massachusetts.

Only later on I found out how my mother and father took the news. By coincidence they were in New York at the Belmont Plaza Hotel when the retirement was announced on April twenty-seventh. They were supposed to go to a relative's wedding, but my father was sick with the gout and was feeling so bad they even had a nurse in the room. He told me later the best medicine he could get was the news of the retirement. My mother cried when I saw her. She kept the paper with the news for two days, and kept reading it over and over.

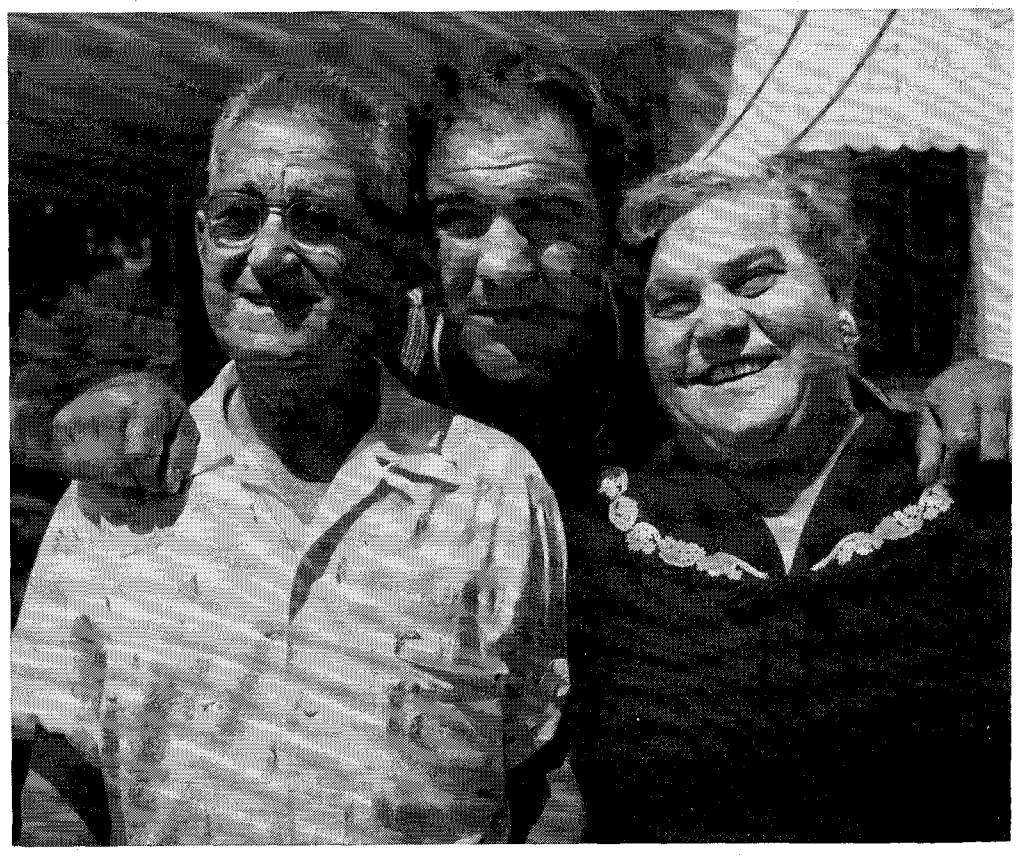
Even my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Mary Anne, seemed to understand. Shirley Povich, the (Continued on Page 71)

Rocky's first "serious" girl was Barbara Cousens, a policeman's daughter, now Mrs. Marciano.

NEXT WEEK

"The Worst Experience of My Life"—Rocky tells how he almost killed a man in the ring.

Allie Colombo (right) lived next to the Marchegianos, became Rocky's best friend.



Papa and Mama Marchegiano with the most famous of their brood of six children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Domineers Beautiful Women

For 40 years Antoine of Paris has decreed how women must wear their hair. He charges as much as $2000 for a coiffure, and the ladies obey his wildest whims.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

›y's hair.

e Cambon. Antoine insists that his sole satisfaction is "to do people over."

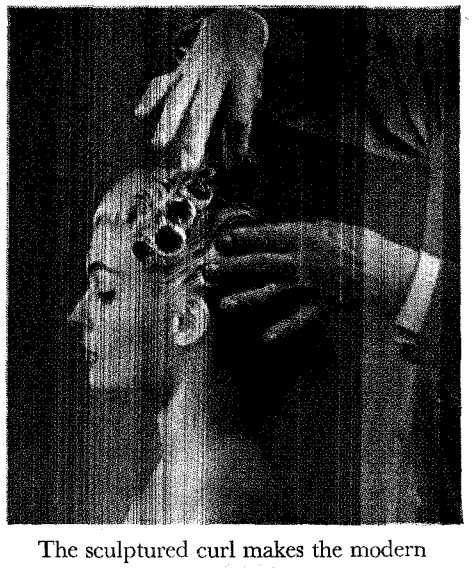
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He uses "switches," false braids or chignons, to bring back the long-haired styles fashionable at the turn of the century.

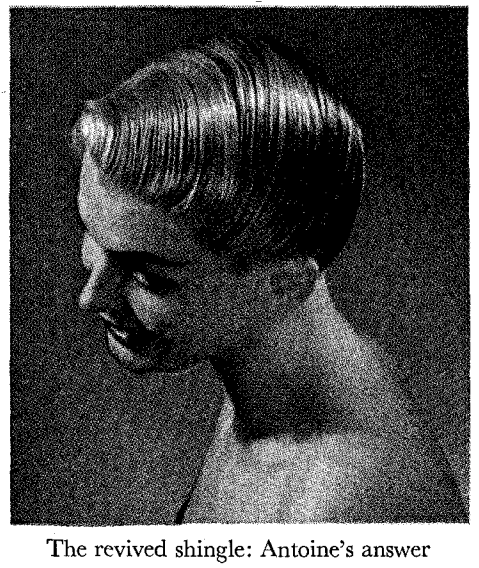
Depending on how you look at it, Antoine deserves the lion's share of the credit or blame for changes made in women's hair styles this century. Here, at left, are some of his most famous inspirations.

He introduced the revolutionary bob shortly before World War I.

The upsweep won the ladies' grudging acceptance in the late 1930's.



The sculptured curl makes the modern woman look "classically beautiful."



The revived shingle: Antoine's answer to the current trend toward short hair.

PARIS.

Monsieur Antoine, who is to hairdressing what Shakespeare is to English, stanchly refuses to become the grand old man of his profession. Bouncing around the chairs of his establishment, astir with half a dozen bright ideas which his strong Polish-peasant hands will presently translate into so many dazzling coiffures, he is, at seventy-one, his old, elastic self. Creator of the bob, the sculptured curl, the upswept hairdo and the new three-layer cut; chief animator of a gilded chain of Antoine beauty parlors stretching from Paris to Australia and now comprising seventy-odd salons in the United States; flamboyant extrovert and unabashed eccentric—the master takes his place, with Louvre, Eiffel Tower and Maxim's, among the landmarks of this capital.

From duchesses to farmers' wives, women throughout the Western world have had their heads arranged—however indirectly—by Antoine for the last forty years, and his firm grip on human hair shows no signs of relaxing. Already, as the top man in his business, he has reigned longer and more universally than any other potentate of fashion. Nor is the fact that he has kept the ladies happy and their men bemused his only claim to glory. His main accomplishment, as Antoine sees it now, lies in the transformation of a menial job into a recognized, established craft. He has made hairdressing respectable, and future generations in white smocks will celebrate him as the pioneer who put a whole profession on the map.

Along with it—himself. Taking advantage of his incontestable good looks, a worldly manner and a genius for improvisation, he has been able to perpetuate the Antoine legend with the kind of exploits that would undo a lesser man. Once he was seen along the boulevards leading a racy borzoi whose flawless white he'd dyed a brilliant blue—experimenting, he explained, with a new rinse for a distinguished client, Lady Mendl. For years he drove a cubic car designed by himself. He has appeared in a tomato-soup-red suit, and he has worn glass slippers. He had his picture taken sleeping in a coffinlike contraption made of glass, lined with blond antelope. Years ago he commissioned a sculptor friend to build him a monumental tomb near Paris, where it still stands waiting. Only the other day he changed his funeral arrangements, and now, instead of a platoon of pretty models serving as pallbearers, there'll be a torchlight procession of friends and neighbors following the coffin in the dead of night. The late great Antoine will be wearing a monk's habit of thick white wool, designed for him by one of Paris' leading *couturiers*.

However, one would do him grave injustice by crediting his lifelong self-promotion to a carefully laid design. The man's exuberance is real and spontaneous. "I know him well—and yet, his soul escapes me," says a French business associate. "His showmanship, no doubt, comes from the depths—his Slavic depths, perhaps?"

The supposition is borne out by Antoine's vagueness when it comes to facts and figures, his total disregard of business details, his indifference toward money. He'll buy whatever strikes his fancy—a horse, a statue or a suède-lined suitcase—and pay the asking price; a tendency which would, in spite of his success, have landed him in a cold-water attic had it not been for the managerial genius of Marie Berthe, his (Continued on Page 109)

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

Antoine and his wife (beside him) at the fashion show he put on to open his salon in Cannes, on the Riviera.

Costumed as a Persian emperor, Antoine traces the history of hairdressing. Sometimes Antoine wears glass slippers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man With a Secret

By NOEL CLAD

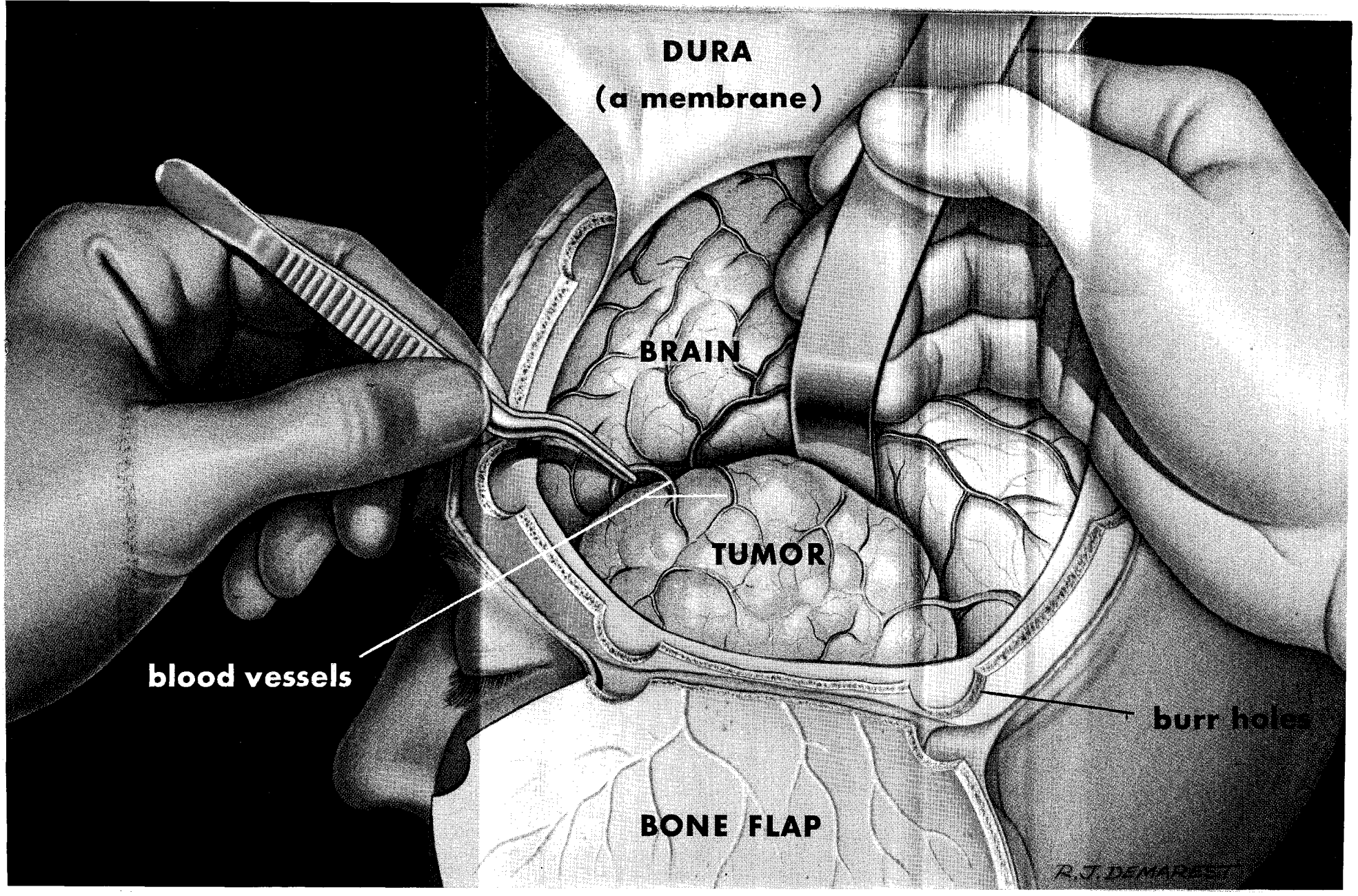
To his children,
he seemed a failure.
This is the story
of his astonishing success.

Manhattan Island slid past the window as the jammed, tourist-fare flight from Washington winged over toward International Airport. Dave Carteret took off his glasses, rubbing eyes that looked older than his thirty-two years. He held a fistful of gaudy patent-medicine literature, advertisements of the company he was going to work for. But his mind's eye saw only the image of ten youngsters, whose faces he had never seen, who were alive today at least partly because of himself. His father would have approved. Dave frowned and opened his eyes. But his father was dead now. He was coming home to bury his father, and to bury a part of his own life as well. Five lean years he'd spent, a research biochemist working on children's diseases for the United States Public Health Service. Now things were going to be different.

Below, a smudge on the dazzling harbor, was Ellis Island. It was strange to remember his father had landed there. Nobody would ever associate Ernst Carteret with the lumpy bundles and broken suitcases the word "immigrant" brought to mind. Just as nobody would have guessed he was actually poor. Dave identified the dignified skyscraper in the heart of the financial district; his father's office had been on the fifty-seventh floor. He had, literally, had his head in the clouds. Dave bit his lip and began to stuff the cure-all pamphlets back into his worn brief case. Almost at once they were over Long Island and the landing gear touched.

Charles stood tall in the crowd behind the fence. His brother looked older, even discounting that habitual gravity that impressed juries and clients alike. Five years' seniority had given Chuck a big edge when they were kids at home. With the funeral this afternoon, they'd be bound to talk over their father's life. The thought of Charles' cool judgment made Dave nervous. (Continued on Page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

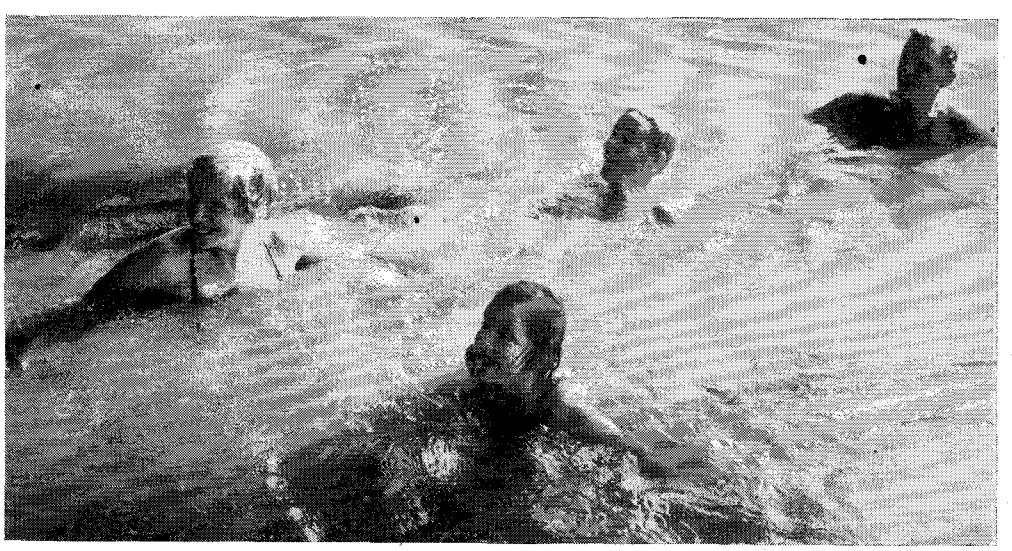


With utmost delicacy, the neurosurgeon removes the tumor without damaging normal brain tissue. Today, 80 to 90 per cent of brain-tumor victims survive such surgery.

For years, the author ignored her chronic dizziness, headaches and loss of memory. Then, almost too late, she learned the cause . . .

I Had a Brain Tumor

By CYNTHIA FLANNERY STINE



Sixteen months after her operation, the author (left) leads an almost-normal family life. "The headaches have not given in yet, but there's promise they will when the brain really gets in place," she says.

"After next Friday we won't need you any longer," the editor said. Fired from my job as assistant on a suburban Philadelphia weekly! He didn't say why. And this the most enjoyable job I could wish for.

Outside his door, I leaned against the wall, my old "sinus" pains tightening. The phone rang in my office. Someone had a refrigerator to sell—details for a classified ad. Jotting it down, I turned to my typewriter. I'd been having trouble with my handwriting for several months. If I didn't transcribe it immediately, I couldn't read it later, nor remember what it meant.

Another sinusitis flash hit me. The pain had been more persistent the last weeks, despite a nose specialist's treatments and an incredible list of prescriptions. I stared at the collection of medicines in my desk drawer. None of them seemed to help any longer, but I downed three aspirin tablets and typed out the ad. Why were the fingers of my right hand refusing to obey my will? And why couldn't I concentrate? My head was sure out of kilter, but not much worse than the day before, the month, the year, three years before.

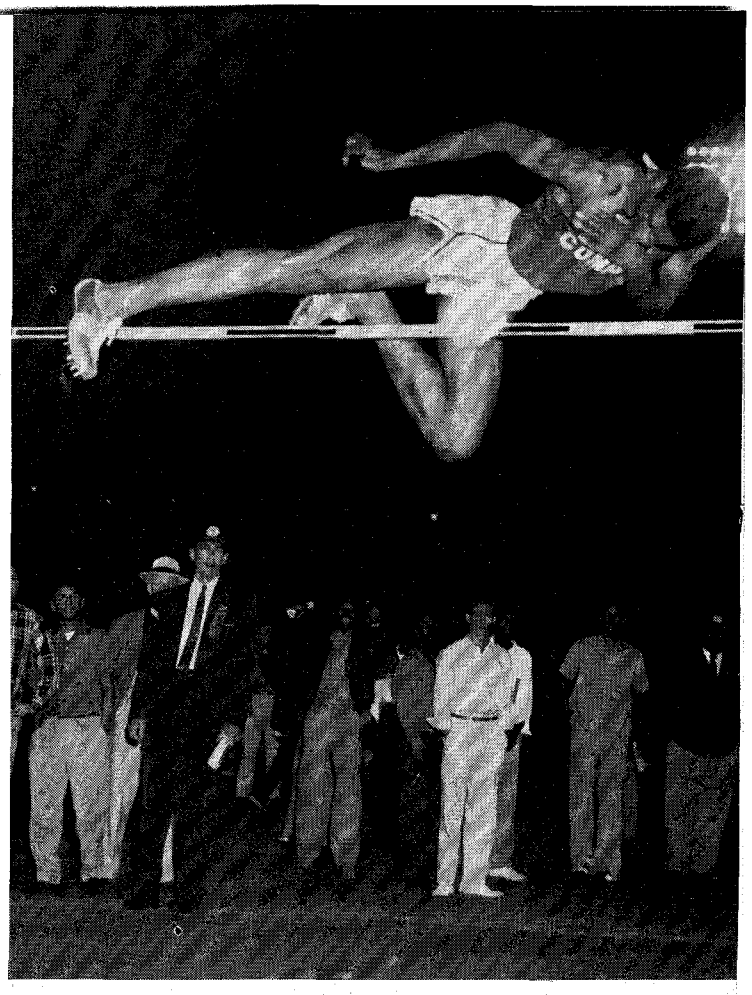
It was damp and cold, February 10, 1955, and sinusitis really wins on such a day. I'd soon be going home, supposedly for (Continued on Page 121)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLYMPIC PREVIEW

An expert predicts who will bring home the medals from Melbourne, and just how we can win the mythical team title—in a photo finish.

BY H. D. THOREAU



California's Charles Dumas, first high jumper ever to clear seven feet.

In the usual Olympic year, this would be a time for post-mortems rather than predictions. The results already would be history. The Olympic Games are a hot-weather affair, and for us, that's almost over.

It's exactly the opposite, however, "down under" the equator in Australia, where the games of the XVI Olympiad will take place. There, of course, the warm season is just approaching.

It will be a full two months yet before the competition actually gets going, late in the Australian spring. Meanwhile the starting field is pretty well set. The general outlook already seems clear. No doubt some of the details will be altered by things like injuries between now and starting time. But why wait? A sports analyst who is venturesome enough to try to call the Olympic shots in advance might as well do it right now, before the World Series and the big football games intervene.

It already can be predicted, for one thing, that at precisely 4:32 P.M. on Thursday, November twenty-second, a runner bearing the traditional Olympic flame will spurt onto the track at the Melbourne Cricket Ground stadium to the cheers of 110,000 opening-ceremony spectators. This will be the last leg of an intricately planned 2750-man torch relay over a 2750-mile land route from Cairns, in Northern Australia. The ever-burning flame is being flown to Cairns in stages from Olympia, in Greece.

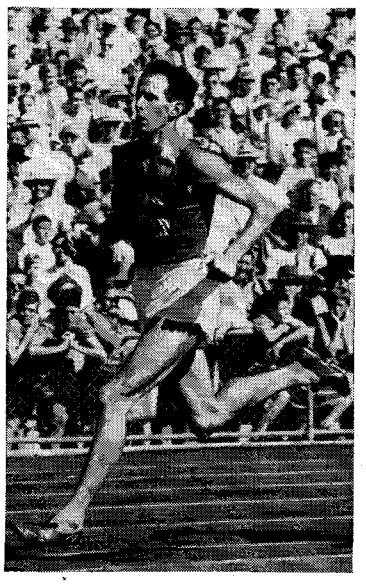
Another safe forecast is that, although seventy-four nations are entered, the greatest amount of world attention will focus on the two leading contenders, the United States and Soviet Russia. To be sure, no country ever officially "wins" at the Olympic Games, which are supposed to be solely a contest among individual athletes. However, much as the International Olympic Committee deplores it, the newspapers always print unofficial team point standings. And these tabulations always are widely accepted by the public.

How will the standings run this time? Well, if to you the Olympics begin with a bronzed young Texan running 100 meters, and end with a tall California rancher throwing the javelin, then Uncle Sam is going to dominate the games again, just as in every revival since 1896. But important though the men's track-and-field events are, this is only one of seventeen sports on the Olympic program. Young ladies going through gymnastic routines and bearded gentlemen playing field hockey are also part of the Olympic design. You can look for another impressive over-all showing by Russia, whose athletic commissars have methodically given attention to all Olympic sports and entered a full team in every event.

Working from a broad base of 7,000,000 athletes in training, the Russians culled out 10,000 for their Olympic trials in August. From these

(Continued on Page 94)

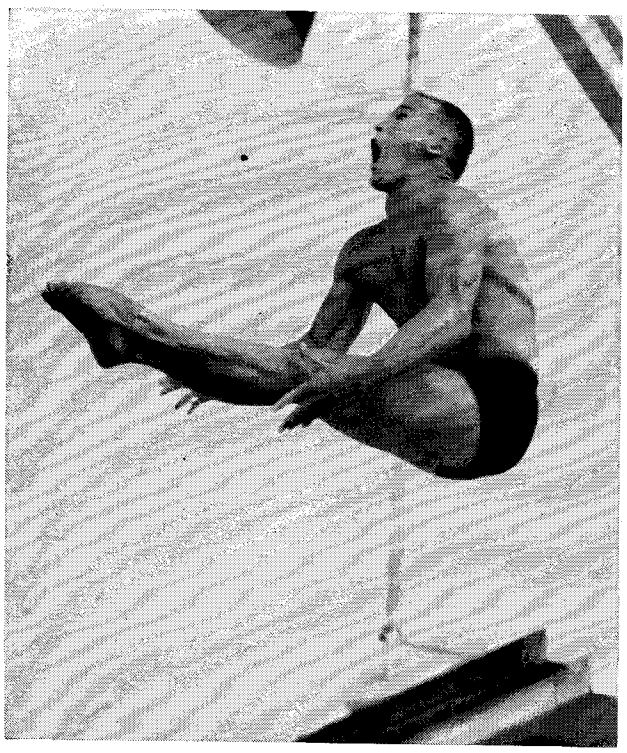
The U. S. hasn't a prayer in such events as men's field hockey, where India shines, and gymnastics, a monopoly of Soviet acrobats like A. Azaryan.



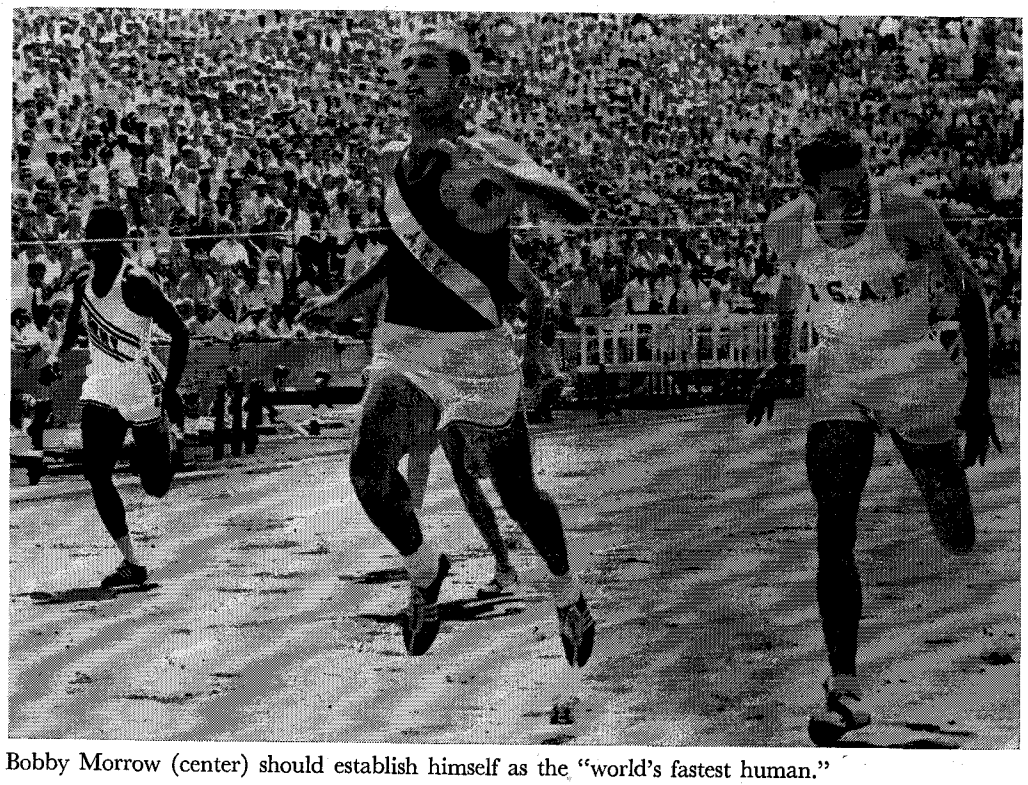
Past 800 meters our runners drop out of sight. Australia's John Landy is the favorite in the 5000-meter run. Russia's Vladimir Kuts (No. 41) should place in the 10,000 meters.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNCLE SAM COUNTS ON WINNING THESE EVENTS



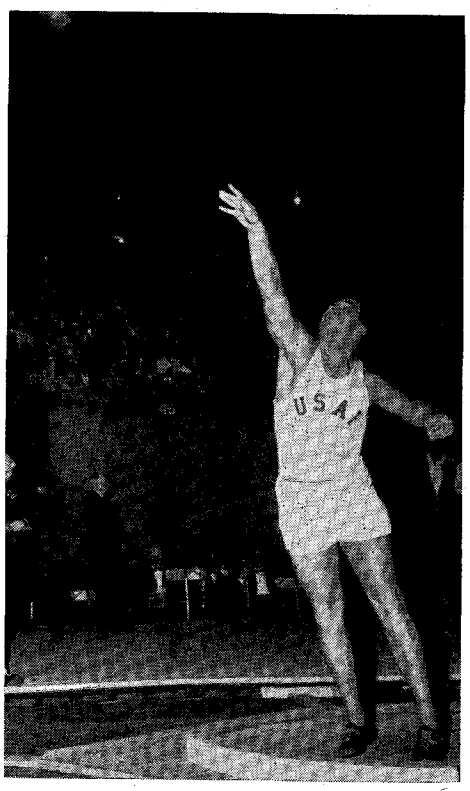
Don Harper's diving could add to the U. S. point total.



Bobby Morrow (center) should establish himself as the "world's fastest human."

THE POST PICKS THE GOLD-MEDAL WINNERS IN TRACK

100 meters . . . Bobby Morrow, U.S.A.
200 meters . . . Bobby Morrow, U.S.A.
400 meters . . . . . Lou Jones, U.S.A.
800 meters . . . . Arnie Sowell, U.S.A.
1500 meters . . . Jim Bailey, Australia
5000 meters . . John Landy, Australia
10,000 meters . Sandor Iharos, Hungary
Marathon. Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia
Steeplechase . . Jerszy Chromik, Poland
110 hurdles. . . . . Jack Davis, U.S.A.
400 hurdles. . . . Glenn Davis, U.S.A.
High jump . . . Charles Dumas, U.S.A.
Broad jump. . . . John Bennett, U.S.A.
Hop, step & jump. Adhemar da Silva, Brazil
Pole vault . . . . Bob Richards, U.S.A.
Shot-put . . . . . Parry O'Brien, U.S.A.
Discus . . . . . Fortune Gordien, U.S.A.
Javelin. . . . . Egil Danielsen, Norway
Hammer . . Mikhail Krivonosov, Russia
Decathlon . . . Rafer Johnson, U.S.A.



Lt. Parry O'Brien, shot-putter supreme.

Rev. Bob Richards, world's No. 1 pole-vaulter.

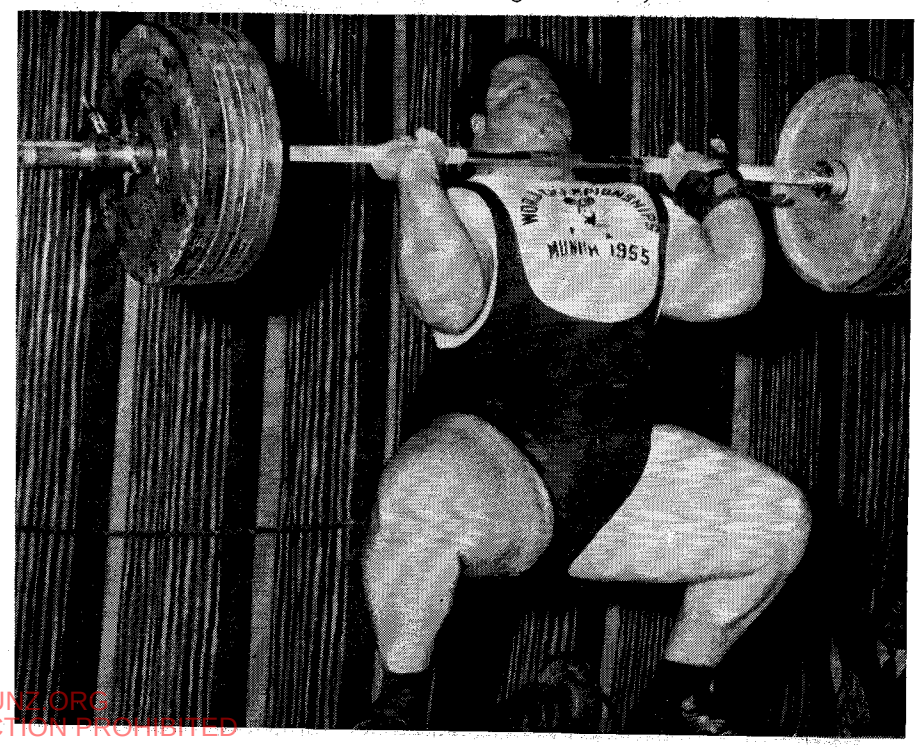
HOW THE LEADING TEAMS WILL FINISH

(Unofficial Point Totals for All 17 Olympic Sports)

	1956	(1952)		1956	(1952)
1. United States	632	(614)	9. Japan	150	(71)
2. Russia	596	(553½)	10. France	141	(156¼)
3. Hungary	302	(308)	11. Finland	119	(162½)
4. Sweden	197	(267)	12. Czechoslovakia	116	(113½)
5. Australia	181	(97)	13. South Africa	81	(67)
6. Germany	172	(170½)	14. Netherlands	77	(44)
7. Great Britain	172	(117)	15. Switzerland	76	(92½)
8. Italy	154	(158¾)			

Note: There are no official team standings. The International Olympic Committee recognizes only individual competition.

No nation has a weightlifter to match the Georgia leviathan, Paul Anderson.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Killers of the Reefs

Wherever they went, the monsters followed . . . almost as though someone had summoned them.

By OLAF RUHEN

Illustrated by Ben Stahl

Johnny Legrand was singing a song of cows in the corn, of apples in the barn, of ducks and goslings and little red hens, but his Calypso Girl was knifing into the bright and dancing waters of the Coral Sea, and from her forefoot the flying fish fled away into the pink and gold and purple glories of the west, for the sun was setting now behind the mountains of the New Guinea main. And with that gay and careless baritone booming all around them, Johnny's divers and crew boys, fourteen tough and wiry men gathered from Goodenough and the Dobu Passage, sat on the foredeck spooning their evening rice from the pot with the thin ends of the hatch-locking wedges, as good seamen do.

They looked up briefly as the Girl cleared the passage by Observation Rock and opened up the waters north of Ubuia. Ahead, the ragged New Guinea peaks were lifting crooked fingers into the sunset's color. To starboard, Fergusson Island stood up against the sky; and beyond its green mountains the high peaks of Goodenough Island reached unbelievably for the zenith, plastered on the sky in pale silhouettes. To port was the long length of Normanby, pointing south to Samarai; and Samarai was the end of the voyage and the end of a dream, for there wasn't enough shell in the holds to settle the fuel bills, and the ship would have to go to pay the crew and the creditors.

But Johnny sang because that was a way he had, and because Samarai was tomorrow, and tonight was close to heaven, and because, while he thought it well enough to meet trouble face to face, there was little point in being beforehand at the rendezvous.

The ugliest lugger in the world confronted them as they cleared the passage. She was blunt in the bows, like a railway bus, and short and squat and gaff-rigged. She was carrying all her canvas, but the patched old sails flapped and sighed in that light evening air. There wasn't a sign of a ripple at her bow, but the helmsman stood at the tiller as though he could hold her to her course, and the deck was crowded with hands. They looked despondent, Johnny thought.

His boss-boy, Harmony, stood up to watch, his last portion of rice poised on the edge of the big wooden wedge in his fingers.

"Those fellows got trouble, captain," he said dispassionately, and sat down again.

Johnny swung the wheel hard over and brought Calypso Girl up on the other's quarter. As he went he read the name "Queen Emma" on the bows.

"You all right, Emma?" he called.

A tall native, his hair spun out like a canopy about his face, came up from down below.

"All right, captain," he called.

"What's wrong with your engine?" Johnny asked.

"No oil, captain. No lubricating."

"I'll send some oil aboard," Johnny decided.

Harmony raised his eyebrows. "Maybe they run her dry a little while, captain," he reminded, low-voiced. "Maybe that engine got trouble too."

"Hell, yes," said Johnny. One could never be sure of what native crews without white skippers would do to machinery. The anchorage was half an hour away, and he came to a quick decision.

"I'm putting a towline aboard you!" he yelled to the wallowing Queen. "I'll take you to the anchorage and then have a look at her!"

The tall native waved a hand. "Very good, captain! Thank you!"

The dark had fallen like a blanket when at last they dropped the tow and Johnny pulled a dinghy across the star-bright water to the lugger, carrying a can of oil. He developed a respect for the native skipper when he found that Queen Emma's service tank still held a quota—it hadn't been run dry. The engine was another matter. It was old and battered, and when he gave it an experimental run, a fury of exhaust gas poured from the valve seatings and a broken gasket on the head.

The tall skipper crouched beside him, pursing his lips. "Engine's very old, captain. Very weak," he said. "He's got no compression much. Pretty soon he die finish, I think."

"Your boat?" queried Johnny shortly.

"No, captain. He belongs to Mrs. Collings. Engine lost his punch a long time ago. Six months. More."

Johnny felt his gorge rising. "Some woman sent you out with an engine like that, and sails like the ones you were wearing. What have you been after—shell?"

"Trochus and green snail, captain. But we've done no good. Three bags only. There will be no profit for any of us."

"Got far to go?"

"Palamasea, captain. Northwest. About eighty miles only. But it may take some time."

Johnny took out a cigarette, and the native's eyes followed him.

"You got tobacco?" Johnny asked.

"No tobacco, captain."

Johnny's eyes traveled past him to where a drum, cut to carry a wood fire, was made fast to the stern. The fire was out, and it had been cold for some time.

"Got plenty food?" he asked.

"No food, captain. We ran out of food three weeks ago. Sometimes we raid a garden, sometimes catch a fish. We're all right, captain."

"What kind of a woman is this," asked Johnny, "to send you out without food, without tobacco, with those sails, that engine?"

"A good woman, captain. We stopped too long. We looked very hard for shell for her. We found none. But we're all right."

Johnny stepped into his dinghy. "Send your boat over," he said. "I'll give you tobacco and food. Tomorrow early, maybe midnight, I'll tow you to Palamasea. All right?"

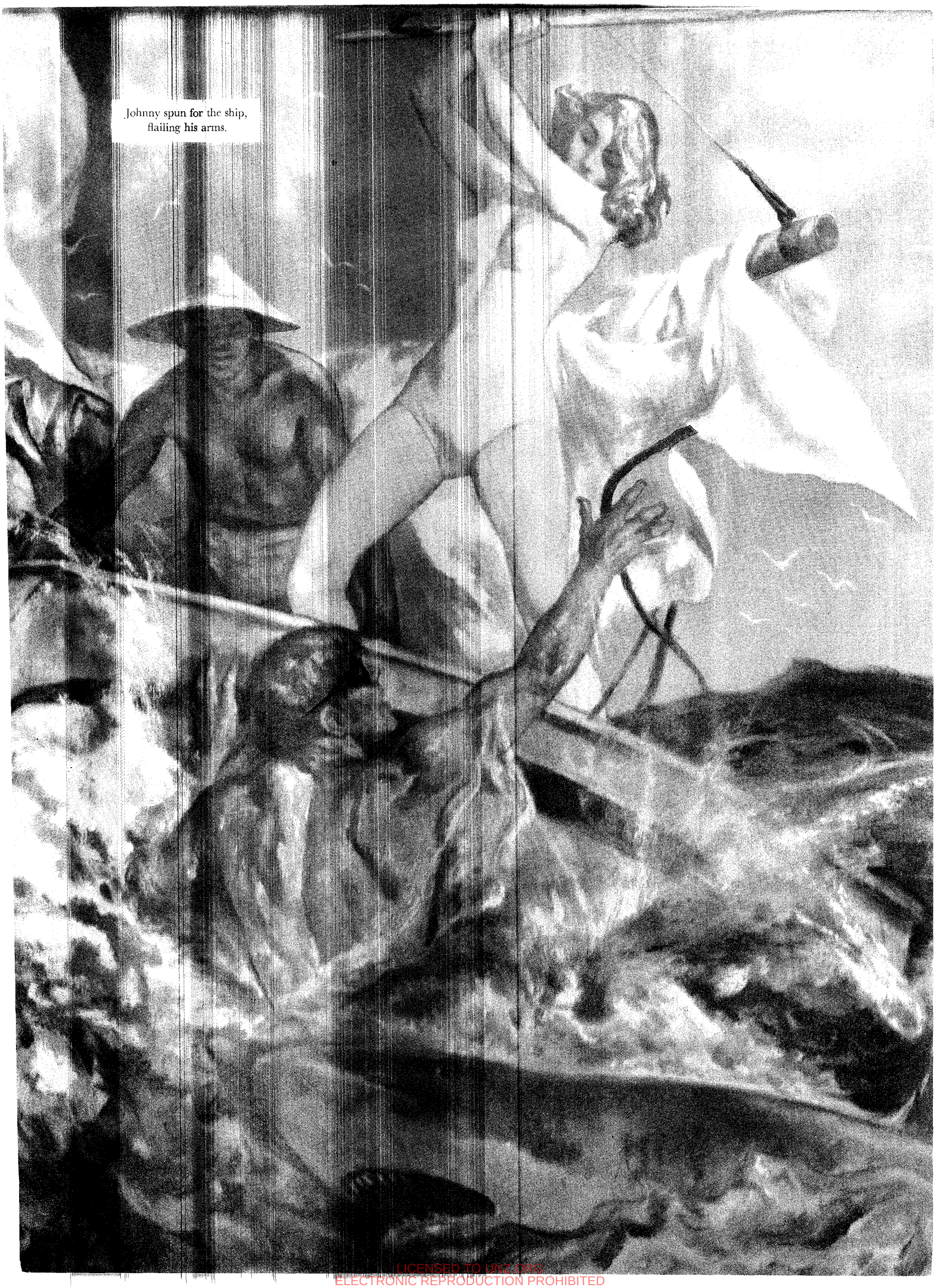
"All right, captain. Thank you." The tall native leaned over the dinghy. "My name is Willing," he said.

Harmony was unimpressed when he heard the story. "Something wrong, captain," he commented. "Good reefs at Palamasea. Plenty trochus shell. Plenty green snail in the surf. These boys they walkabout too much." Harmony knew all the seven seas, the peculiarities of their denizens, and the country that lay beneath them, or so it sometimes seemed.

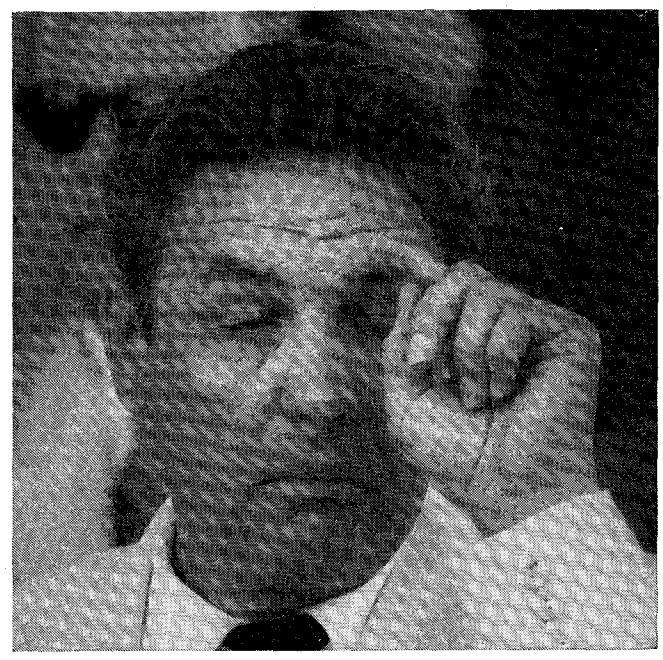
"I'll get to the bottom of it," Johnny promised. "Get

(Continued on Page 104)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The many faces of dauntless Dmitri: At a parade in Cairo, he became by turns (clockwise from above) a suspicious Muscovite, bored sophisticate, Soviet strong man, alert leader, jolly good fellow and naïve bumpkin.

The Russian to Watch

By Vladimir Shabinsky,
with Ellsworth Raymond

Amidst the ruthless crew commanding the Kremlin stands the handsome, debonair foreign minister, Mr. Shepilov—a rising power who is as dangerous as his bloodiest comrades.

Just after V-E day in May, 1945, a Red Army major general unexpectedly arrived at the Soviet special-reparations office in Berlin where I worked. Our girl receptionist looked at him and gasped, "Oh!" The general was tall, dark and handsome, with thick, wavy hair. He looked like a boxer—six feet tall, weighing about 200 pounds; all muscle, no fat. A broad band of war medals stretched across his barrel chest. The Oriental slant of his lively dark eyes betrayed a slight trace of Mongolian blood.

One of our colonels rushed up to the general and said timidly, "Comrade Shepilov, are you honoring us with a visit?" Then the colonel whispered to an adjutant, "Quick! Tell the boss that Shepilov is here."

At least twenty assistant cabinet ministers and other high communist officials were waiting in that anteroom to see my boss, Saburov, today one of Russia's collective leaders. But the adjutant returned in a second to escort Shepilov into the inner sanctum. The handsome general smiled (Continued on Page 124)

About the Authors

Vladimir Shabinsky, one of the best informed of the former Soviet Russian officials who have chosen freedom in the United States, served in the offices of three of today's Kremlin collective leaders, Malenkov, Saburov and Kaganovich. Mr. Shabinsky fled from the Russian headquarters in Berlin in 1947 and sought refuge in the American Zone of Germany. Today he is active as an editor and writer for the American Committee for Liberation from Bolshevism, which broadcasts regularly to the peoples of Russia. Mr. Shabinsky's collaborator, Ellsworth Raymond, served as economic analyst in the United States Embassy in Moscow for years and is one of our country's noted Russian experts. Mr. Raymond, currently of the faculty of New York University, has contributed regularly to this magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Epidemic!

To find the cause of the disease, Doctor Sullivan was risking his own wife's life . . .

By RONALD SERCOMBE

Properly, Dr. Dennis Sullivan belonged in his quarters at Jacksonville Medical Hospital, where he was chief resident in surgery. But these days—and nights—at the hospital, there was no rest for the wicked, the weary or the well.

So now he sat on the edge of his bed at home and lit a cigarette. He glanced at his wrist watch. The faintly luminous hands indicated that it was half past three in the morning.

The doctor had left the hospital with two objectives in mind: to get away from institutional smells and noises and to catch up on some badly needed sleep. He hadn't slept a wink. At ten o'clock he was scheduled to perform a delicate operation for a man whose hands continually perspired. At the moment, ironically, his own palms were wet.

Cautiously, so as not to disturb Bette, his wife, the doctor eased his solid frame out of the bed. Bette, who was night supervisor of nurses at the hospital, had shared a rough week with him.

In slippered feet, he tiptoed out to the screened porch which overlooked the moon-bathed St. Johns River. A soft, subtropical breeze wafted the mid-March scents of jasmine, orange blossoms and wisteria, and they reached his nostrils as a refreshing change from iodoform, ether and formaldehyde.

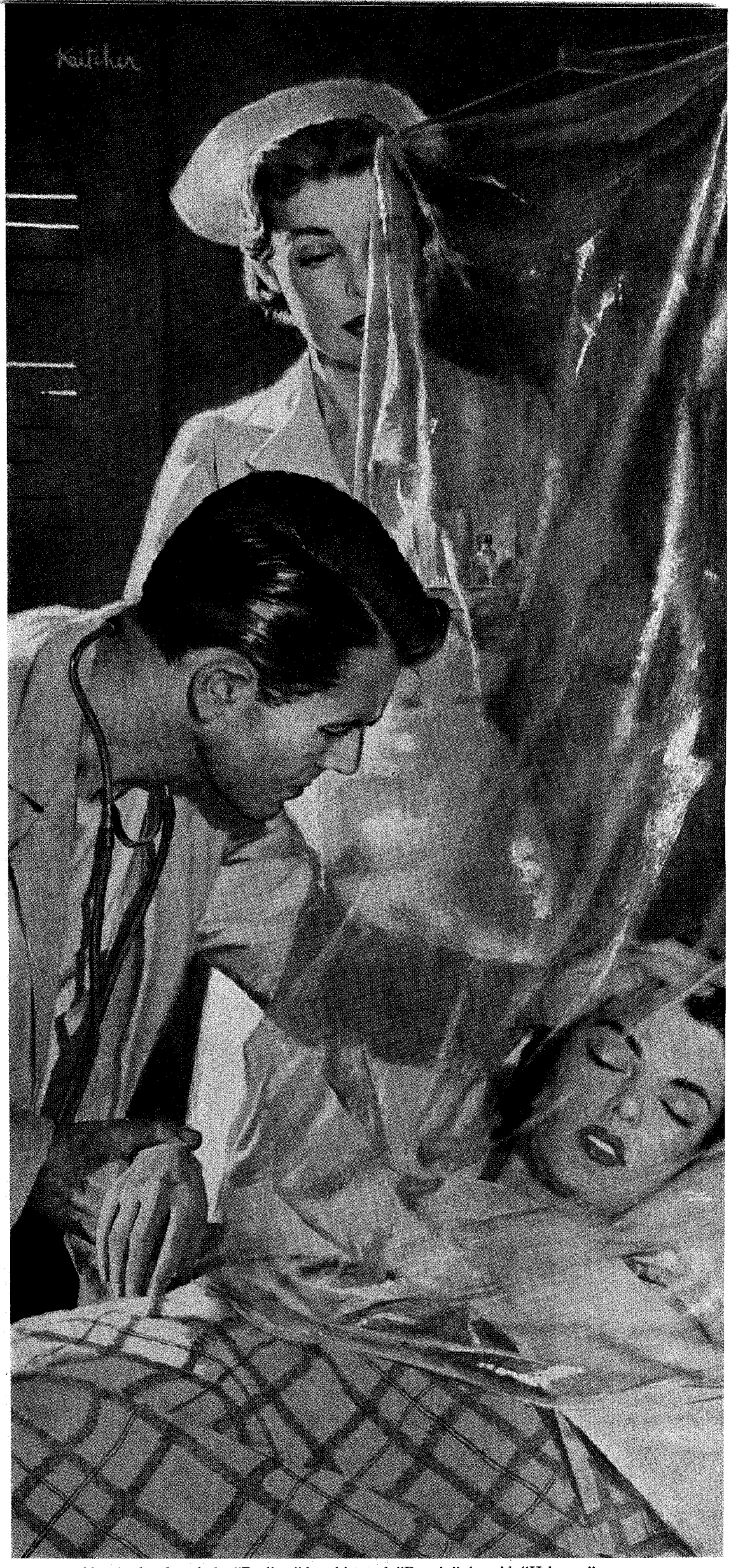
He switched on the night lamp. The Sunday paper, apparently brought in by Bette, lay on the table. The doctor's penetrating blue eyes wandered over the headlines. They focused on a headline: VIRUS X BAFFLES MEDICS.

He read the first two paragraphs:

Authorities estimate an epidemic of "Virus X" has reached a total of more than 400 cases in the northeast section of this city and last night reported the number of deaths at 53.

Dr. Ira Skinner, Acting Medical Director at Jacksonville Medical Hospital, indicated that wide daily temperature ranges might be contributing. They go from nighttimes as low as thirty-six to afternoons as high as ninety. . . .

(Continued on Page 81)



He touched her forehead tenderly. "Darling," he whispered. "Dennis," she said. "Help me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four-Footed Cops

At running down thieves, few men can equal these agile, fearless dogs— and no human policeman strikes so much terror in a robber's heart.

By J. C. Furnas

The Royal Bank of Canada once gave a valuable present to a four-footed lady with coarse gray hair and jaws like an alligator's. Her name is Silver, and her present—which she always wears—is a silver collar engraved with highly complimentary remarks about this German-shepherd bitch that works for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

The bank's motive was gratitude, not gallantry. Three bandits had robbed a Royal Bank branch. Police had grabbed two of them, but the third had escaped into the brush with $27,000. Silver took off cross-country on his trail, nosed out a revolver used in the job, found two caches of money comprising the bulk of the loot, and went on, so clearly indicating the bandit's line of flight to her handlers that they could advise a police car by radio just where to intercept him as he reached a distant highway.

Now consider another award—a medal—also accompanied by high praise, recently given to Aurelio L. Filippi, a New York City policeman. Posted on lower Broadway, he heard a shout of "Holdup!" and saw a man running, gun in hand. He pulled his own gun and gave chase. The quarry shot a civilian who tried to stop him, and turned at bay behind a parked car. Filippi got behind another car and called to him to give up. The reply was a bullet. Yelling to passers-by to take cover, Filippi opened fire himself.

He won, mortally wounding his man without getting nicked himself. He surely earned that medal. But if New York City supplied her police with dogs trained to work with the law, her crowded sidewalks would less frequently get sprayed with lead. At the command "Get him!" Silver would have run that thug down, tackled him from behind and clamped his gun hand in her great jaws till her policeman teammate took over.

The business end of a Doberman pinscher watchdog.

Not long ago, in Indianapolis, a deranged gunman wounded eight policemen and killed his wife before he was overpowered in one of those surround-and-shoot-it-out affairs. To those who know how dog police can be trained to keep coming against gunfire, such sieges are inexcusable. A crack marksman might wing one charging dog, but the breeds used in police work are fast, smart and rugged—no gunman could conceivably knock over two or three charging at once. In thirty seconds it would be all over.

"One police officer saved from serious injury or possible death . . . by the use of a police dog would be well worth the effort of adding dogs to the roster," says Charles F. Sloane, of the New York State Police, citing the Indi-

A security officer dispatches two keen-eyed German-shepherd helpers, Duke and Babs, on their nocturnal patrol of the Marshall Field department-store warehouse in Chicago.

The furry watchman makes his rounds in the store. He checks in by ringing a buzzer box with his paw. A light on his collar recorded his track for the camera.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Connecticut's Canine College, Eric, an eighteen-month-old Doberman pinscher, is taught how to tackle the "thief"—a well-padded trainer known as the fall guy.

anapolis case in the Journal of Law, Criminology and Police Science. Sir John Nott-Bower, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London, insists that any police force is "foolish to ignore the powerful and skilled aid to men" that dogs can furnish.

The London police employ 270 dogs. One of them has racked up 128 arrests in seven years. In a recent case, a phone call reported a man smashing a jeweler's show window and starting to loot it. A policeman and his Doberman pinscher were rushed to the scene. Spotting them, the looter dropped everything and ran into an apartment house. No innocent bystanders were shot as he ran—British police go unarmed. Nor did the force have to throw a cordon round the building and search it room by room, with fair odds that the looter might ambush a searcher. Instead, the problem was put up to the dog. He led his policeman partner through the building, out the other side, and up to an apparently unoccupied taxi—with the criminal crouched on the floor too scared of the dog to move.

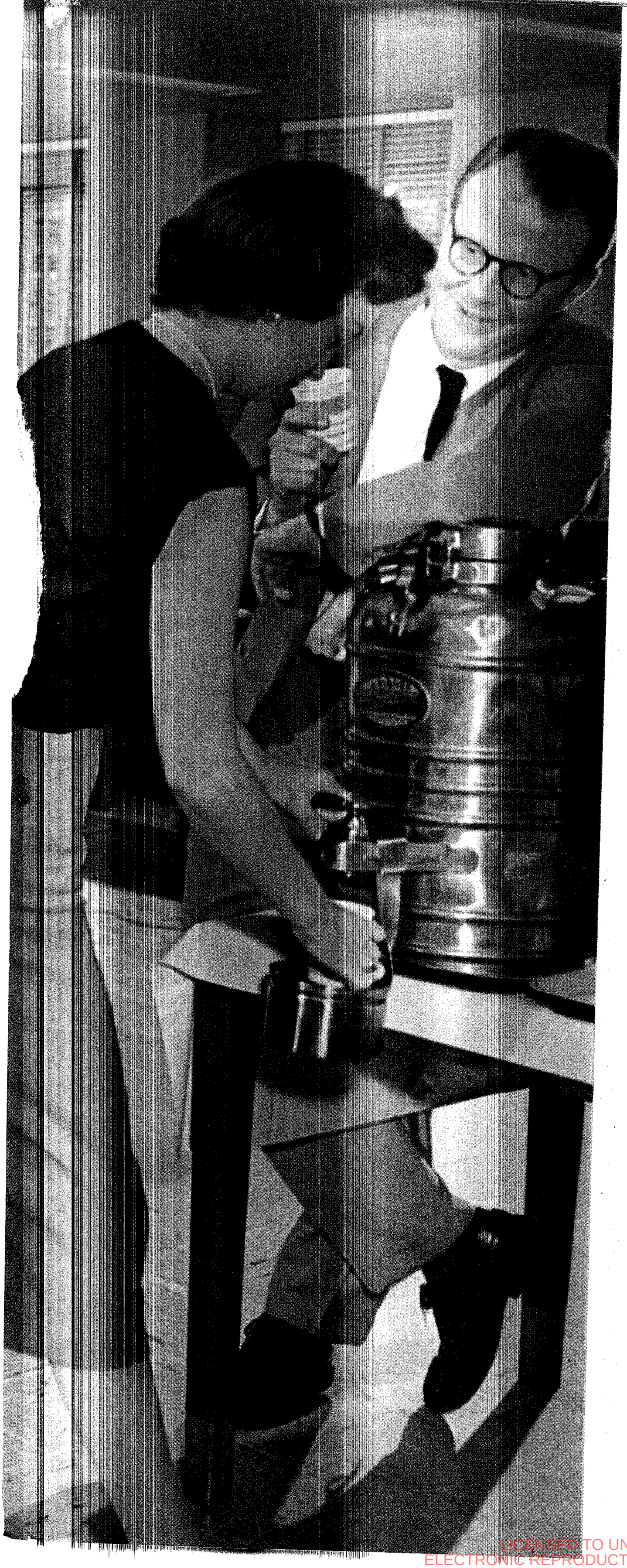
One night another such cop-and-dog team surprised a mob (Continued on Page 76)

London, England: Earl, a Scotland Yard dog, demonstrates how a four-footed policeman disarms a gunman without getting shot.

Portland, Oregon: Patrolman Irving Osbourn and his sidekick, Sarge, now handle a beat that formerly required two officers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Coffee Break

It's 10:00 in the morning, and everybody quits work. What does the boss think of all this idleness? He likes it fine, as a matter of fact, especially here at the Prudential Life Insurance Company's Chicago office, where 1400 employees tuck away 70 gallons of coffee and 600 pastry goodies daily. It's a big change from the European coffee houses of 200 years ago, where this custom really began. Then, only the leisure classes participated. Today, the office boy can stand defended behind his coffee cup while he discusses baseball with the department head. Until World War II, few companies observed the coffee-break tradition. Then some employers found fifteen-minute rest periods to be a drawing card in the competition for the limited available working force, and others soon followed suit. But bosses weren't happy about the mass exodus to local snack bars on forty-five-minute coffee-drinking sprees. So vending machines and catering services were introduced to supply coffee to workers right in the office. Now the practice has the law's blessing. The United States Court of Appeals in Denver recently ruled that when an employee takes a coffee break, he does the boss a favor. The custom, went the court's obiter dictum, "promotes more efficiency and results in greater output." A few curmudgeons may grumble about the waste of time, but the coffee break is here to stay. Photograph by Ivan Dmitri

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Heart Always Knows

She was hopelessly in love with a man she'd never met.

By LUCY CORES

Brian Gower, who once was described by an enthusiastic critic as "the only truly romantic actor in the grand tradition left today in the American theater," was in private life a rather modest young man in his early thirties. He had simple tastes, among which was a taste for privacy. After a play in which he starred closed, he would retire for a month to his house on Martha's Vineyard. Life on the Island suited him exactly; he loved the sparse loveliness of its New England countryside and he enjoyed being left alone. The natives went about their business and didn't inquire into his—in fact, their complete lack of interest might have been annoying to anyone who wasn't in as much need of being left alone as Brian Gower was. He poured a lot of himself into those intense, heavily dramatic roles in which he specialized; afterwards he welcomed the special quietness which surrounded him on the Island. There he could lounge around with nothing more challenging on the program than growing a beard—every man, he felt, has a constitutional right to invest occasionally in a beard, or at least a mustache—eating the superb meals cooked for him by Mrs. Melantha Baker, an elderly lady who came in to do for him every day; or pottering around the kitchen, making his own semi-superb ones when sciatica kept her away. All kinds of weather suited him: when the sun shone, he took long walks, breathing in the bracing Island air and sometimes stopping to thump himself on the chest; when it rained, he stayed home and read books and an occasional script.

He was thus occupied one blustery April evening when Mrs. Baker came into the library to tell him that he had a visitor. "A young lady—says you're expecting her."

"I'm not expecting anyone," said Brian, frowning. He was reading a particularly promising script, which Charlie Howard's office had just sent him; it was a play about Lord Byron, exactly the sort of character he liked to work with; and he was pretty sure that he would be playing in it during the coming season.

"Well, she's in now," said Mrs. Baker, "and whether you see her or not, she'll have to stay a while because it's raining pitchforks."

"Oh, very well," said Brian, sighing.

He found the visitor in the living room, standing on the hearth as rain-drenched as a naiad. Her blond hair dripped damply down a slender back, as she stood there in rapt contemplation of a portrait of him as Hamlet. It was painted by a well-known painter who also lived on the Island.

He coughed tactfully and the girl spun to face him, with a little gasp. She was a willowy creature with big, startled brown eyes.

"Hello," he said cautiously. "I don't believe I have the pleasure ——"

"I'm Vinnie—that is, Virginia Chase," said the girl breathlessly. "I'm staying at the inn, so I thought I'd come over and talk about my play—at least, Mr. Howard seemed to think it was a good idea."

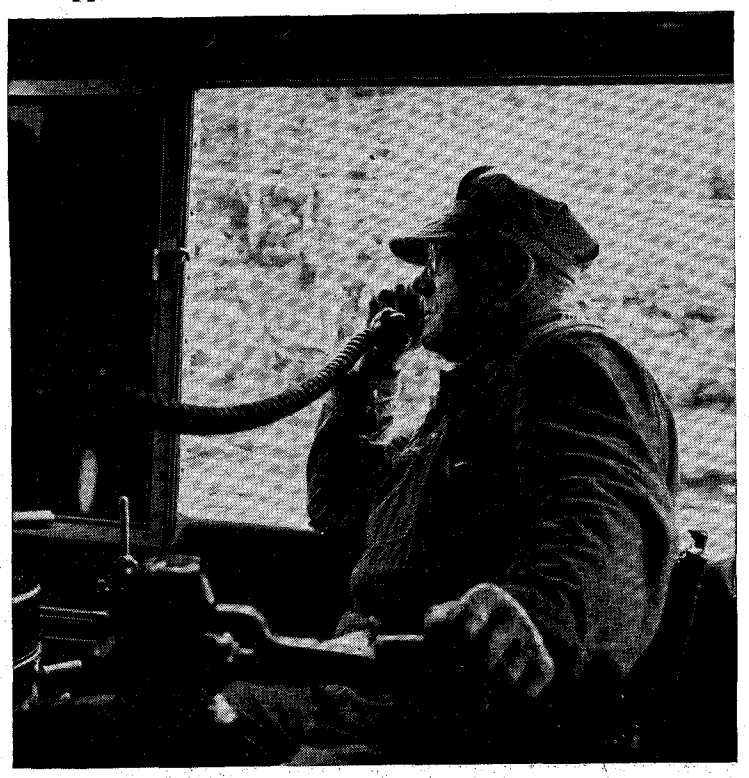
Virginia Chase. The name rang a bell, but it took Brian a moment to realize that he had looked at it only a (Continued on Page 86)

Illustrated by Robert Meyers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The words came out on a tide of emotion. "*I love him!*" she said. Then she clamped her hands over her mouth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Trapper Joe" Popvin pushes his northbound express through the Canadian wilds and reports in by radiotelephone.

A trip aboard one
of the world's
most remarkable–
and important–railroads . . .

The Labrador Limited

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Built at a cost of $250,000,000, the railroad was designed solely to transport iron ore from the fabulously rich Labrador mines. Here, a 125-car ore train crosses the Moisie River Bridge

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glen Beckwith, a signalman, and his family ride the Limited to the station at Oreway, halfway point on the 357-mile road.

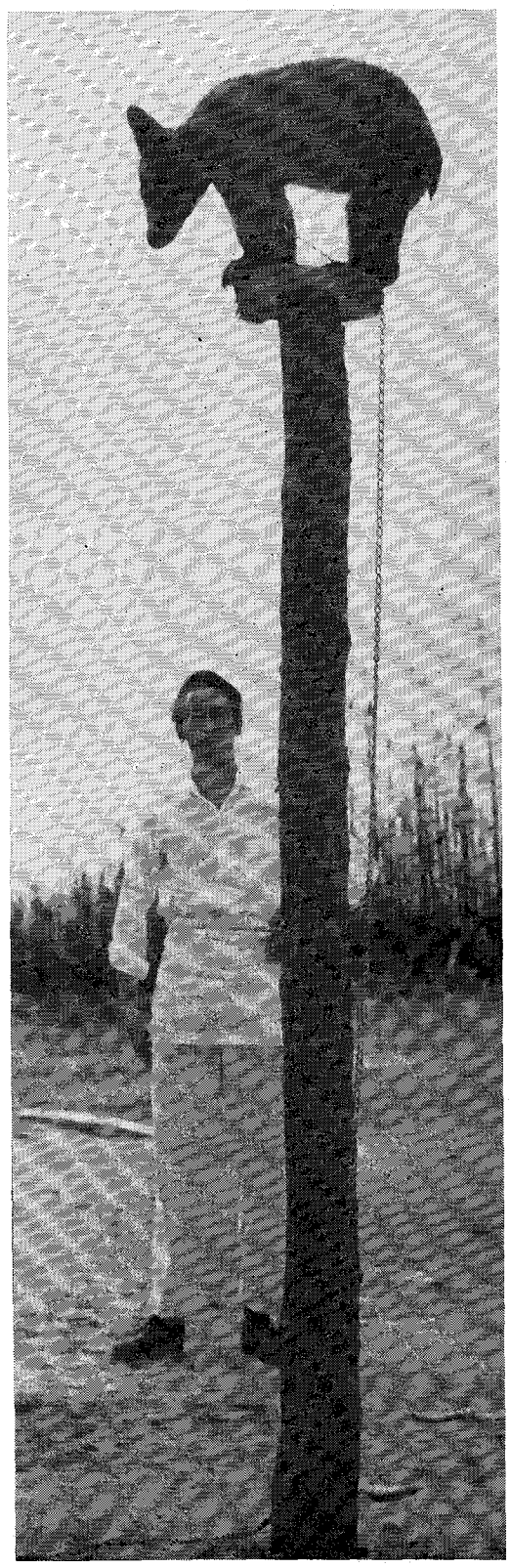
End of the line: the bleak, subarctic mining town of Schefferville. A brand-new community, Schefferville opened for business on July 31, 1954—the day the first ore train moved south.

Photographs by George Burns

Joe Popvin is an engineer of distinctions. There may be other locomotive drivers on this continent who are as freckled, or fatter, or who can speak French, but it is not likely that many others will be known by the nonrail nickname of Trapper Joe. Trapper Joe is a wildlife expert. He is also a fast man with seniority. Most engineers spend decades rising to the cabs of crack trains on their respective lines. Trapper Joe tossed it off in a couple of years, and the crack train he now pilots as a senior veteran is peculiarly leisurely. It averages less than thirty miles an hour on its regular run, and even that is subject to some whimsey. Trapper Joe has a simple slogan: "Blow the whistle plenty and watch for caribou!"

Joe's home rails are the 357-mile north-and-south main line of the Quebec, North Shore and Labrador, a remarkable railroad whose location affords its engineers certain advantages over more orthodox systems. There is, for example, the common nuisance of grade crossings. The Trapper is not entirely free of this problem. There is a road crossing at the north edge of the QNSL's southern terminal at Seven Islands, a town on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River about 500 miles northeast of Montreal. Joe must whistle for this crossing. But it is the last one for 350 miles, or twelve hours of travel. There are no further roads. There are also no towns, no other railroads within hundreds of miles, no farms, no cows and no published timetable.

The QNSL is thus free from blinker warnings, crossing gates, over- and under-passes, and lawsuits by farmers. It is almost devoid of station buildings except for one oversize phone booth at Seven Islands. Also the QNSL does not have to employ a staff of industrial agents to find industries which will locate on its line. It seeks neither outside traffic nor passengers and there are very few passengers who would find it difficult to avoid it. It has not yet assumed official status as a common carrier. Nevertheless the QNSL is just about the world's most modern railroad, the newest good-sized road of the last two generations, and in 1956 will haul 12,000,000 tons, exceeding the figure it was tailor-made to reach.



The railroad cuts through a territory practically empty of people. Animals are about the only native company a man can find. This small black bear is a pet of one of the track gangs.

The QNSL has a single serious purpose. It was built to give the world entrance to a mineral-rich trough in the most ancient of all rocks, the Pre-Cambrian crust of Western Labrador and Northeastern Quebec. The trough is long and slender, shaped something like a tired seal standing on its nose with its tail touching icy Ungava Bay. Within its impressive limits there may or may not be other metals in quantity, but there is certainly 400,000,000 to 500,000,000 tons of rich iron, perhaps as much as 2,000,000,000. The QNSL is a miraculous shaft driven through empty and inhospitable terrain to reach the iron. The iron is needed because, first, the last war badly wasted this continent's iron resources and, second, because another war will make necessary new supplies within our continental limits. The QNSL was built by the "largest civilian airlift in history" through land which offered no other way of building it.

Although the QNSL traverses bleakness, thin in vegetation and empty of people, Railway Age magazine has already accorded the road several railway firsts and predicted more to come. It is, of course, the first railroad in Labrador. It is the first railroad to use nothing but roller-bearing cars, which in turn gave the Timken Roller Bearing Company the largest single sale of such bearings in its history. It is the first railroad to operate into a yard designed exclusively for roller-bearing cars, and it is probably the first road in which the train specifications were determined first and the road then built to fit the trains. It may already be running the heaviest regular trains on any railroad and at the lowest cost per ton-mile and with far above average ton-miles per train hour. Moreover, at the age of little more than two years it is performing more efficiently than was hoped. (Continued on Page 100)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

What to do About Folk Songs

Many folks are puzzled by folk songs, which are often played after dinner at other folks' houses, because they don't know what they mean. What they usually mean is that there aren't any good TV programs on that night. However, you'll probably find that you can cope with folk songs once you understand some of the fundamentals. Just don't let yourself get rattled.

Folk songs are usually sung by one or more singers, accompanied by one or more musicians playing one or more of a dozen-odd instruments, some odder than others, like the doodlesack (Scot.) or the *Flügelhorn* (Ger.) or the gittar (Am.). They do not have a very solid beat, but they have a lot of childlike charm, as you will learn when you read the print on the back of the record jacket, and they are usually recorded on extremely LP records.

There are two main types of folk songs: the nature folk song and the love folk song. Your usual nature folk song goes like this:

When I lived in the country
I grew a big tomato,
O willy waly,
Willy waly,
Willy waly.
I grew a big tomato
When I lived in the country,
O willy waly, willy waly.

It takes a number of verses and several diamond needles to get the plot moving, because of all the willy walys. Five willy walys per verse is about par, although if the folk-song singer happens to be a girl accompanying herself on a dulcimer, there is no telling how many there'll be. Just don't hold your breath.

Your usual love folk song, on the other hand, goes like this:

When I lived in the city
I met a big tomato,
O willy waly,
Willy waly,
Willy waly.
I met a big tomato
When I lived in the city,
O willy waly, willy waly.

Both the nature folk song and the love folk song are always sad, because in each instance the tomato always disappears or goes away, as have a number of the guests by this time, which may or may not come as a surprise to the host, for many hosts are brighter than they look.

Folk songs are always sung either in English or in some other language. However, the ones which are sung in some other language usually have the English translations printed on the back of the record jacket, which is too bad. You'd think they'd quit while they're ahead.

PAT MCQUESTEN

For the Happy Homemaker's Handbook

No matter what hero, Adonis or dreamboat
  You're sharing your hopes with;
There're times life is sunny,
All roses and honey.
  And times a girl copes with!

The happiest twosome have sometimes
    a gruesome
  Divergence of viewpoint!
When outlooks need oiling
And one person's boiling
  Is the other one's dew point.

So, let's not disparage the institute, marriage,
  Because of slight knots in it.
For time will abolish
Or friction will polish
  Out all the rough spots in it!

VIRGINIA BRASIER

"... Be sure to mention his rock collection—he's awfully proud of it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Royal Road

Science is moving fast, I vow:
  Its latest giant leap
Is working out a method now
  To teach you while you sleep.

That's wonderful! But is it new?
  It seems to me the fact is
That this, when I was at the U.,
  Was standard classroom practice.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"However, should anything come up... we'll get in touch with you."

The Calmer I Get, the More I Tremble

It's certainly a mystery to me why so many persons let things upset them for such lengthy periods of time. For example, I have a friend who lost his job three or four years ago. He's just now getting to the point where he can even talk about it. I guess I'm different.

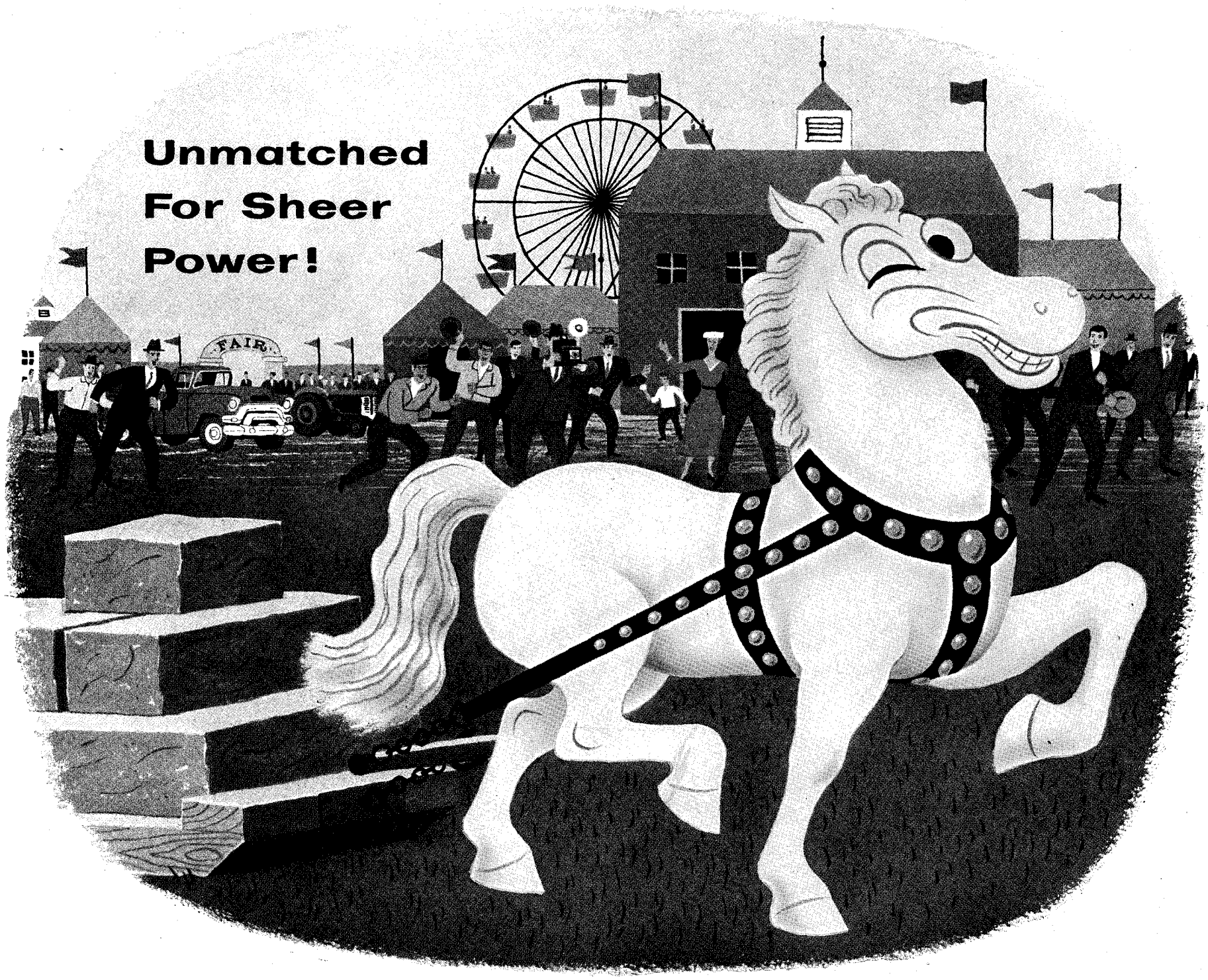
To cite an example: I happen to be the program chairman of the Downtown Boosters' Club, and for our July meeting I had J. P. Strannigan, an oil magnate, lined up to be our featured speaker. About two hours before the meeting, Strannigan called to tell me that, due to unforeseen circumstances, he'd be unable to keep his commitment. A scant three quarters of an hour after he'd called, the color had completely returned to my face, except right around my eyes, and I had reached the point that the quivering of my chin and lower lip was hardly noticeable.

Or take last June. I was all set for my vacation, and about fifteen minutes before quitting time I was told by the boss that, due to an unexpected press of business, I'd have to delay my vacation until August. By the following morning my anger had subsided to the extent that, on just two or three occasions, my hand trembled and my voice caught as I called to cancel my reservations.

In conclusion I would like to state that about a month ago I was confronted by a situation which, I dare say, would have thrown the average person for a loop for several months. At that time, I sent two dollars out to the race track with Edgar Stonecipher, a friend of mine, with instructions that he bet it on a 20-to-1 shot named Fireball to win. After Fireball won, I found out that Edgar had failed to place my bet. After just two weeks, by literally tensing every muscle in my body, I was able to say his name without my hands lunging to a choking position, and just last night my wife told me that I'm now clicking my teeth in my sleep intermittently, rather than steadily.

VERNON H. KURTZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WITH AC HOT TIP SPARK PLUGS YOU CAN PULL AWAY WITH EASE!

You as a driver can do a lot to keep your engine delivering the full power it was meant to deliver — long after the newness and shine of your car or truck is gone.

Operators of hard-working truck fleets and individual car owners alike have proved that a new set of spark plugs — *AC Hot Tip Spark Plugs*—every 10,000 miles can keep your engine delivering full power.

AC's exclusive Hot Tip burns away carbon and oil deposits as quickly as they form . . . keeps plugs clean longer and firing smoothly under all conditions.

Treat your car or truck to new AC Hot Tips and start enjoying faster pickup, easier passing and more pull-away power now!

Watch BIG TOWN on NBC-TV

hot tip
spark plugs

AC SPARK PLUG THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

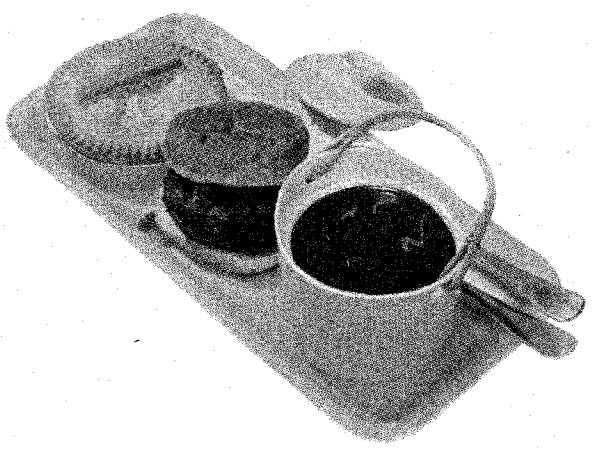
Soup 'n Sandwich! Soup 'n Salad! Soup 'n Dessert!

21 Soup-Plates

QUICK, NUTRITIOUS, DELICIOUS MEALS ON A SINGLE PLATE

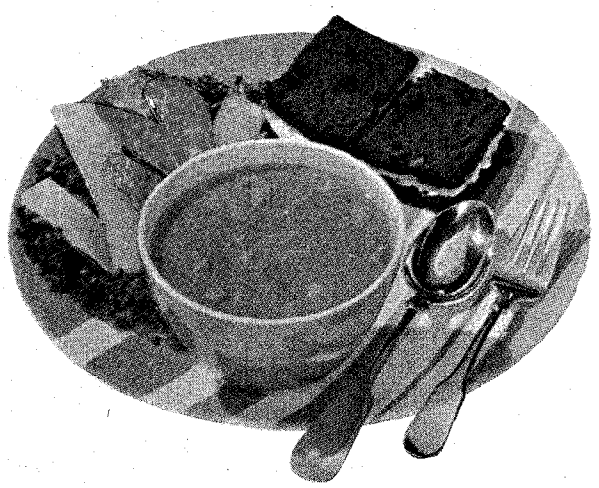
Chicken sandwich • Sliced orange
CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Deviled eggs • Chocolate-chip cookies • CHICKEN GUMBO

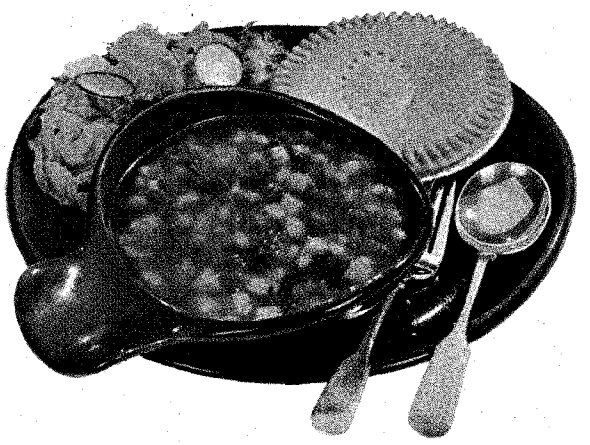


Hamburger sandwich • Swanson frozen blueberry pie • TOMATO SOUP

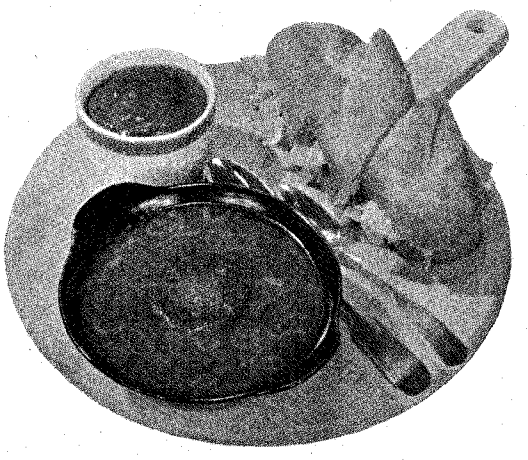
Tomato-cucumber sandwich with mayonnaise • Apple • BEEF SOUP



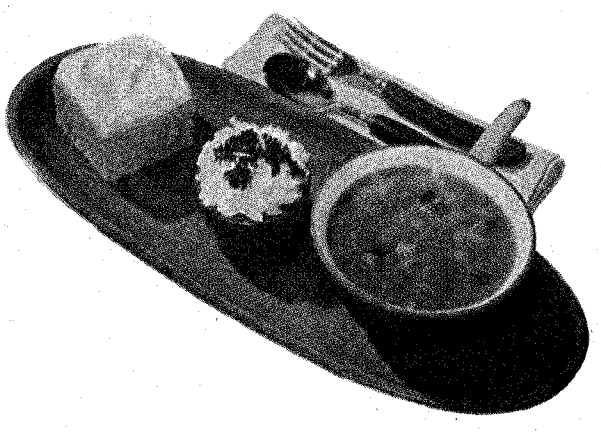
Cream-cheese & date-nut sandwich • Pineapple & orange salad • BEAN with BACON SOUP



Tossed green salad • Swanson frozen cherry pie • VEGETABLE BEEF SOUP

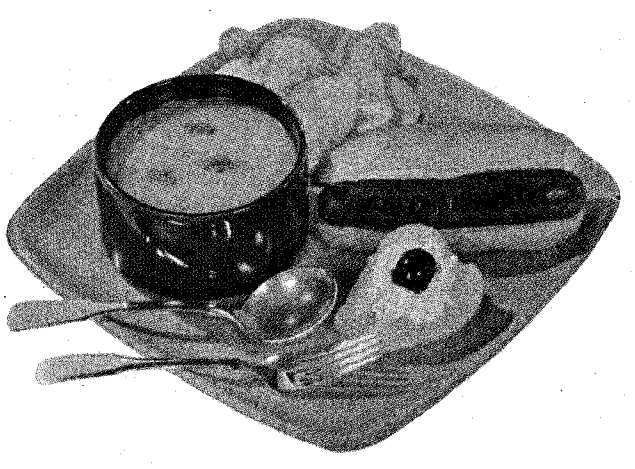


Cheese and cold-cuts sandwich Chocolate pudding • ONION SOUP



Tomato stuffed with cottage cheese Frosted spice cake • PEPPER POT SOUP

Meat-loaf sandwich • Chocolate-fudge sundae • CONSOMMÉ



Hot frank on a roll • Pear and cottage cheese • CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

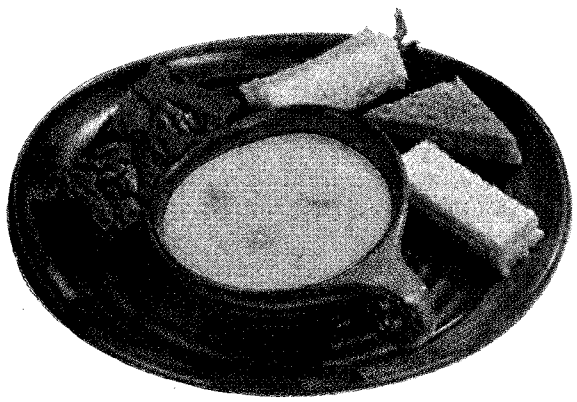
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cold cuts and hot rolls • Doughnuts
GREEN PEA SOUP

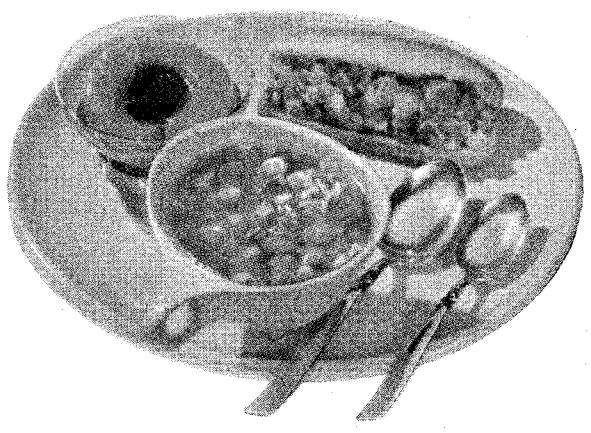
Roast-beef sandwich • Fresh fruit
VEGETABLE SOUP

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:
Vitamins • Minerals • Proteins • Carbohydrates

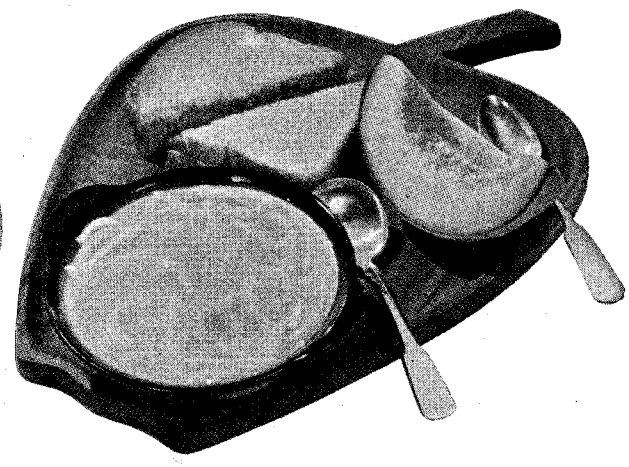
Once a day...every day...SOUP!



Tea sandwiches • Brownies
CREAM OF CHICKEN SOUP

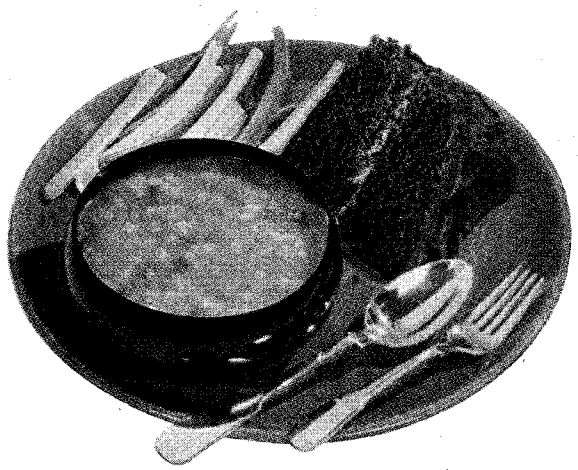


Shrimp-salad sandwich with mayonnaise
Peaches • VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE SOUP

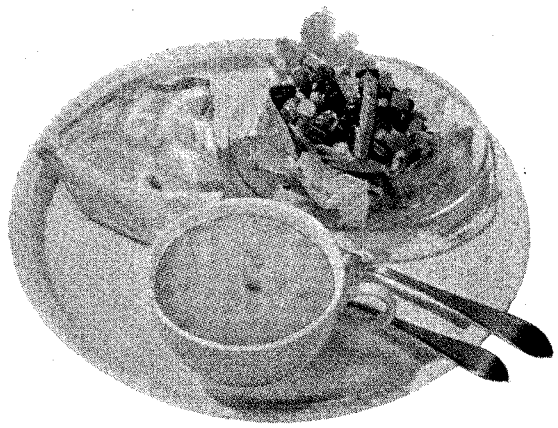


Bacon and peanut-butter sandwich
Cantaloupe • CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

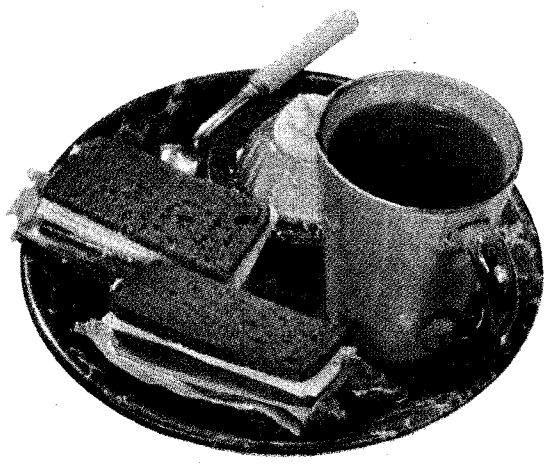
Pimiento-cheese sandwich • Green grapes
CLAM CHOWDER



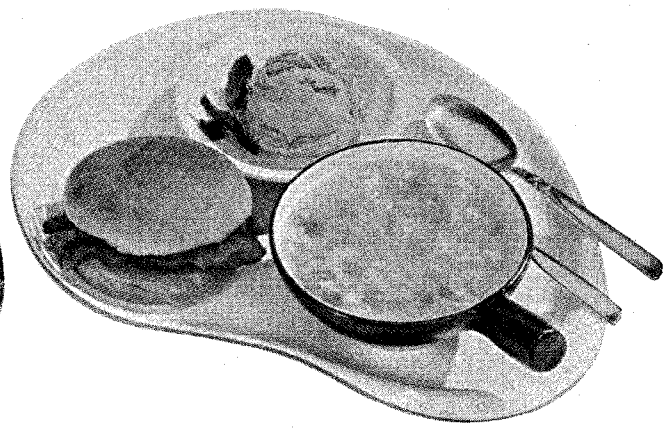
Celery and carrot sticks • Chocolate cake • SCOTCH BROTH



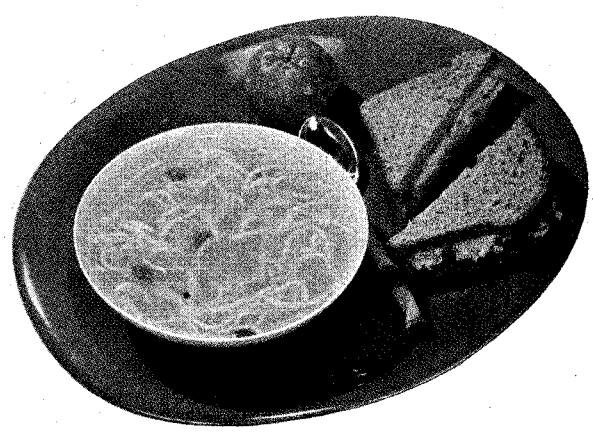
Tossed vegetable salad • Lemon meringue pie • CREAM OF CELERY SOUP



Club sandwich with mayonnaise
Fruit gelatin • BEEF BROTH



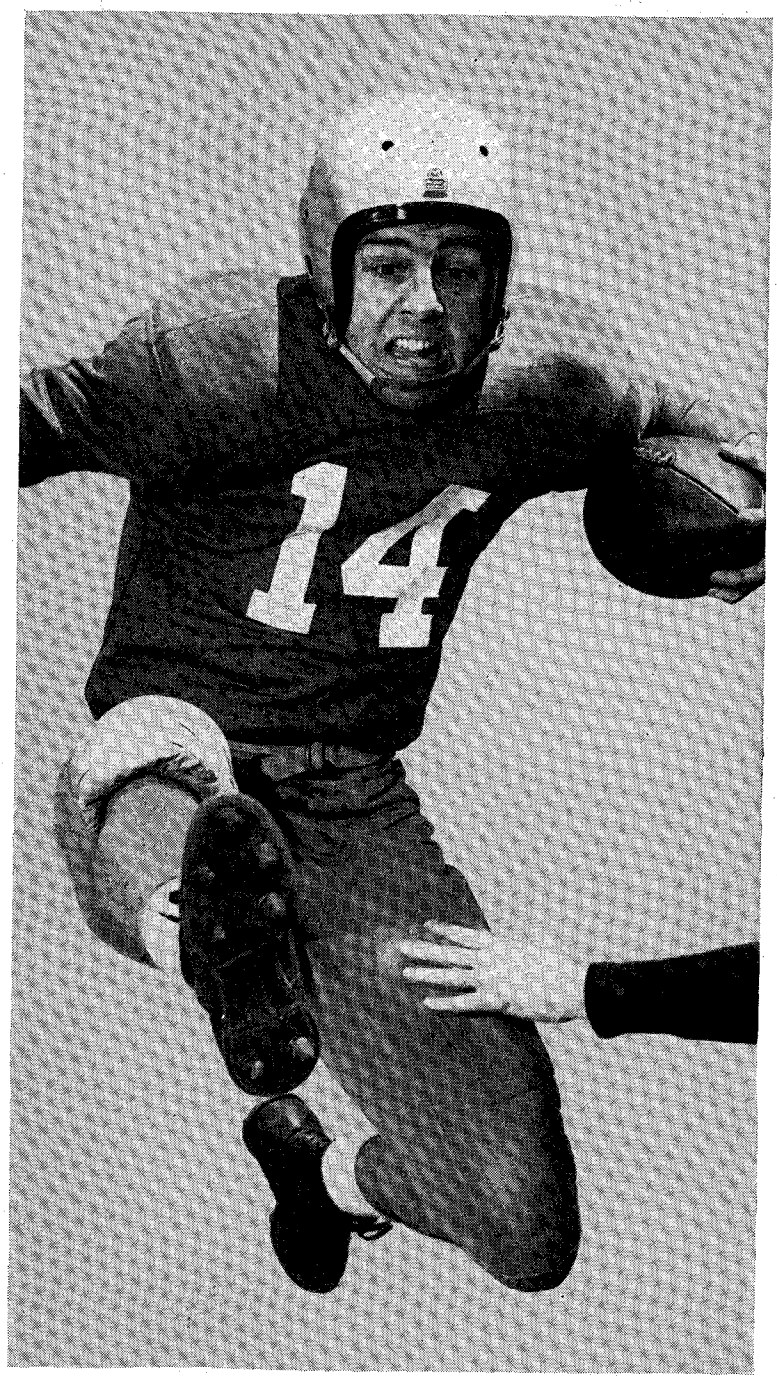
Grilled cheese & bacon sandwich • Strawberry ice cream • CHICKEN with RICE SOUP



Western sandwich • Tangerine
BEEF NOODLE SOUP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSCULAR PAIN? HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? NEURALGIA? MORNING HEADACHE?



MUSCULAR PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST—You don't have to play 60 minutes of football to get aching muscles or a backache. A little extra exertion on the job or around the house will do it. And as millions know from their own experience, Bayer Aspirin brings effective relief from this distress—and does it with *amazing speed!*

HOUSEWORK FATIGUE? FEEL BETTER FAST—Here's a housewife who discovered a simple way to get rid of the tired, headachy feeling that often follows a day's housework. You just take Bayer Aspirin to relieve the headache . . . sit down for a few minutes . . . put your feet up . . . and *relax.*

BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER®

And it's one thing most people can take any time—WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET!

NEURALGIA? FEEL BETTER FAST—When the distress of neuralgia makes it painful just to raise your arms, take Bayer Aspirin. It's used by millions because it gives amazingly fast relief. What's more, it's wonderfully *gentle,* too.

Why Bayer Aspirin makes you Feel Better Fast!

Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what it does there. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly!* The same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you fast relief!

MORNING HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST—It's not easy to look your best on a day when you get up with a dull, morning headache. But it is easy to get the *quick* relief you *want* and the *safe* relief you *need.* Take Bayer Aspirin right away, and by the time you've finished making up, see if you're not facing your mirror with a smile!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sure," said Mason. "What did you think they did with murderers, slap their wrists?"

The Case of the LUCKY LOSER

Perry Mason's client would inherit a fortune—if he didn't go to the gas chamber first.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Perry Mason was hired to clear Ted Balfour of manslaughter. Now the lawyer had to fight a first-degree-murder charge. At the time Mason took the case, Ted had already been convicted of a hit-and-run killing. He received a suspended sentence. After the trial, Guthrie Balfour, Ted's uncle, phoned Mason from Mexico. He insisted Ted had been framed. Guthrie asked Mason to see his wife to discuss means of clearing Ted.

Mason had looked in on Ted's trial at the request of Marilyn Keith. Marilyn refused to reveal her interest in the case, and begged Mason not to disclose that she had hired him. Mason later learned that Marilyn was private secretary to Addison Balfour, Ted's other uncle, who headed the family's vast industrial empire.

Ted had testified that the night of the accident he attended a party at which he was given a loaded drink. Ted passed out. When he regained his senses he was in his bed, but he recalled being driven home by a young woman. He did not identify her to the police.

The day after Ted's conviction, Dorla Balfour, Guthrie's beautiful second wife, came to see Mason. Dorla said that unless Ted was exonerated, his Uncle Addison would disinherit him.

The case broke wide open when the police learned that the "hit-and-run" victim, Jackson Eagan, had actually been shot. Ted was accused of murdering Eagan, and then trying to cover up the crime.

As soon as he learned of this, Mason went out to the Balfour house and looked through Ted's room. The lawyer found a .22 automatic that could have been the murder weapon. He left the gun where it was, but took a tape recorder and another package that he found in Ted's closet. Mason and his secretary, Della Street, went out the back way just as the police arrived.

IV

Mason carried the heavy tape recorder down the back stairs. Della Street carried the smaller package. They made an exit through the kitchen, down the steps of the service porch. Mason hurried out toward the garage. Della swung around the house, her feet crunching gravel as she walked with a quick, brisk step.

"More casually," Mason cautioned.

She nodded and slowed down.

Mason turned toward the garage, entered and waited until he heard the sound of tires on gravel. His car, with Della Street at the wheel, came sweeping around the driveway.

"Police?" Mason asked.

She nodded. "It's a police car. Red spotlight. Intercommunicating system and ——"

"Anyone in it?"

"No."

Mason grinned. "That's a break."

He opened the rear door of the car, threw the tape recorder and the other square package on the back floor, slammed the door shut, jumped in beside Della Street and said, "Let's go!"

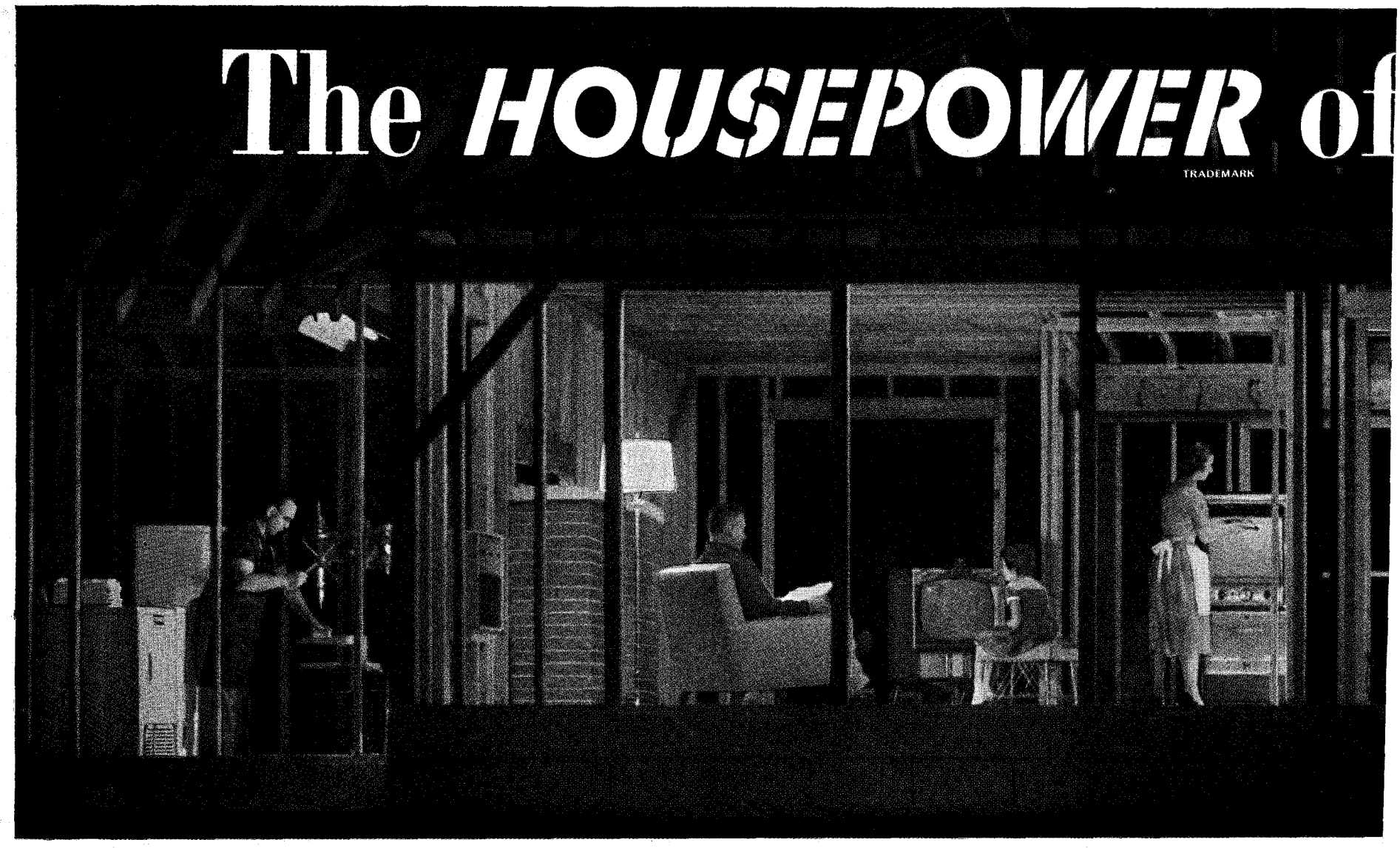
Della Street hitched up her skirts to give free play to her legs, swung the car in a swift circle, poured gas into the motor as she swept down the curving driveway.

"O.K.," Mason cautioned. "Take it easier now as we come out on this road. Don't try to make a left turn. We may run into more police cars. Turn right (Continued on Page 114)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

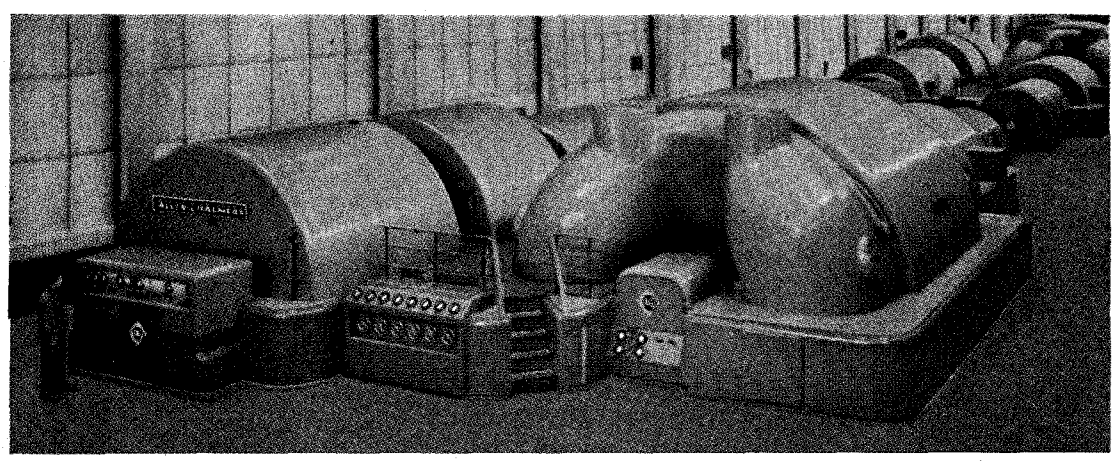
The HOUSEPOWER of

TRADEMARK

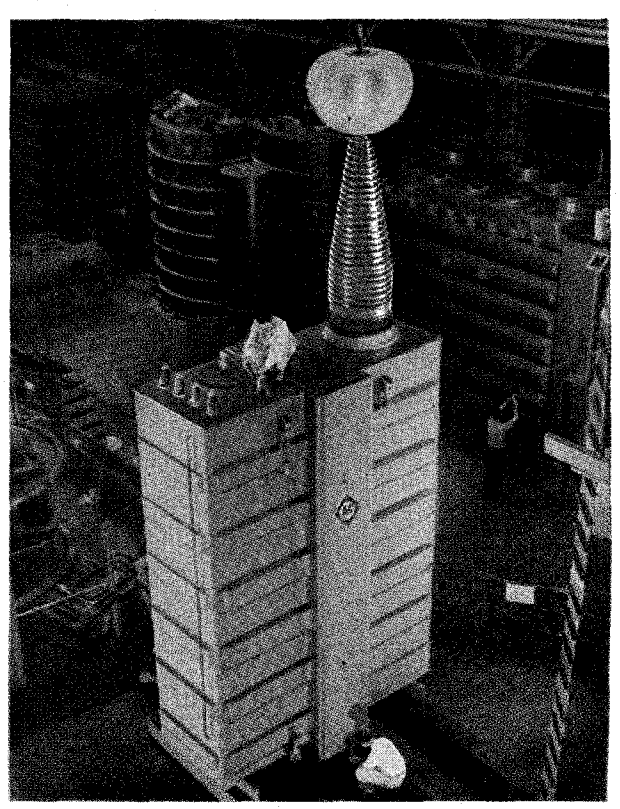


rests on a hidden foundation

Working with electric utilities, Allis-Chalmers Engineering in Action does a big behind-the-scenes job . . . brings you plenty of light, plus HOUSEPOWER equal to the help of ten or more full-time servants *for only pennies a day.*



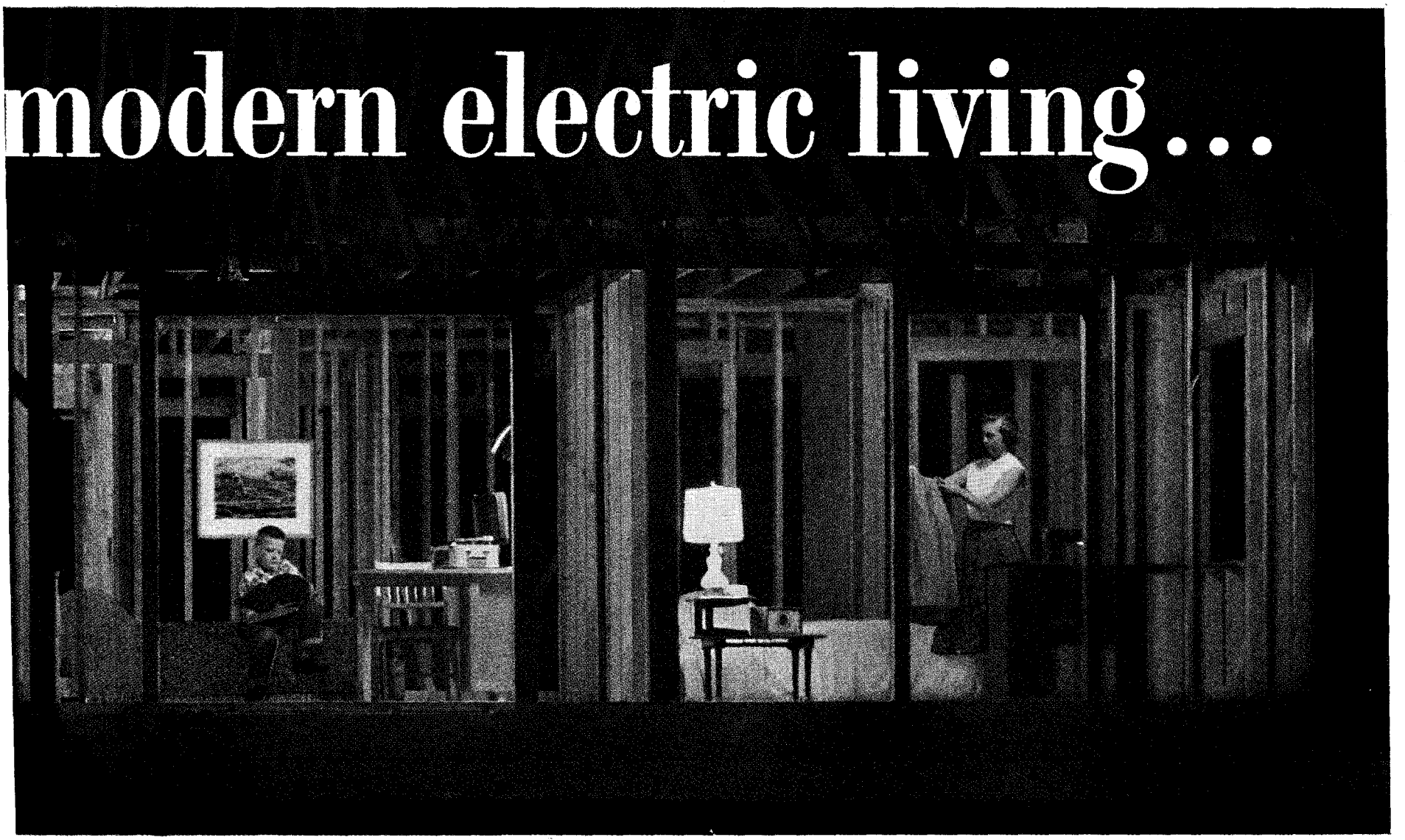
Cool breeze for big generators—Supercharged cooling, pioneered by Allis-Chalmers, hydrogen-cools these giant turbine-generator units . . . improves power plant efficiency, cuts construction and equipment costs, assures you of dependable, low-cost power.



600,000-volt transformer—not for sale! Capable of voltages almost twice as high as any being transmitted today, this big transformer was built solely to test new design ideas. It's a typical Allis-Chalmers investment in helping you to *live better—electrically.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

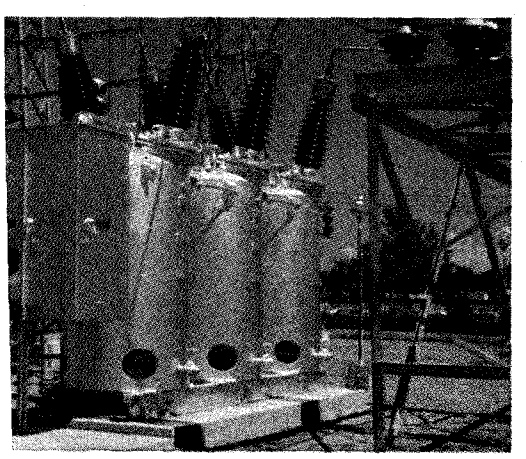
modern electric living...



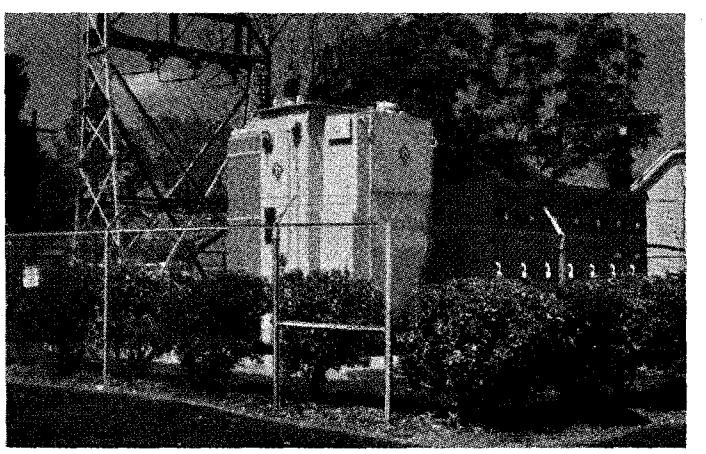
American utilities generate nearly half of the world's electricity. They deliver it to you in abundance, at rates lower than twenty years ago. Simply by *modern* wiring, you can be sure of *full* HOUSEPOWER—enjoy entertainment and electrified help people never dreamed of having only a few years ago.

One reason for this achievement has been remarkable technical performance—the highly efficient generation and distribution of electricity by equipment such as you see here. Like the foundation blocks and framework of a modern home, these machines of power are often hidden from view. But if you could follow an electrical network from the power plant over the highlines to your home, you would find Allis-Chalmers equipment serving every step of the way.

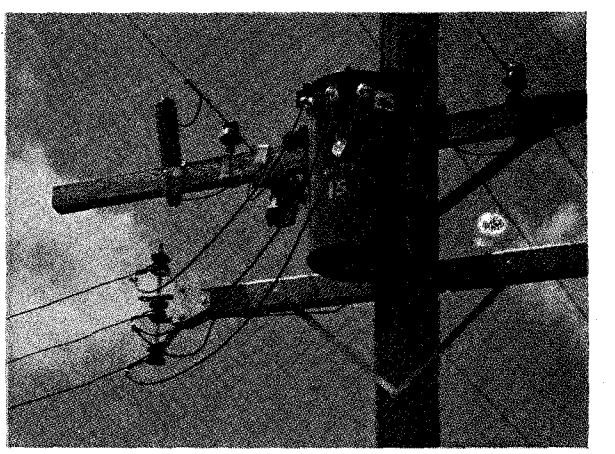
These five examples in the electrical field are typical of the ways Allis-Chalmers does many hidden jobs for home and industry. Through products as different from one another as flour mills and farm tractors—electric motors and material-handling trucks—Engineering in Action helps people everywhere enjoy better living. ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.



h-speed switches for power protection is-Chalmers circuit breakers like these tch power *off* in emergency, automatically tch it *on* when emergency is over . . . often fast you can't even see your lights blink.



Wholesale house for local power—Substations divide incoming power to send it around the community. Step-type regulators, pioneered by Allis-Chalmers, keep power reaching you at constant strength. They help keep lights bright, ranges and television operating at their best.



Friend of the family—The pole transformer brings ample power to your door. But remember, for full power *inside* the house, you need *modern wiring* . . . 100-ampere service. Why not consult your electrical contractor or utility, *now?*

ALLIS-CHALMERS

Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future today

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We put Stix on the walls of a steamroom to prove

it stays put...and stays lovely...thanks to Velon!

Stix, a self-adhesive covering made of Firestone Velon, has thousands of more probable uses than decorating a Turkish bath. It's charming on walls, tables, lamps, screens and most anything you want to make attractive. And you can apply it yourself easily. But our point is that because it's Velon, Stix stays lovely even in steamy atmosphere. It makes a smooth, tough, washable surface for every pretty and practical purpose.

And Velon imparts these same qualities of washability and water resistance to the whole range of colorful and useful products to which it's been adapted. So when you shop, choose products that give you maximum service with minimum care. And to be sure of this, always look for the name Velon and this famous Firestone Velon tag.

WASHABLE! Venetian blind tapes woven of Velon wipe clean in seconds. They're strong and durable—available in a delightful variety of colors.

MILDEW-PROOF! Tidy Velon closet accessories give clothes and bedding maximum protection. Velon seals out moisture, seals in moth preventives.

WIPE CLEAN! Handsome, durable original upholstery or seat covers woven of Velon can be sponged clean in no time. They resist soil and wear.

Firestone Velon®

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ENJOY THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE ON RADIO AND TELEVISION MONDAY EVENINGS OVER ABC

©1956 FIRESTONE PLASTICS COMPANY, POTTSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Guns of Navarone

(Continued from Page 24)

smile was quite mirthless. "This is it. Kheros, Act Three, Scene One. Enter Captain Keith Mallory."

Neither of them had spoken in the last ten minutes. Jensen drove the big command car with the same sureness, the same relaxed efficiency that hallmarked everything he did. Mallory still sat hunched over the map on his knees, a large-scale Admiralty chart of the Southern Aegean illuminated by the hooded dashboard light, studying an area of the Sporades and Northern Dodecanese heavily squared off in red pencil. Finally he looked across at Jensen.

"I think I've got it now, sir."

"Good!" Jensen gazed straight ahead along the winding gray ribbon of dusty road, along the white glare of the headlights that cleaved through the darkness of the Egyptian desert. "Good!" he repeated. "Now, have another look at it and imagine yourself standing in the town of Navarone; that's on that almost circular bay on the north of the island. Tell me, what would you see from there?"

Mallory smiled. "I don't have to look again, sir. Four miles or so away to the east I'd see the Turkish coast curving up north and west to a point almost due north of Navarone—a very sharp promontory, that, for the coastline above curves back almost due east. Then, about twelve miles away, due north beyond this promontory—Cape Demirci, isn't it?—and practically in a line with it I'd see the island of Kheros. Finally, three miles to the northwest is the island of Maidos, the first of the Lerades group. They stretch away in the same northwesterly direction, maybe fifty miles."

"Sixty." Jensen nodded. "You have the eye, my boy, you've got the guts and the experience—a man doesn't survive eighteen months in Crete without both. You've got one or two special qualifications I'll mention by and by." He paused for a moment, shook his head slowly. "I only hope you have the luck—all the luck. God knows you're going to need it."

Jensen paused, then continued, "This is Saturday—rather, it's Sunday morning now. There are one thousand two hundred men on the island of Kheros—one thousand two hundred British soldiers—who will be dead, wounded or prisoner by next Saturday. Mostly, they'll be dead."

Mallory stared down at the chart. Twelve hundred men on Kheros, twelve hundred men waiting to die. Kheros and Navarone, Kheros and Navarone. The pieces of the jigsaw puzzle were beginning to click into place, but slowly.

Jensen broke the silence. "Eighteen months ago, you remember, after the fall of Greece, the Germans had taken over nearly all the islands of the Sporades; the Italians, of course, already held most of the Dodecanese. Then, gradually, we began to establish missions on these islands, usually spearheaded by your people, the Long Range Desert Group or the Special Boat Service. By last September we had retaken nearly all the larger islands except Navarone—it was too hard a nut, so we just by-passed it—and brought some of the garrisons up to, and beyond, garrison strength." He grinned at Mallory. "You were lurking in your cave somewhere on Crete at the time, but you'll remember how the Germans reacted? They flung in everything—paratroopers, airborne troops, crack mountain brigades and hordes of Stukas. In a few weeks we'd lost over ten thousand troops and every island we'd ever recaptured—except Kheros."

"And now it's the turn of Kheros?"

"Yes, Kheros is for the hammer. Nothing that we can do can save it. The Germans have absolute air superiority in the Aegean."

"But—but how can you be so sure that it's this week?"

Jensen sighed. "Our information is accurate. An armada of caïques will sail from the Piraeus on Thursday at dawn and island-hop across the Cyclades, holing up in the islands at night." He smiled. "An intriguing situation, don't you think? We daren't move in the Aegean in the daytime or we'd be bombed out of the water. The Germans don't dare move at night. Droves of our destroyers and M.T.B.'s and gunboats move into the Aegean at dusk; the destroyers retire to the south before dawn, the small boats usually lie up in isolated island creeks. But we can't stop them from getting across. They'll be there Saturday or Sunday, and synchronize their landings with the first of the airborne troops: they've scores of Junkers 52's waiting just outside Athens. Kheros won't last a couple of days."

"But the navy, sir! Evacuation! Surely the navy ——"

"The navy," Jensen interrupted heavily, "is not keen. We've had two battleships wrecked, eight cruisers out of commission—four of them sunk—and over a dozen destroyers gone."

"Twelve hundred men, you said, sir?" Mallory asked quietly. "You said there were twelve hundred men on Kheros?"

Jensen flickered a glance at him, looked away again. "Yes, twelve hundred men." Jensen sighed. "You're right, laddie; of course, we can't leave them there. The navy will do its best. What's two or three more destroyers —— Sorry, boy, sorry; there I go again. Now listen, and listen carefully. Taking 'em off will have to be a night operation. There isn't a ghost of a chance in the daytime—not with two-three hundred Stukas just begging for a glimpse of a Royal Navy destroyer. It'll have to be destroyers; transports and tenders are too slow by half. And they can't possibly go north about the northern tip of the Lerades; they'd never get back to safety before daylight. So it has to be the Maidos-Navarone Channel or the Western Channel. But all other things being equal, the Western Channel is the one we're taking. It's a clearer channel, a shorter route, and it doesn't involve any unnecessary international complications."

"All other things being equal?"

"The guns of Navarone." Jensen paused for a long time; then repeated the words, slowly, expressionlessly, as one would repeat the name of some feared and ancient enemy. "The guns of Navarone. They make everything equal. They cover the northern entrances to both channels. We could take the twelve hundred men off Kheros tonight, if we could silence the guns of Navarone."

Mallory sat silent, said nothing. *He's coming to it now*, he thought.

"These guns are no ordinary guns. Our naval experts say they're about nine-inch rifles. Anyway," he went on grimly, "whatever they are, they were good enough to dispose of the Sybaris in five minutes flat."

Mallory nodded slowly. "The Sybaris? I think I heard ——"

"An eight-inch cruiser we sent up there about four months ago to try conclusions with the Hun. Just a formality, a routine exercise, we thought. The Sybaris was blasted out of the water. There were seventeen survivors."

"Good heaven!" Mallory was shocked. "I didn't know ——"

"Two months ago we mounted a large-scale amphibious attack on Navarone. Less than an even chance, we knew—Navarone's practically solid cliff all the way round. But then, these were very special men. They were cut to ribbons. They were massacred almost to a man. Finally, twice in the past ten days—we've seen this attack on Kheros coming for a long time now—we sent in parachute saboteurs; Special Boat Service men." He shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "They just vanished."

"Just like that?"

"Just like that. And then tonight, the last desperate fling of the gambler and what have you."

"Pardon me, but could you tell me if the Donovans live in this building? I'm Mr. Donovan."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The big car was beginning to slow down now, running silently between the tumble-down shacks and hovels that line the western approach to Alexandria. The sky ahead was already beginning to streak in the first tenuous grays of the false dawn.

"I don't think I'd be much good with a parachute," Mallory said doubtfully. "In fact, quite frankly, I've never even seen a parachute."

"Don't worry," Jensen said briefly. "You won't have to use one. You're going into Navarone the hard way."

"Why me, Captain Jensen?"

Jensen's smile was barely visible in the graying darkness.

"Scared?"

"Certainly I'm scared. No offense intended, sir, but the way you talk you'd scare anyone. But that wasn't what I meant."

"I know it wasn't. Just my twisted humor. Why you? Special qualifications, laddie, just like I told you. You speak Greek like a Greek. You speak German like a German. Skilled saboteur, first-class organizer, and eighteen unscathed months in the White Mountains of Crete—a convincing demonstration of your ability to survive in enemy-held territory."

"But," Mallory said, "I know of at least three other officers with the same qualifications."

"There are others," Jensen agreed. "But there are no other Keith Mallorys. Keith Mallory," Jensen repeated rhetorically. "Who hadn't heard of Keith Mallory in the palmy, balmy days before the war? The finest mountaineer, the greatest rock climber New Zealand has ever produced—and by that, of course, New Zealanders mean the world. The human fly, the climber of the unclimbable, the scaler of vertical cliffs and impossible precipices. The entire south coast of Navarone," said Jensen cheerfully, "consists of one vast, impossible precipice. Nary a hand or foot hold in sight."

"I see," Mallory murmured. "I see indeed. 'Into Navarone the hard way.' That was what you said."

"That was," Jensen acknowledged. "You and your gang—just four others. Mallory's Merry Mountaineers. Handpicked. Every man a specialist. You'll meet them all tomorrow—this afternoon, rather."

They traveled into Alexandria in silence for the next ten minutes, then Mallory asked, "Where to, sir?"

"We are going to see the only man in the Middle East who can give you any help now. Monsieur Eugene Vlachos, of Navarone."

"You are a brave man, Captain Mallory," said Eugene Vlachos. His eyes left the large drawing lying before him on the table and sought Jensen's impassive face. "Is there no other way, captain?" he pleaded.

Jensen shook his head slowly. "There are. We've tried them all, sir. They all failed. This is the last."

"He must go, then?"

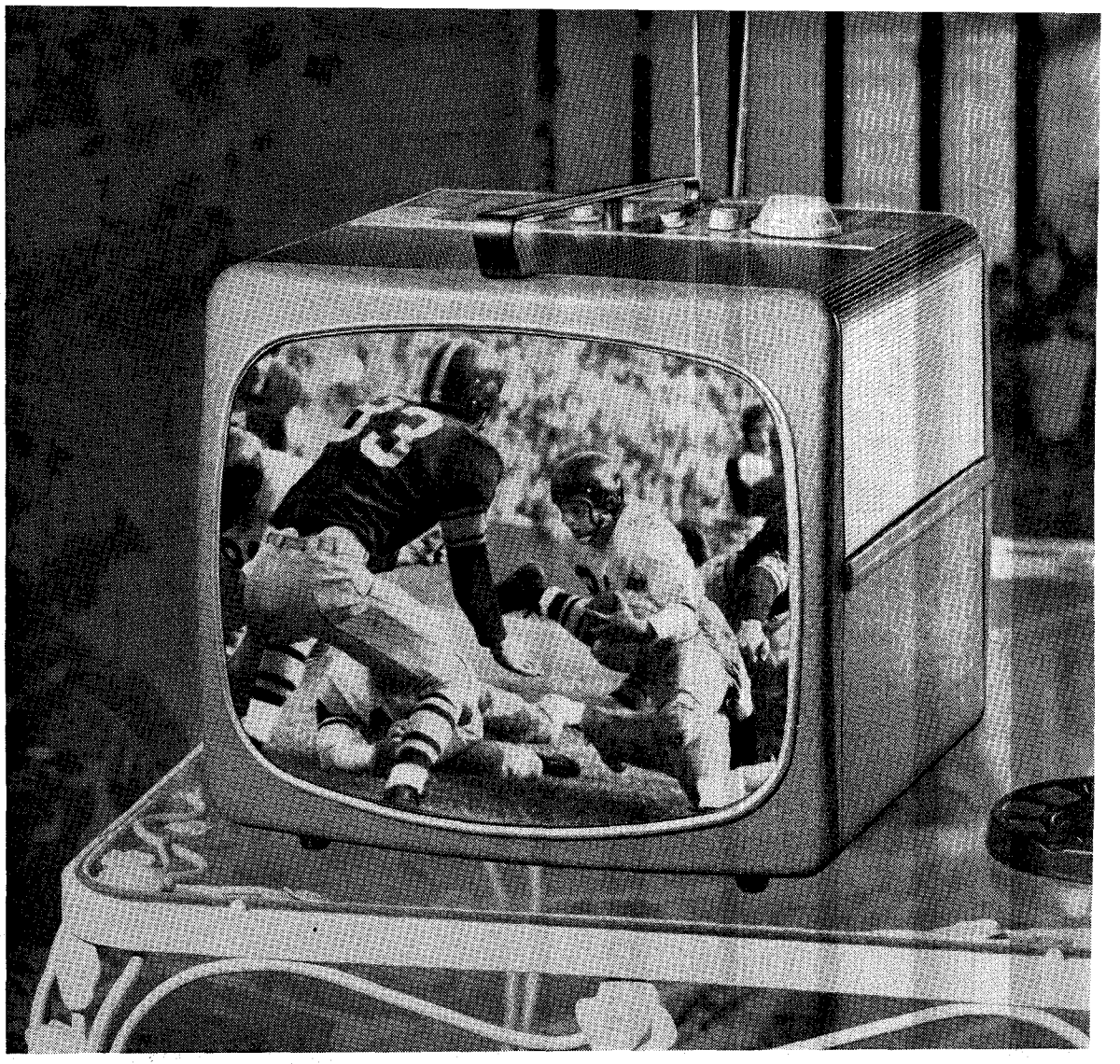
"There are over a thousand men on Kheros, sir."

Vlachos bowed his head in silent acceptance; then said to Mallory, "I spent forty years on Navarone, and almost four days"—he gestured to the table—"on that map. My information and that map you can trust absolutely. Many things will have changed, of course, but some things never change. The mountains, the bays, the passes, the caves, the roads, the houses and, above all, the fortress itself—these have remained unchanged for centuries, Captain Mallory."

"I understand, sir." Mallory folded the map carefully, (*Continued on Page 57*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man-sized picture that even a slip of a girl can carry. The Holiday 14P weighs only 24 lbs., has a 14″ picture tube, diagonal measure. It's a magnificent Magnavox, and specially built for portability . . . not just a table model in a carrying case. Choice of colors. $139.90 (VHF).



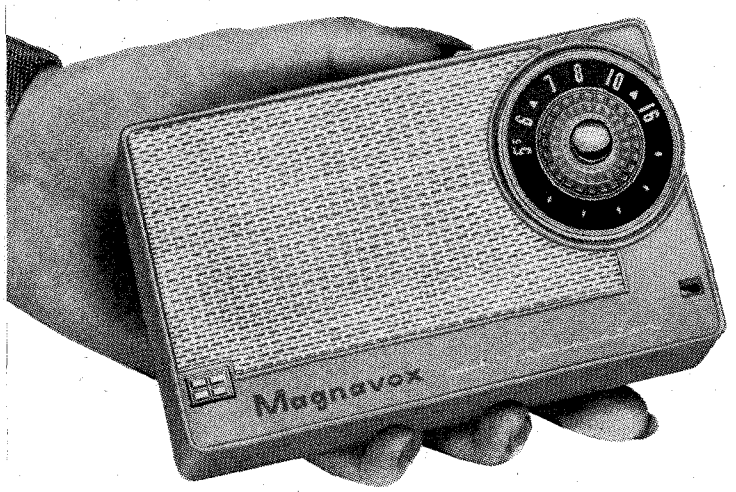
Biggest picture in portables! Magnavox portables have the largest picture area in proportion to their size on the market. And so light, they're a pleasure to take with you. Magnavox stands rugged duty because it's the only chassis specially designed for portability. Unequalled Magnavox performance. Picture tube of set above is 17″, diagonal measure. Weighs only 32 pounds. Cabinet, with anodized gold or silver top, is finished in decorator colors. The Town and Country 17P, $159.90 (VHF).

Portables built to be carried,

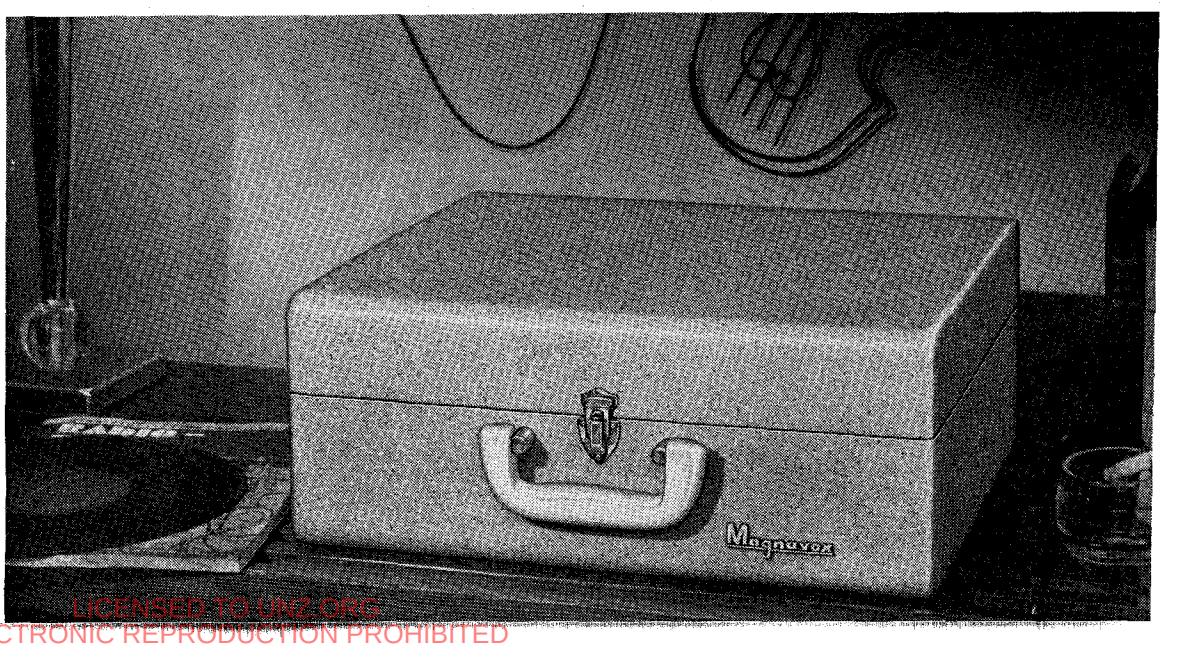
made to depend on . . . wherever fun takes you!

Magnavox

All-transistor personal radio fits your pocket or purse. The Companion plays where ordinary sets won't, gives you super-sensitive long-distance reception. Room-filling Magnavox tone—the greatest voice in transistor radio. Performs more than 200 hours on *one* low-cost battery. In many beautiful colors. With battery, $64.50.



For the records, take the Rambler. It's light, it's durable, it goes wherever you go. And the big 8″ Magnavox speaker delivers a tone you'd never believe comes from a portable so compact. Multi-speed turntable plays all 7″, 10″ and 12″ records. Universal spindle eliminates bothersome record inserts. Variable tone control, dual stylus pickup, acoustically balanced wood cabinet. Only $39.50. With AM radio, $49.50.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 55*) stowed it away in his tunic. "With this, there's always a chance. Thank you very much."

"It is little enough, God knows." Vlachos' fingers drummed on the table for a moment, then he looked up at Mallory. "Please do not try to enlist the help of the people of Navarone. At all costs you must avoid that. The Germans are ruthless. I know. If a man helps you and is found out, they will destroy not only that man but his entire village—men, women and children."

"I promise you, sir ——" Mallory began.

Vlachos held up his hand. "Just a moment. If your need is desperate, really desperate, there are two men to whom you may turn. Under the first plane tree in the village square of Margaritha—at the mouth of the valley about three miles south of the fortress—you will find a man called Louki. He has been the steward of our family for many years. Louki has been of help to the British before—Captain Jensen will confirm that—and you can trust him with your life. He has a friend, Panayis; he, too, has been useful in the past."

"Thank you, sir. I'll remember. Louki and Panayis and Margaritha—the first plane tree in the square."

"And you will refuse all other aid, captain?" Vlachos asked anxiously. "Louki and Panayis—only these two," he pleaded.

"You have my word, sir. We will bring harm to none—and least of all to your islanders."

"God go with you tonight," the old man whispered. "God go with you tonight. I only wish that I could go too."

"Coffee, sir?" Mallory groaned and fought his way up from the depths of exhausted sleep. Painfully he eased himself back on the metal-framed bucket seat. Just seven o'clock—he'd been asleep barely a couple of hours. Why hadn't they let him sleep on?

"Coffee, sir?" The young air gunner was still standing patiently by his side.

"Sorry, boy, sorry." Mallory struggled upright in his seat, reached up for a cup of the steaming liquid and sniffed it appreciatively.

Next moment he was on his feet, the hot coffee splashing unheeded on his bare knees as he stared out the window beside him. He looked at the gunner, gestured in disbelief at the mountainous landscape unrolling darkly beneath them.

"What goes on here? We're not due till two hours after dark—and it's barely gone sunset! Has the pilot ——"

"That's Cyprus, sir." The gunner grinned. "You can just see Mount Olympus on the horizon. Nearly always, going to Castelrosso, we fly a big dog-leg over Cyprus. It's to escape observation, sir—and it takes us well clear of Rhodes."

"'To escape observation,' he says." The heavy transatlantic drawl came from the bucket seat diagonally across the passage; the speaker was lying collapsed—there was no other word for it—in his seat, the bony knees topping the level of the chin by several inches. "To escape observation!" he repeated in awed wonder. "Dog-legs over Cyprus. Twenty miles out from Alex by launch, so that nobody ashore can see us takin' off by plane. And then what? Then they pack us into an old crate that's painted the whitest dazzlin' white you ever saw, guaranteed visible to a blind man at a hundred miles—'specially now that it's gettin' dark."

"It keeps the heat out," the young gunner said defensively.

"The heat doesn't worry me, son." The drawl was tireder, more lugubrious than ever. "I like the heat. What I don't like are them nasty cannon shells and bullets that can ventilate a man in all the wrong places." He closed his eyes wearily and seemed asleep in a moment.

Mallory sipped his coffee slowly, looked again at the sleeping figure across the passage. The blissful unconcern was magnificent: Cpl. Dusty Miller, of the United States, and more recently of the Long Range Desert Force, would be a good man to have around.

He looked round at the others and nodded to himself in satisfaction. In the matter of picking an outstanding team, Captain Jensen, he reckoned, had done him proud. He didn't know them all yet—not personally. But he was intimately acquainted with the exhaustive dossier that Jensen held on each one of them. These were reassuring, to say the least.

Or was there perhaps a slight question mark against Stevens? Mallory wondered, looked across the passage at the fair-haired, boyish figure gazing out eagerly beneath the gleaming white wing of the Sunderland. Lt. Andy Stevens, R.N.V.R., had been chosen for this assignment for three reasons. He would navigate the craft that was to take them to Navarone; he was a first-class alpinist, with several outstanding climbs to his record; and, the product of the classical side of a red-brick university, he was an almost fanatical philhellene, fluent in both ancient and modern Greek, and had spent his last two long vacations before the war as a tourist courier in Athens. But he was young—absurdly young, Mallory thought—and youth could be dangerous. But he looked as if he might learn fast.

Mallory stole another glance at Miller. Dusty Miller, he decided, had learned it all a long, long time ago. He looked as if he had been around for a long, long time and had no illusions left. Miller had been picked for one reason only. A genius with explosives, resourceful and cool, precise and deadly in action, he was regarded by Middle East Intelligence in Cairo as the finest saboteur in Southern Europe.

Behind Miller sat Casey Brown. Short, dark and compact, Petty Officer Telegraphist Brown was a Clydesider, in peacetime an installation and testing engineer in a famous yacht builder's on the Gare Loch. The fact that he was a born and ready-made engine-room artificer had been so blindingly obvious that the navy had missed it altogether and stuck him in the Communications Branch. Brown's ill luck was Mallory's good fortune. Brown would act as the engineer of the boat taking them to Navarone and would maintain radio contact with base.

The fifth and last member of the party sat directly behind Mallory. Mallory did not have to turn round to look at him. He already knew him, knew him better than he knew anyone else in the world, better even than he knew his own mother. Andrea, who had been his lieutenant for all these eighteen interminable months in Crete; Andrea of the vast bulk, the continual rumbling laughter and tragic past, with whom he had eaten, lived and slept in caves, rock shelters and abandoned shepherds' huts while constantly harried by German patrols and aircraft. There was no question as to why Andrea had come along. He wasn't there primarily because he was a Greek himself, with an intimate knowledge of the islanders' language, thought and customs, nor even because of his perfect understanding with Mallory, although all these things helped. He was, instead, there mainly for the protection and safety he afforded. Endlessly patient, quiet and deadly, tremendously fast in spite of his bulk, and with a feline stealth that exploded into berserker action, Andrea was the complete fighting machine. Andrea was their insurance policy against failure.

It was eight o'clock and almost totally dark inside the plane when Mallory rose and made his way forrard to the control cabin. The captain, face wreathed in tobacco smoke, was drinking coffee; the copilot waved a languid hand at his approach and resumed a bored scanning of the scene ahead.

"Good evening." Mallory smiled. "Mind if I come in?"

"Welcome in my office any time," the pilot assured him. "Anything on your mind, captain?"

"Yes. What were your instructions for tonight?"

"Just to set you blokes down in Castelrosso when it was good and dark."

"Fine." Mallory grinned. "Just set us down in one piece, will you?"

"Reassure yourself, brother," said the pilot firmly. "Just set your mind at ease. Don't forget; I'm in this plane too." . . .

"Rover really put up a battle last night, dear, when I put him out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The clamor of the Sunderland's great engines was still echoing in their ears when the stubby little motorboat chugged softly out of the darkness and nosed alongside the gleaming hull of the flying boat. There was no time lost, there were no words spoken; within a minute the five men and all their gear had been embarked; within another the launch was rubbing against the side of a torpedo-boat. Five minutes later they had been welcomed aboard, their gear transshipped and stowed, and the torpedo-boat was quietly slipping out of the harbor.

In the tiny blacked-out cabin Mallory dug into the inside pocket of his tunic, a dark naval battle dress with neither badge nor insigne, pulled out a chart and the map Vlachos had given him, unfolded and spread them out. "Round the table, all of you. I know you've been bursting with curiosity for the past couple of weeks, asking yourselves a hundred questions. Well, here are all the answers. I hope you like them. Let me introduce you to the island of Navarone."

Mallory's watch showed exactly eleven o'clock when he finally sat back, folded away the map and chart. He looked quizzically at the four thoughtful faces round the table.

"Well, gentlemen, there you have it. A lovely setup, isn't it?" He smiled wryly. "If this were a film, my next line should be, 'Any questions, men?' But we'll dispense with that because I just wouldn't have any of the answers. You all know as much as I do."

"A quarter of a mile of sheer cliff, four hundred feet high, and he calls it the only break in the defenses." Miller, his head bent moodily over his tobacco tin, rolled a long, thin cigarette with one expert hand. "This is just crazy, boss. Me, I can't even climb a ladder without falling off." He puffed strong, acrid clouds of smoke into the air. "Suicidal. That's the word I was lookin' for. Suicidal. One buck gets a thousand we never get within five miles of them guns!"

"One in a thousand, eh?" Mallory looked at him for a long time without speaking. "Tell me, Miller, what odds are you offering on the boys on Kheros?"

"Yeah." Miller nodded heavily. "Yeah, the boys on Kheros. I'd forgotten about them. I just keep thinkin' about me and that cliff."

"We'll tie you hand and foot and haul you up on the end of a rope," Stevens said unkindly. "We'll try to pick a fairly sound rope," he added carelessly.

The words, the tone, were jocular enough, but the worry on his face belied them. Mallory apart, only Stevens appreciated the almost insuperable technical difficulties of climbing a sheer, unknown cliff in the darkness.

The torpedoboat, great aero engines throttled back to half speed, pitched and lifted, pitched and lifted with monotonous regularity as it thrust its way into the long, gentle swell from the west-northwest. Mallory looked at his watch.

"Running behind time, sir?" Stevens asked.

Mallory nodded. "A bit," he said.

"If we're late," Miller observed, "why doesn't the skipper open her up? They tell me these crates can do forty-fifty knots."

"You look green enough already," Stevens said tactlessly. "Obviously, you've never been in an M.T.B. full out in a heavy sea."

Miller fell silent a moment. Clearly, he was trying to take his mind off his internal troubles. "Captain?"

Mallory made no reply. He was already sound asleep, his empty glass fallen from his hand. Not even the banshee clamor of the great engines opening full

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out as they entered the sheltered calm of the Rhodes Channel could plumb his bottomless abyss of sleep.

"My dear fellow, you make me feel dreadfully embarrassed." Moodily the officer switched his ivory-handled fly swat against an immaculately trousered leg, pointed a contemptuous but gleaming toe cap at the ancient caïque, broad-beamed and two-masted, moored astern on to the even older and more dilapidated wooden pier on which they were standing. "I am positively ashamed. The clients of Rutledge and Company, I assure you, are accustomed only to the best."

"It does look as if it has seen better days," Mallory admitted. "Nevertheless, sir, it's exactly what we want."

"On your own heads be it!" Major Rutledge threw up his hands in admission of defeat. "I'll have a couple of my men shove your stuff aboard."

"I'd rather we did it ourselves, sir. It's—well, it's a very special cargo."

"Right you are," the major acknowledged. "No Questions Rutledge, they call me. Leaving soon?"

"Half an hour, sir."

"Bacon, eggs and coffee in ten minutes?"

"Thanks very much." Mallory grinned. "That's one offer we'll be very glad to accept."

He turned away and walked to the end of the pier. The others were still sitting where the torpedoboat had landed them.

"Sorry to disturb you and all that, but we're leaving in half an hour; breakfast in ten minutes. Let's get the stuff aboard." He turned to Brown. "Maybe you'd like to have a look at the engine?" he suggested.

Brown heaved himself to his feet, looked down unenthusiastically at the weather-beaten, paint-peeled caïque.

"Right you are, sir. But if the engine is on a par with this filthy wreck ——" He shook his head in prophetic gloom and swung nimbly over the side of the pier.

Mallory and Andrea followed him, reaching up for the equipment as the other two passed it down. The last box had been stowed away when Casey Brown's head appeared above the engine hatch. Slowly he examined the mainmast reaching up above his head, as slowly turned forrard to look at the foremast. His face carefully expressionless, he looked at Mallory.

"Have we got sails for these things, sir?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Because heaven knows we're going to need them!" Brown said bitterly. "Have a look at the engine room, you said. This isn't an engine room. It's a scrap yard. And the biggest, most rusted bit of scrap down there is attached to the propeller shaft. And what do you think it is? An old Kelvin two-cylinder job built more or less on my own doorstep, about thirty years ago."

"Major Rutledge said it was running only yesterday," Mallory said mildly. "Anyway, come on ashore. Breakfast. Remind me we're to pick up a few heavy stones on the way back, will you?"

"What do you want stones for?"

"Wait and see."

Three hours later Miller saw. The caïque was chugging steadily north over a glassy, windless sea, less than a mile off the coast of Turkey, when he mournfully finished lashing his blue battledress into a tight ball and heaved it regretfully over the side. Weighted by the heavy stone he had carried aboard, it was gone from sight in a second.

Morosely he surveyed himself in the mirror propped up against the forrard end of the wheelhouse. Apart from a deep violet sash wrapped round his lean middle and a fancifully embroidered waistcoat with its former glory mercifully faded, he was dressed entirely in black. Black lacing jack boots, black baggy trousers, black shirt and black jacket; even his sandy hair had been dyed to the same color. He shuddered and turned away.

"Thank heaven the boys back home can't see me now!" he said feelingly. He looked critically at the others, dressed, with some minor variations, like himself. "Mebbe I ain't quite so bad, after all. Just what is all this quick-change act in aid of, boss?"

"They tell me you've been behind the German lines twice—once as a peasant, once as a mechanic." Mallory heaved his own ballasted uniform over the side. "Well, now you see what the well-dressed Navaronian wears."

"The double change, I meant. Once in the plane, and now."

"Oh, I see. Army khaki and naval whites in Alex, blue battledress in Castelrosso, and now Greek clothes? Could

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Caw-Cus

By Louise McNeill

Winged seeds are flying,
Gray squirrels run,
West wind is trying
His strength with the sun;

School bells are tolling,
Boys complain,
Tumbleweeds rolling
Are loose on the plain;

Doves cry in pity,
Wrens whisk away,
But the crows in committee
Have voted to stay.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

have been—almost certainly were—snoopers in Alex or Castelrosso or Major Rutledge's island. And we've changed from launch to plane to M.T.B. to caïque. Covering our tracks, corporal. We just can't take any chances."

For five hours the caïque continued on its course parallel to the Turkish coast, slightly west of north and rarely more than two miles offshore. Relaxed and warm in the still kindly November sun, Mallory sat wedged between the bulwarks of the blunt bows, his eyes ceaselessly quartering sky and horizon. Amidships, Andrea and Miller lay asleep. Casey Brown still defied all attempts to remove him from the engine room. An engineer to his finger tips, he was unhappy about that engine; he was drowsy, too, and headachy—the narrow hatchway gave hardly any ventilation at all.

Alone in the wheelhouse—an unusual feature in so tiny a caïque—Lt. Andy Stevens watched the Turkish coast slide slowly by. All was peace and quiet and contentment and warmth and languor, and it seemed impossible that anyone could be afraid. The world and the war were very far away that afternoon.

Or perhaps, after all, the war wasn't so far away. In the morning they had passed within half a mile of a big German caïque—it flew the German flag and bristled with mounted machine guns and a two-pounder far up in the bows—and in the early afternoon a high-speed German launch had roared by so closely that their caïque had rolled wickedly in the wash of its passing. Mallory and Andrea had shaken their fists and cursed loudly and fluently at the grinning sailors on deck.

These, then, were the pinpricks—the visitations and by-goings, harmless though they were, of the ships and planes of the enemy. The other reminders that this was no peace, but an illusion, an ephemeral and frangible thing, were more permanent. Slowly the minute hands of their watches circled, and every tick took them nearer to that great wall of cliff, barely eight hours away, that had to be climbed somehow; and almost dead ahead now, and less than fifty miles distant, they could see the grim, jagged peaks of Navarone topping the shimmering horizon and reaching up darkly against the sapphired sky, desolate and remote and strangely threatening.

At half past two in the afternoon the engine stopped. There had been no warning coughs or splutters or missed strokes. One moment the regular, reassuring thump-thump; the next, sudden, completely unexpected silence, oppressive and foreboding in its absoluteness.

Mallory was the first to reach the engine hatch. "What's up, Brown?" His voice was sharp with anxiety. "Engine broken down?"

"Aye." He pointed down at the engine. "See that standpipe supporting that big iron ball above the engine—the water cooler? That pipe's as thin as paper, must have been leaking above the bottom flange for hours. Blew out a great hole a minute ago. Sparks, smoke and flames six inches long. Had to shut the thing off at once, sir."

Mallory nodded in slow understanding. "And now what? Can you repair it, Brown?"

"Not a chance, sir." The shake of the head was very definite. "Would have to be brazed or welded. But there's a spare down there among the scrap. Badly rusted and about as shaky as the one that's on. I'll have a go, sir."

"I'll give him a hand," Miller volunteered.

"Thanks, corporal. . . . How long, Brown, do you think?"

"Two hours at least, sir."

Mallory said nothing. He turned away heavily, brought up beside Stevens, who had abandoned the wheelhouse and was now bent over the sail locker. He looked up questioningly as Mallory approached.

Mallory nodded. "Just get them out and up. Maybe two hours, Brown says. Andrea and I will do our landlubberly best to help."

Two hours later Brown reported the engine finally ready to run. The wind, warm and oppressive now, had backed to a darkening and thundery east, and with only a lug and a jib—all the sails they had found—bent to the foremast, they could make no way at all into it. Mallory had decided to risk using the engine when a movement to the east caught his eye.

"Andrea! Do you see ——"

"I see it, captain." Andrea was at his shoulder. "Caïque. Three miles. Coming straight toward us," he added softly.

"Coming straight toward us," Mallory acquiesced. "Tell Miller and Brown. Have them come here."

Mallory wasted no time when they were all assembled. "We're going to be stopped and investigated," he said quickly. "Unless I'm much mistaken, it's that big caïque that passed us this morning. Heaven only knows how, but they've been tipped off and they're going to be mighty suspicious. This'll be no kid-glove, hands-in-the-pockets inspection. They'll be armed to the teeth and hunting trouble. There are going to be no half measures. Let's be quite clear about that. Either they go under or we do; we can't possibly survive an inspection—not with all the gear we've got aboard. And," he added softly, "we're not going to dump that gear." Rapidly he explained his plans.

Stevens, leaning out from the wheelhouse window, felt the blood leaving his face. His voice was unsteady. "But, sir—sir ——"

"Yes, yes, what is it, Stevens?" Even in his hurry, Mallory paused at the sight of the pale, set face, the bloodless nails clenched over the sill of the window.

"You—you can't do that, sir!" For a moment his mouth worked soundlessly; then he rushed on, "It's massacre, sir! It's—it's just murder!"

Mallory looked at Stevens, his eyes cold. "Lieutenant, the whole concept of directing a successful war is aimed at placing your enemy at a disadvantage, at not giving him an even chance. We kill them or they kill us. They go under or we do—and a thousand men on Kheros. It's just as simple as that, lieutenant. It's not even a question of conscience."

For several seconds Stevens stared at Mallory in complete silence. He was vaguely aware that everyone was looking at him.

In that instant he hated Mallory, could have killed him. He hated him because —— Suddenly he was aware that he hated him only for the remorseless logic of what he said. He stared down at his clenched hands.

"I am very sorry, sir." He smiled faintly. "As Corporal Miller would say, I was talking out of turn. I won't let you down, sir."

"Good enough. I never thought you would." Mallory smiled in turn, looked at Miller and Brown. "Get the stuff ready and lay it out, will you? Casual, easy, and keep it hidden. You won't have any trouble in hearing my signal," he finished dryly. . . .

The creaming bow wave died away to a gentle ripple, the throb of the heavy diesel muted to a distant murmur as the German boat slid alongside, barely six feet away. From where he sat on a fish box on the port side of the fo'c'sle, industriously sewing a button onto the old coat lying on the deck between his legs, Mallory could see six men, all dressed in the uniform of the regular German Navy—one crouched behind a belted Spandau mounted on its tripod just aft of the two-pounder, three others bunched amidships, each armed with an automatic machine pistol—Schmeissers, he thought—the captain, a hard, cold-faced young lieutenant with the Iron Cross on his tunic, looking out the open door of the wheelhouse; and, finally, a curious head peering over the edge of the engine-room hatch.

The hard-faced young lieutenant leaned out of the wheelhouse, cupped his hands to his mouth. "Lower your sails!" he shouted.

Mallory stiffened, froze to immobility. The needle had jammed hard into the palm of his hand, but he didn't even notice it. The lieutenant had spoken in English! Stevens was so young, so inexperienced. *He'll fall for it*, Mallory thought, with a sudden sick certainty. *He's bound to fall for it.*

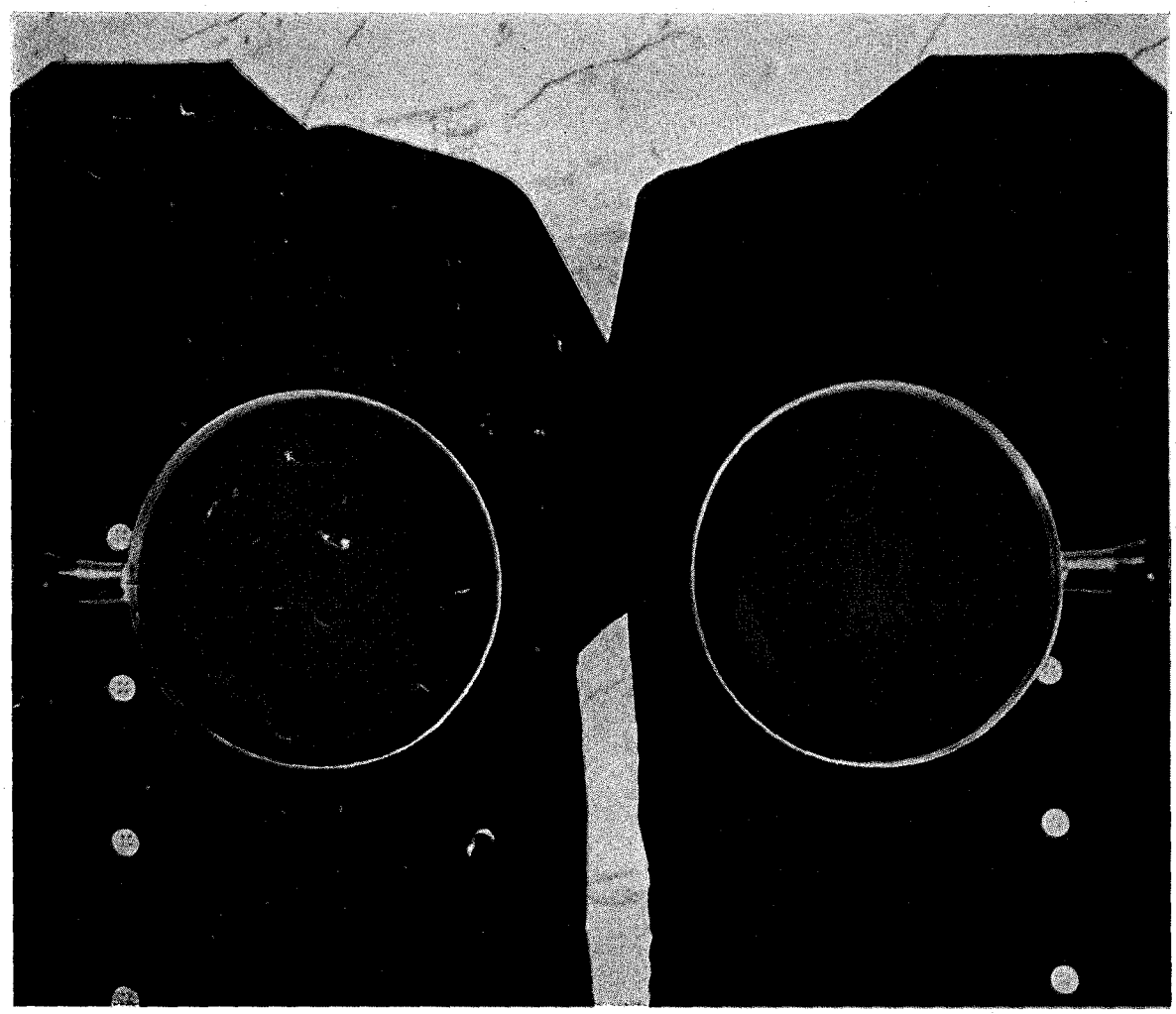
But Stevens didn't fall for it. He opened the door, leaned out, cupped his hand to his ear and gazed vacantly up to the sky, his mouth wide open. Stevens was the slow, suspicious island fisherman to the life.

"Eh?" he bawled.

"Lower your sails! We are coming aboard!" (*Continued on Page 60*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!



Not the "linty-water" way . . . This cotton blouse looked like this—dulled and discolored by lint fuzz after *seven* washings in an ordinary washer. Unsightly lint is hard to brush off dark clothes.

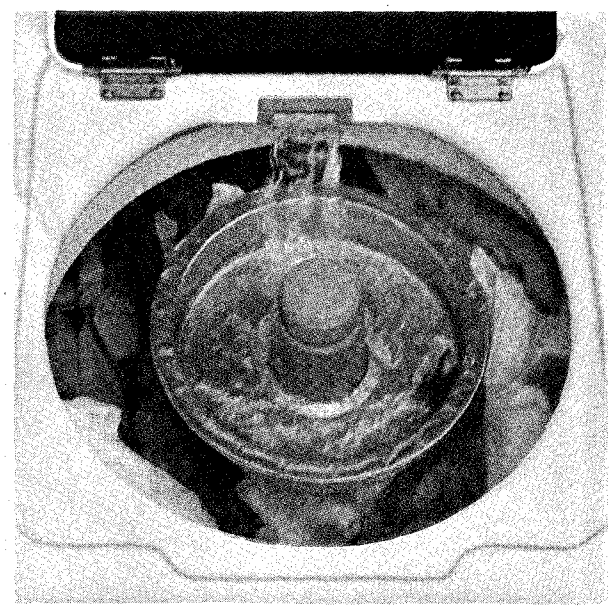
But the "clean-water" way . . . This identical blouse looked like this after seven washings the G-E Filter-Flo way in an identical wash-load. *Practically no lint!* Colors come out sparkling bright!

1957 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Lint is caught in the filter—not on your socks, linens and cottons. Sand and soap scum are removed automatically.

As you wash, the marvelous General Electric Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters the wash water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket.

Your family wash comes out wonderfully clean and bright! You'll marvel at the results!

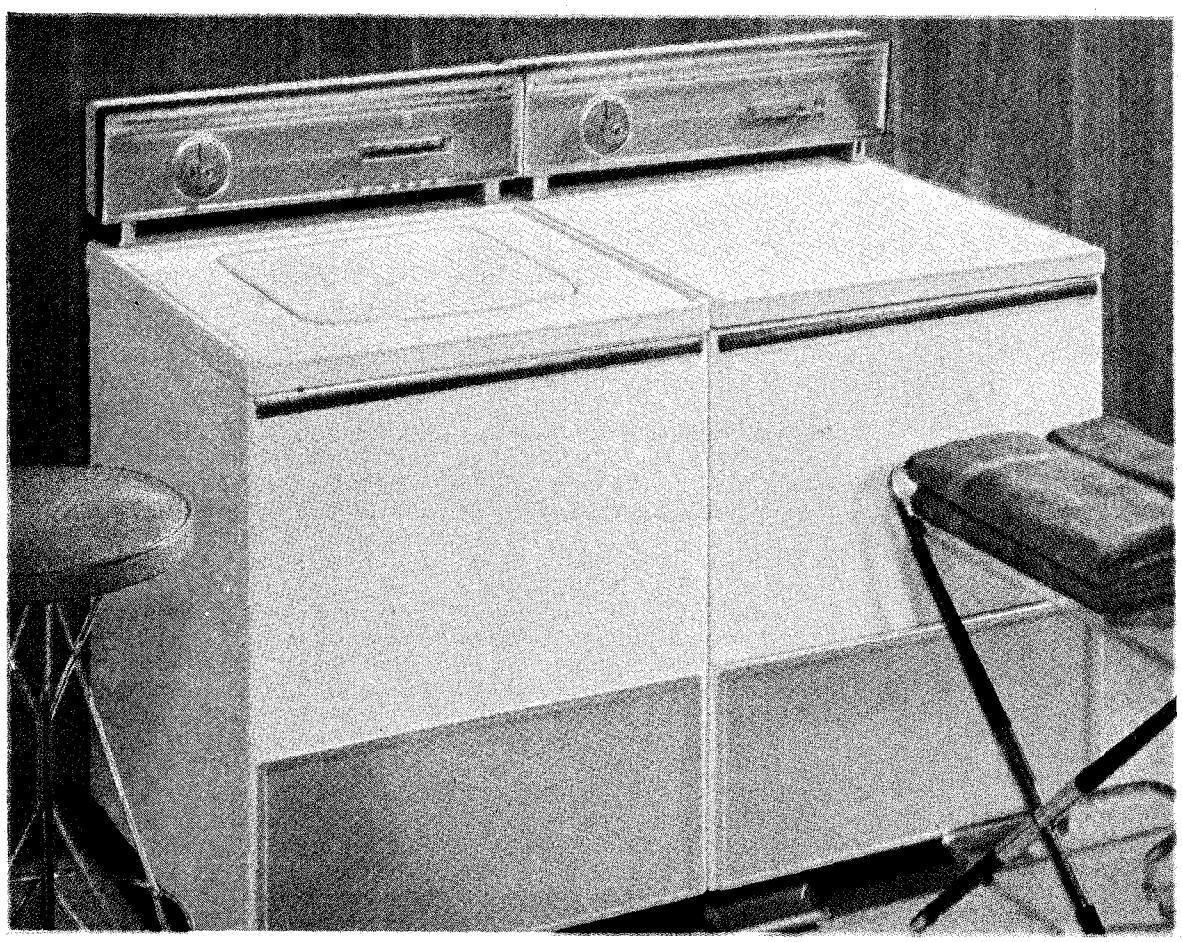


Removable filter—easy to clean. Fits into place after clothes are placed in washer; slips out after wash is over for easy cleaning. Also dispenses detergent evenly dissolved throughout the wash.

2 wash speeds . . . 2 spin speeds — You can select either Normal or Slow Activator® Washing Speeds . . . either Normal or Slow Spin Speeds . . . to suit all types of fabrics. Flexible settings let you wash everything "just right." Nylon without setting wrinkles. "Fragiles" without fraying. Blankets without "felting." Saves you hand washing.

3-Way Water Saving—Water Saver Control saves over 20 gallons on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses. And General Electric's new optional Automatic Suds Return System lets you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**After small down payment. See your dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.*



Striking new design. Fingertip Selectors for wash speeds, temperature, water. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many automatics. Five-year written warranty on transmission. New G-E Filter-Flo Washer, about $3.35* weekly. Models with Suds Return System slightly higher. Matching G-E Automatic Dryer about $2.70 weekly. Buy pair, take 36 months to pay. G-E Mix-or-Match colors or white.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

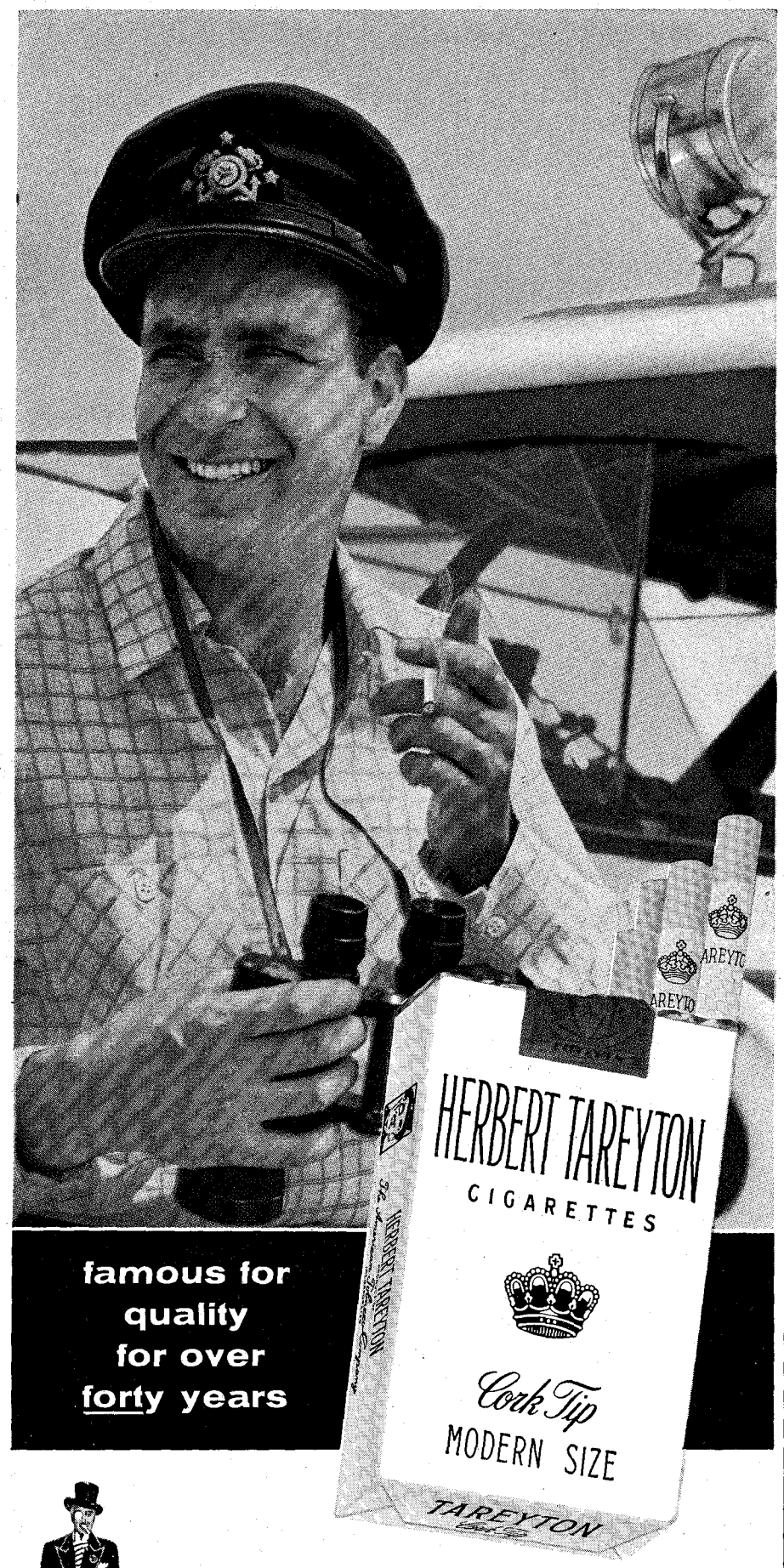
GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip



You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos . . . the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

© A.T. CO.

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

(*Continued from Page 58*) English again, Mallory noted—a persistent fellow, this.

Stevens stared at him blankly, looked round helplessly at Andrea and Mallory; their faces registered a lack of comprehension as convincing as his own. He shrugged his shoulders in despair.

"I am sorry, I do not understand German!" he shouted. "Can you not speak my language?" Stevens' Greek was perfect, fluent and idiomatic.

The lieutenant shook his head in exasperation, called in slow, halting Greek, "Stop your boat at once! We are coming aboard! You have ten seconds! Then we will shoot!"

Stevens gestured in admission of defeat and turned to Andrea and Mallory.

"Our conquerors have spoken," he said bitterly. "Lower the sails."

Quickly they loosened the sheets from the cleats at the foot of the mast. Mallory pulled the jib down, gathered the sail in his arms and squatted sullenly on the deck—he knew a dozen hostile eyes were watching him—close by the fish box. The sail covering his knees and the old coat, his forearms on his thighs, he sat with head bowed and hands dangling between his knees, the picture of heart-stricken dejection. The lugsail, weighted by the boom at the top, came down with a rush. Andrea stepped over it, walked a couple of uncertain paces aft, then stopped, huge hands hanging emptily by his sides.

A sudden deepening in the muted throbbing of the diesel, a spin of the wheel and the big German caïque was rubbing alongside. Quickly, but carefully enough to keep out of the line of fire of the mounted Spandaus—there was a second clearly visible now on the poop—the three men armed with the Schmeissers leaped aboard. Immediately one ran forward, whirled round level with the foremast, his automatic pistol circling gently to cover all of the crew. All except Mallory—and he was leaving Mallory in the safe hands of the Spandau gunner in the bows. Detachedly, Mallory admired the precision, the timing, the clockwork inevitability of an old routine.

He raised his head, looked around him with a slow, peasant indifference. Casey Brown was squatting on the deck abreast the engine room, working on the big ball silencer on top of the hatch cover. Dusty Miller, two paces further forrard and with his brows furrowed in concentration, was laboriously cutting a section of metal from a little tin box, presumably to help in the engine repairs. He was holding the wire-cutting pliers in his left hand—and Miller, Mallory knew, was right-handed. Neither Stevens nor Andrea had moved. The man beside the foremast still stood there, eyes unwinking. The two others were walking slowly aft, had just passed Andrea, their carriage relaxed and easy, the bearing of men who knew they have everything so completely under control that even the idea of trouble is ridiculous.

Then, carefully, coldly and precisely, Mallory tensely gripped the machine gun he had hidden under the sail, and at point-blank range he shot the Spandau machine gunner through the heart, swung the still-chattering Bren round and saw the guard by the mast crumple and die, half his chest torn away by the tearing slugs of the machine gun. But the dead man was still on his feet, still had not hit the deck, when four things happened simultaneously. Casey Brown had had his hand on Miller's silenced automatic, lying concealed beneath the ball silencer, for over a minute; now he squeezed the trigger four times, for he wanted to be certain; the after machine gunner leaned forward tiredly over his tripod, lifeless fingers locked on the firing guard. Miller crimped the three-second chemical fuse with the pliers, lobbed the tin box into the enemy engine room, Stevens spun the armed stick grenade into the opposite wheelhouse, and Andrea, his great arms reaching out with all the speed and precision of striking cobras, swept the Schmeisser gunners' heads together with sickening force. And then all five men had hurled themselves to the deck and the German caïque was erupting in a roar of flame and smoke and flying debris. Gradually the echoes faded away over the sea and there was left only the whining stammer of the Spandau, emptying itself uselessly skyward; and then the belt jammed and the Aegean was as silent as ever.

The German boat was sinking, sinking fast. Miller's homemade bomb must have torn the bottom out of the engine room. She was heavily on fire amidships, her gunwales almost awash, and then the hissing waters had overflowed and overcome the decks and the twisting flames, and the caïque was gone, her slender masts sliding vertically down and vanishing in a turbulent welter of creaming foam and oil-filmed bubbles.

With a conscious effort of will, Mallory turned slowly to look to his own ship and his own men. Brown and Miller were on their feet, staring down in fascination at where the caïque had been; Stevens was standing at the wheelhouse door. He, too, was unhurt, but his face was ashen; during the brief action he had been a man above himself, but the aftermath had hit him badly. Andrea, bleeding from a gash on the cheek, was looking down at the two Schmeisser gunners lying at his feet. His face was expressionless. For a long moment Mallory looked at him, looked in slow understanding.

"Dead?" he asked quietly.

Andrea inclined his head. "Yes." His voice was heavy. "I hit them too hard."

Mallory turned away. Of all the men he had ever known, Andrea, he thought, had the most call to hate and kill his enemies. And kill them he did, with a ruthless efficiency appalling in its single-mindedness and thoroughness of execution. A simple man, a good man, a killer with a kindly heart, he was forever troubled by his conscience, ill at ease with his inner self. Andrea killed neither for revenge nor from hate, but simply that better men might live.

"Anybody else hurt?" Mallory's voice was deliberately brisk, cheerful. "Nobody? Good! Right; let's get under way as fast as possible. The farther and the faster we leave this place behind, the better for all of us." He looked at his watch. "Almost time for our routine check with Cairo. Just leave that scrap yard of yours for a couple of minutes, chief. See if you can pick them up." He looked at the sky to the east, a sky now purply livid and threatening, and shook his head. "Could be that the weather forecast might be worth hearing."

It was. Reception was very poor—Brown blamed the violent static on the dark, convoluted thunderheads steadily creeping up astern, now overspreading almost half the sky—but adequate. Adequate enough to hear information they had never expected to hear, information that left them silenced, eyes stilled in troubled speculation. The tiny loudspeaker boomed and faded, boomed and faded, against the scratchy background of static: "Rhubarb calling Pimpernel! Rhubarb calling Pimpernel!" These were the respective code names for Cairo and Mallory. "Are you receiving me?"

Brown tapped an acknowledgment.

The speaker boomed again: "Rhubarb calling Pimpernel. Now X minus one. Repeat, X minus one." Mallory drew in his breath sharply. X—dawn on Saturday—had been the assumed date for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German attack on Kheros. It must have been advanced by one day—and Jensen was not the man to speak without certain knowledge. Friday, dawn—just over three days.

"Send 'X minus one' understood," Mallory said quietly.

"Forecast, East Anglia," the impersonal voice went on—the Northern Sporades, Mallory knew. "Severe electrical storms probable this evening, with heavy rainfall. Visibility poor. Temperature falling, continuing to fall next twenty-four hours. Winds east to southeast, Force Six, locally Eight, moderating early tomorrow."

Mallory turned away, ducked under the billowing lugsail, walked slowly aft. What a setup, he thought; what a mess. Three days to go, engine cranky and a first-class storm building up. The odds against success had lengthened drastically, Mallory realized, as he set the course for Navarone.

This is it, Mallory thought dully six hours later, *this is the end. This is the finish of everything, the end for us, the end for a thousand boys on Kheros.* He peered out hopelessly into the storm-filled darkness ahead. All gone, everything—everything except the guns of Navarone. The guns of Navarone. They would live on, they were indestructible. Damn them, damn them, damn them!

The caïque was dying, coming apart at the seams. She was literally being pounded to death, being shaken apart by the constant battering shocks of wind and sea. She was making water far faster than the ancient, vertical hand pump could cope with. The wind-truncated seas were heavier, but broken and confused, sweeping down on them now from this quarter, now from that; and the wind itself, redoubled in its shrieking violence, veered and backed insanely from southwest to southeast. Just then it was steady from the south, driving the unmanageable craft blindly onto the closing iron cliffs of Navarone, cliffs that loomed invisibly ahead, somewhere in that all-encompassing darkness.

Momentarily Mallory straightened, tried to ease the agony of the pincers that were clawing into the muscles of the small of his back. For over two hours now he had been bending and straightening, bending and straightening, lifting a thousand buckets that Dusty Miller filled interminably from the well of the hold. Fighting for his breath, he looked aft to see how the others were faring. Casey Brown, of course, he couldn't see. Bent double in the cramped confines of the engine room, he had not once left his post, had nursed the straining, ancient Kelvin along with loving care. That engine had only to falter once, to break down for the time in which a man might draw a deep breath, and the end would be as immediate as it was violent.

Forrard of the engine room, straddle-legged and braced against the corner pillar of the splintered skeleton that was all that remained of the wheelhouse, Andrea labored unceasingly at the pump. Mallory, who had yielded him the pump in complete exhaustion after less than twenty minutes of cruel labor, wondered if there was any limit to the man's endurance.

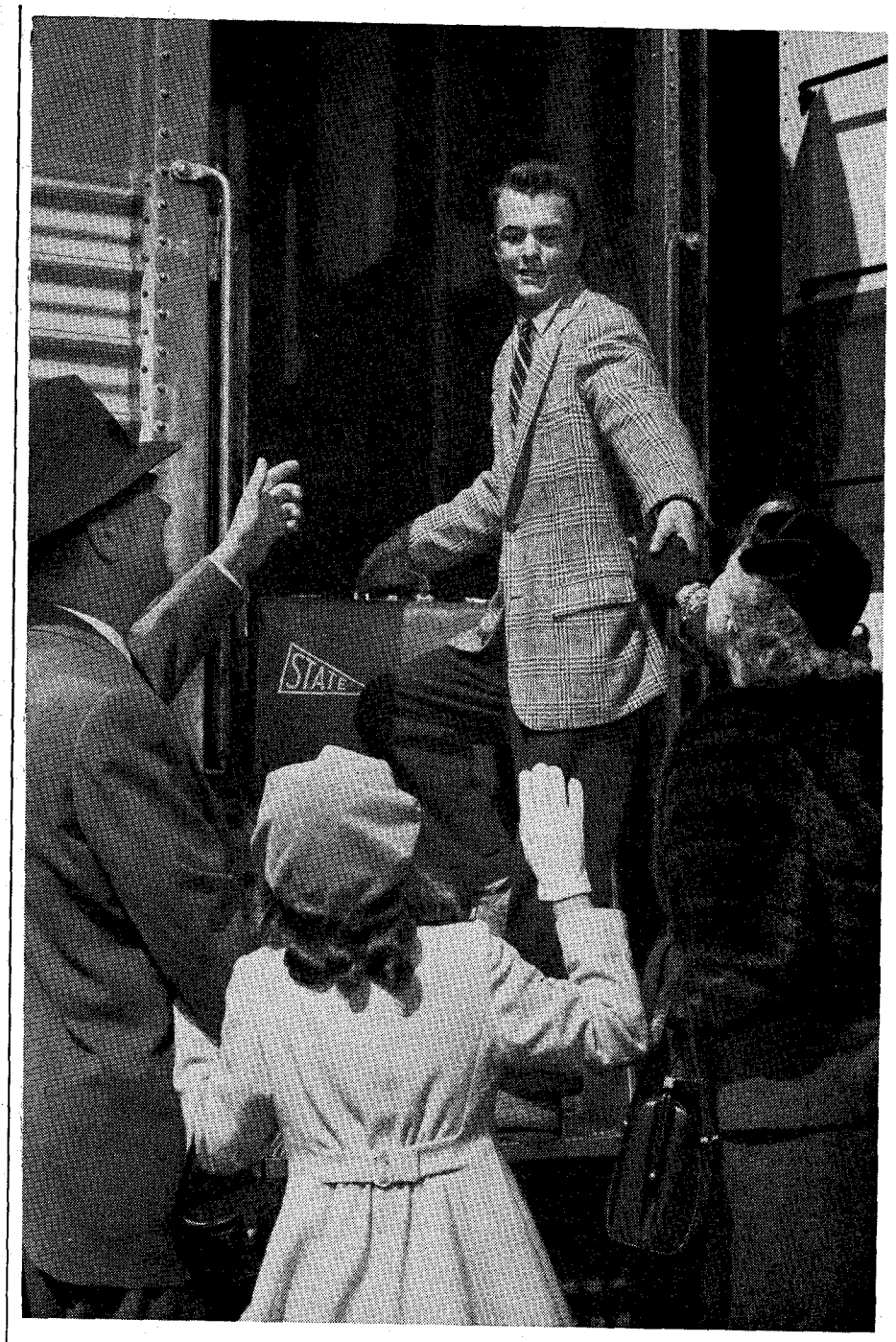
He wondered, too, about Stevens. For four endless hours now Andy Stevens had fought and overcome a wheel that leaped and struggled in his hands as if possessed of a convulsive life and will of its own. He had done a superb job, Mallory thought, had handled the clumsy craft magnificently.

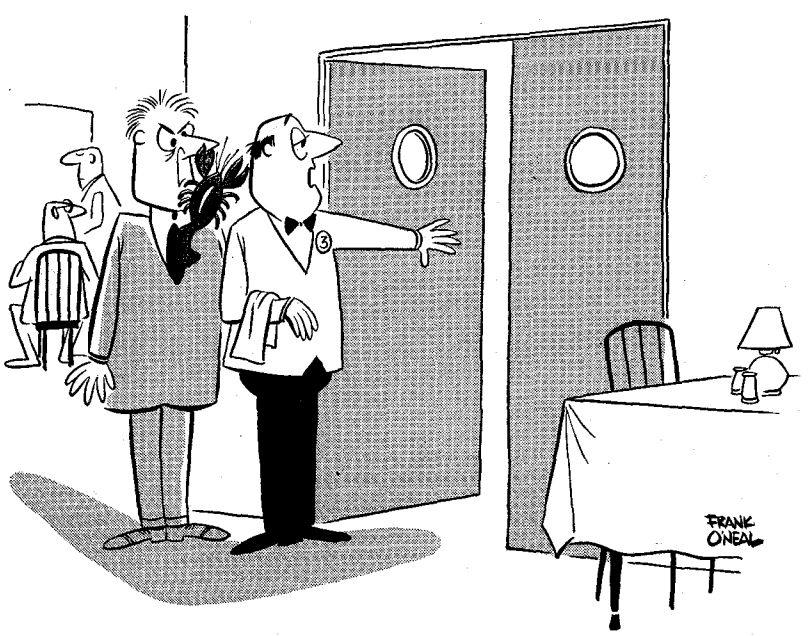
He peered at him closely, but all he could gather was a vague impression of a tightly set mouth, sleepless, sunken eyes and little patches of skin unnaturally pale against the mask of blood that covered almost the entire face from hairline to throat. The twisting, towering comber that had stove in the planks of the wheelhouse and driven in the windows with such savage force had been completely unexpected; Stevens hadn't had a chance. The cut above the right temple was particularly bad, ugly and deep; the blood still pulsed over the ragged edge of the wound, dripped monotonously into the water that sloshed and gurgled about the floor of the wheelhouse.

Sick to his heart, Mallory turned away; then grabbed for the security of the mast as a heavy wave swept over the deck, the breaking foam quicksilver in its seething phosphorescence. The waters swirled hungrily round his legs and feet, but he ignored them, stared out into the darkness. They could see nothing—not where the last wave had gone, nor where the next was coming from. A sea invisible and strangely remote, doubly frightening in its palpable immediacy.

Mallory stared down into the hold, was vaguely conscious of the white blur of Miller's face; he had swallowed some sea water and was retching painfully, salt water laced with blood. But Mallory ignored it, involuntarily; all his attention was concentrated on a looming mass in the darkness ahead. The cliffs! They were at the cliffs of Navarone!

TO BE CONTINUED





THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Chef, could you step out here for a second?"

"And don't forget to call us every Monday night!"

"When Bud left for school, we had a bright idea. We told him to call us *collect* . . . regularly, at seven every Monday night.

"He does. And between times, too, as things come up. It's wonderful for morale on *both* ends."

Why not try it with your own son or daughter? It means so much, costs so little.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

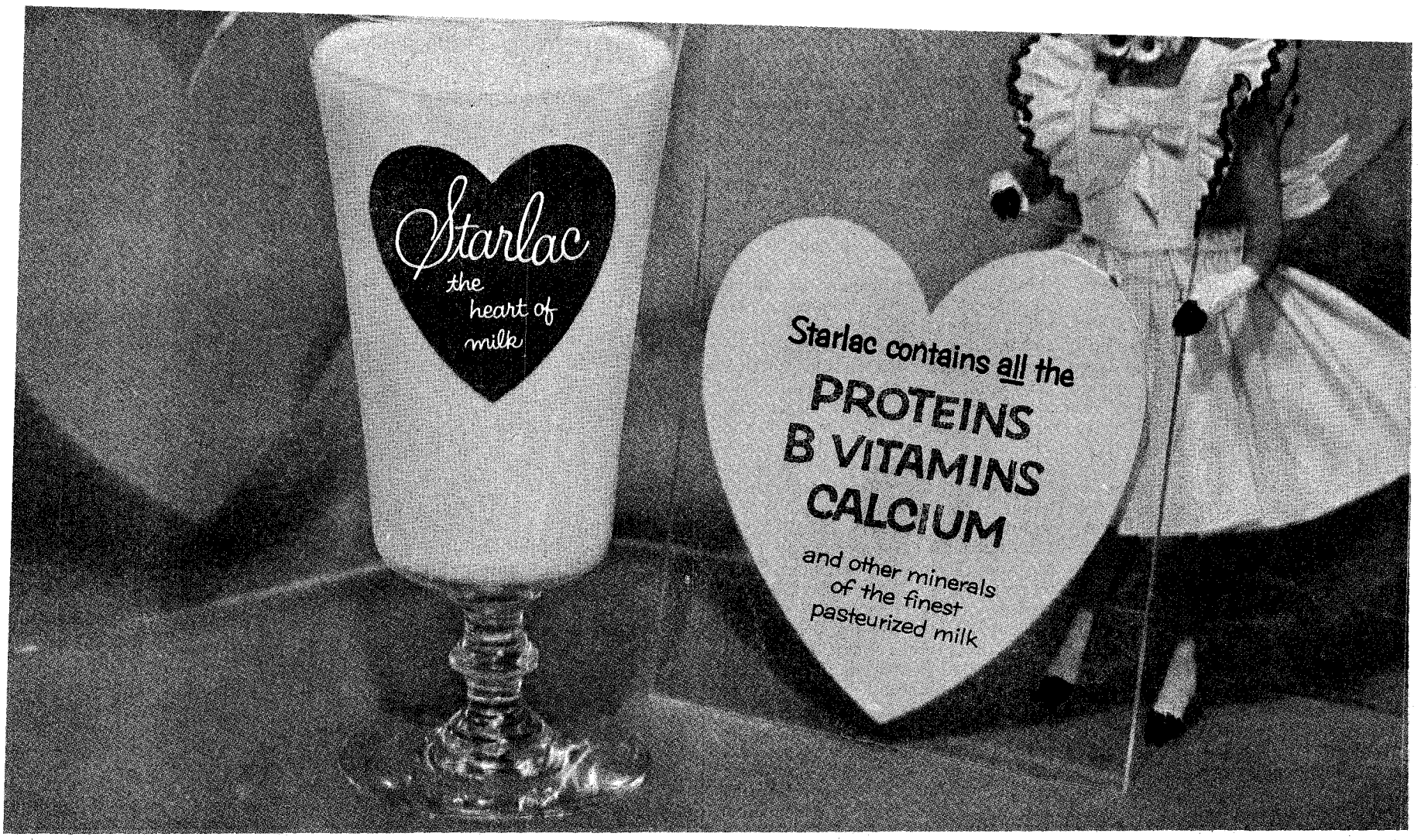
New York to Boston	55¢
St. Paul to Madison, Wis.	65¢
Washington, D.C., to Raleigh, N.C.	65¢
Cleveland to Philadelphia	80¢
Phoenix, Ariz., to Los Angeles	85¢

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Get more nourishment for less money with Starlac®, the heart of milk," *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

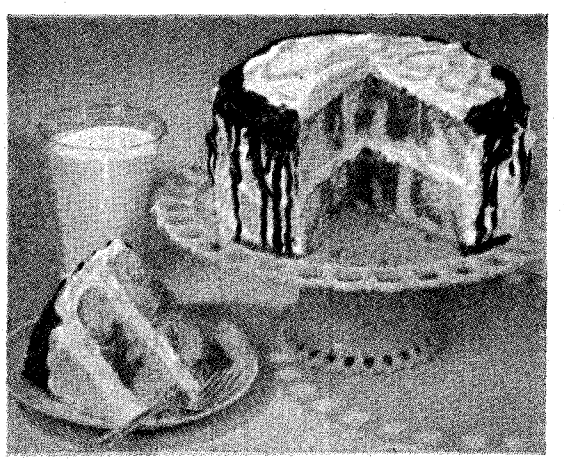
Starlac, Borden's nonfat dry milk, is so good for you, because it's the heart of milk . . . with all the proteins, B vitamins, and minerals of the finest pasteurized milk.

Since water and fat have been removed, it costs less . . . as low as 7¢ a quart.

Starlac mixes instantly, dissolves completely, even in ice water. Tastes grand! Drink it! Cook and bake with it, too!

3-qt. package pre-measured into three 1-qt. envelopes. No muss! No measuring! About 10¢ a qt. Also in 5-qt. economy package at about 8¢ a qt. and in 12-qt. family package at about 7¢ a qt. Be sure and get Borden's Starlac today!

Make Main Dishes with Starlac. Use Borden's Starlac with flour for easy-to-make sauces. Add to the nourishment of ground meat, breads and biscuits with Borden's Starlac.



Make Cakes with Starlac. At last, lighter cakes that brown beautifully. Just use Borden's Starlac. Try Starlac in roly-polies, dumplings, custards and puddings.

Borden's
STARLAC®
so good for you . . .
it's the heart of milk

No measuring
just add to water.

"See Borden's TV shows, 'The People's Choice' and 'Queen for a Day' weekly on NBC."

©1956, The Borden Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man With a Secret (Continued from Page 30)

But Chuck would praise the new job. He thrust the brief case under his arm, not looking at it.

"How was the trip?" Charles gripped his hand. They both looked away, trying not to show how glad they were to see each other.

"All right," Dave said. "Sorry I couldn't get away sooner to help with the funeral arrangements. As I wired, we were working night and day." He hesitated, but his pride burst through. "We won, Chuck. We found the lethal element in the new vaccine. None of the inoculated children died." He flushed. That was all over now. "How's Janet and the girls?"

"Fine. She wanted to come, but we just couldn't afford it." Charles grimaced. "Well, next year will be better. I've a couple of fat estate litigations coming up."

"More charity work this year, I suppose?" Dave eyed his brother.

Charles frowned over the crowd. "Those delinquency cases never have any money. And somebody's got to give them a hand." His frown deepened. "But from now on, it'll be somebody else." He turned abruptly. "Get your bag. Then we'll splurge on a taxi."

Every time Dave came to New York the traffic seemed worse. Leaving the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, he looked past the ferries and the people, the pigeons circling the hot-dog stands, to Bedloe's Island. The great stone lady stood on top of her ugly brown tower, clutching her book, carrying that old torch as always. "*Give me your tired, your poor*," Dave thought. It was funny that as sophisticated a man as their father had loved those lines. "Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." He wondered what Emma Lazarus' poem could possibly have meant to him. Ernst Carteret had nothing to do with huddled masses. A small ex-banker from Rouen, with a round, polished face, pipe-dreaming of wealth. Dave shook himself.

"Chuck," he said harshly, "I'm leaving the Public Health Service."

"About time," Charles murmured. "A chemist with five years' experience." He continued to face the window. "You can do better."

"There's this firm," Dave said. "They've offered me three times my present salary, as assistant to the head of their development labs. Plushy setup."

"Sounds good." Charles turned, fixing his deep eyes on Dave.

"Let somebody else worry about the national health standards," Dave said. "I'm sick of kids' diseases." He made his voice hard, "I'm sick of poverty." They were skirting the canyons of Wall Street now. Thirty years down here, and what had the old man got out of it? You had to be realistic.

Charles had been thinking the same thing. "Most of his clients found another investment counselor the moment he got sick," he said. "Only Hym Gemitch stayed by him to the end."

Hyman Gemitch, Dave thought. "*The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.*" He had never been able to understand his father's friendship for Gemitch. Gemitch was low comedy, a steerage emigrant from the Danzig ghetto who'd gone from pushcart to grocery to wholesale, to his own brand of sausages, butter, orange juice and racehorses. A man who told dialect jokes and held his knife in his fist, and sent a sample of every new product for their father to try before it went on the market. So Gemitch was loyal. Well, he could afford his whims.

"He's to be buried on Squaw Island next to mother," Charles said. "I've made all the arrangements. It's what he wanted."

The picture of the cemetery on the little island off the coast of Maine came into Dave's mind. Summer evenings, walking the mile from their rented cottage to the general store, they had often stopped to read the spry, century-old inscriptions on the granite stones. The summer before the war had been the last time the family had been together. His father had been a cosmopolitan. A fashionable crypt seemed more fitting than that dappled meadow of the dead. They had vacationed on Squaw Island because it was cheap. Yet thinking now of the soft, unmown grass under the willows, Dave was suddenly glad.

"I think he was contented on the island," he said.

"I don't think he was ever really content," Charles said slowly.

"What's in a life anyway?" Dave said irritably. It was a platitude and it made him angry with himself. But they seemed to be moving irresistibly toward an evaluation, as though they had to reach a final judgment of their father's life in time to go with him to the grave. He wanted to hold on to the unreasoning respect he felt for his father. He was afraid of Charles' objectivity.

"He wanted money in his," Charles said sadly. "But you've got to be practical. You can't waste time with people that won't do you any good." His fists closed and Dave knew he was thinking of his own charity cases. "Here." Charles leaned forward to the driver. "At that green awning."

The apartment house was a thin building, squeezed by its more legitimate neighbors to the barest foothold on Park Avenue. Dave remembered his father's stationery with its Park Avenue address. The old man was proud of that.

The apartment itself carried the lowest rental in the building, a room and a half on the back. Several of the chairs were covered with sheeting and a couple of packing cases were already half full of books. On one corner lay a copy of Gustavus Myers' History of the Great American Fortunes.

Charles pointed down at the book. "That's an example of what I mean. The way he admired the private-enterprise system. But it was all theoretical. You remember he used to tell us he was offered a rake-off just for plugging the right stocks to his clients back in 1928. Everybody else was making a pile, but not him." Suddenly Charles' shoulders slumped. "Was he scared, Dave?"

"Too honest, maybe," Dave said, going into the kitchen. The copper pots, the tools of his father's only hobby, still hung over the stove, a little tarnished now. He used to buy them from a queer old Belgian on Seventh Avenue who made them by hand. The Carteret specialty had been French sauces. On the cookbook shelf were copies of Gourmet, Conil, Escoffier, Point and Brillat-Savarin.

"Or he could have borrowed," Charles insisted. "Bought stocks on margin." He shook his head. "I can't understand, the way he talked about the respect due to money."

"I think he figured that kind of thing was unethical," Dave said softly. "Especially for a professional investment counselor." He looked around and noticed the familiar coffee canister. His father had been finicky about his coffee. He bought a special mixture of Jamaican, Colombian and Mocha.

"Everybody—unmask!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Unethical." Charles' hands slapped his sides. He strode forward and stopped at the doorway of the kitchenette. "'Impractical' is the word. He couldn't afford that kind of ethics."

"Yes," Dave murmured. He felt disrespectful, yet he couldn't help but agree. He could remember a hundred market forecasts his father could have turned into profit for himself. The knowledge that he would leave no inheritance had hurt his father deeply. For capital, prudently invested, was as vital a part of his view of life as the care a gentleman took of his appearance.

"I don't mean to sound bitter," Charles said. "But he worked so hard. He needed money more than most people. Conservative wealth was part of his code." He looked down at his hands. "But you've got to grub for it." For a moment, neither of them spoke. At length, Charles sighed. "Oh, well. Dave, if you can use any of his furniture, take it at the appraisal value. I can't use it. The kids would scuff that Aubusson upholstery to pieces. Otherwise, I'll sell it. The appraiser says it's valuable."

"How about his clothes?" Dave said, opening the closet door. There were four suits, all of them old, and a chesterfield overcoat with a velvet collar. For a moment, as though their father were with them now, he had a vision of those spats, the cane and Homburg, the slightly dandified European manners so different from the fathers of their friends. He and Charles both, as they passed through adolescent conformity, had been embarrassed by his differentness. If he had been rich, they might have palmed him off to their friends as eccentric. But he wasn't rich.

Dave reached inside one of the jackets, holding it so he could see the label: "Rogers and Pitkin," and the date. He remembered the dingy tailor shop, bolts of fine cloth and grimy windows, where his father used to insist on twelve fittings. Gray-haired Rogers and white-haired Pitkin. One wore his glasses up on his head. The other always had a tape measure hung around his neck. He couldn't remember which was which. They were interchangeable emigrants from Savile Row, solemn owls, glad to get the work. They seemed now a strangely fitting part of his father's world, immigrants who had not made a go of it in America.

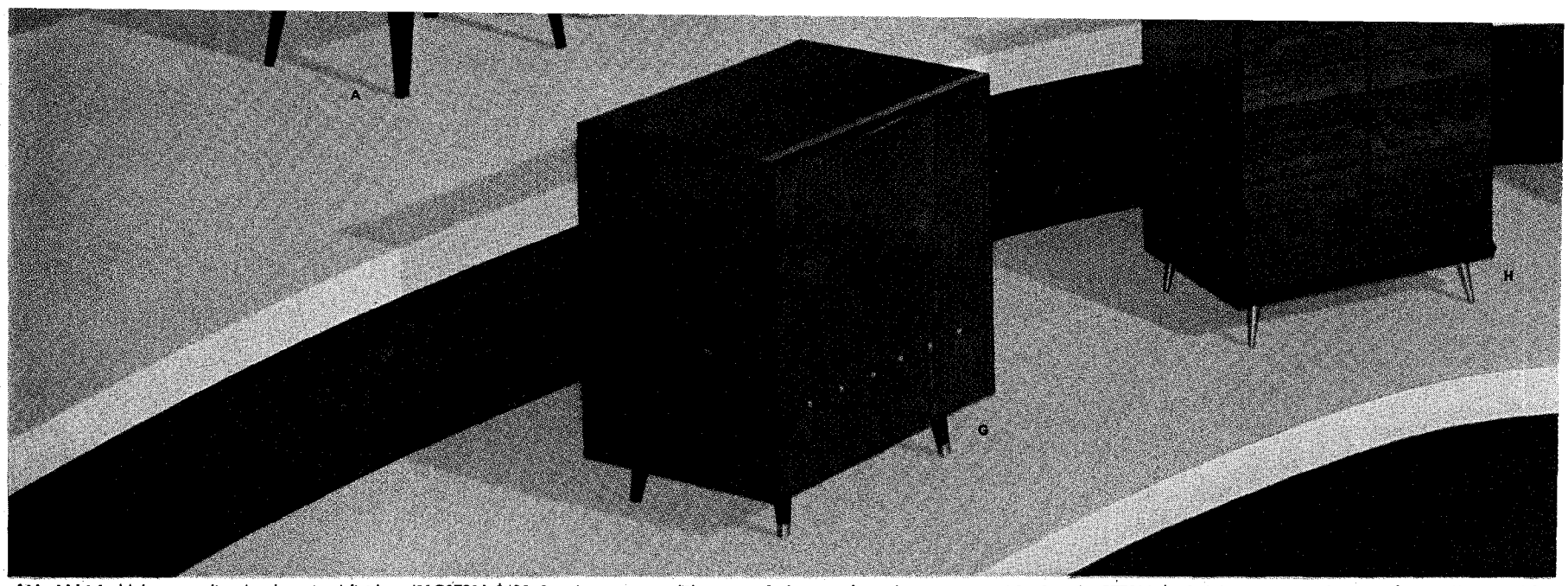
"The Salvation Army," Charles said. "What else can you do with them?" He stood beside Dave, feeling the sleeve of a tweed. "Some bum will wear them. He'll never see material like this again." For a moment they looked at each other. "Well." Charles swung the closet door shut. "Might as well have a Martini, I suppose. Then lunch. How about Valljean?"

"I'd like that," Dave said. "It's been a long time." Le Valljean was expensive; when he came to New York he saved his money for other things than lunch. His father should have too. But it was fitting to go to Ernst Carteret's favorite restaurant today. Besides, Dave thought, soon he'd have plenty of money.

Charles went to the Louis XIV cabinet which had been their father's pride. He turned the key and took out the silver cocktail shaker and the two Steuben glasses that stayed there for safekeeping. In the kitchen he pulled the ice tray from the refrigerator and put a cube in each glass.

"Tell me about your new job, Dave. You say there's money in it?" Charles looked around the cramped kitchen, exasperation coming into his face again. He measured gin and dry vermouth in the beaker, two and three quarters to one. (*Continued on Page 66*)

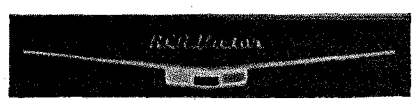
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(A) Aldrich. Mahogany-, limed oak-grained finishes. (21CS781.) $495. Stand, opt., extra. **(B) Stanwyck.** Limed oak-, mahogany-grained finishes. (21CT783.) $550. **(C) Westcott.** Mahogany-, limed-oak grained finis (21CT785.) $595. **(D) Dartmouth.** Walnut-, mahogany-, limed oak-grained finishes. (21CT786.) $650. Deluxe models: **(E) Whitby.** Blond tropical hdwd., mah. veneers and solids. (21CD789.) $695. **(F) Asbury.** Nat

COLOR EVERY NIGHT! See it on nev

Spectacular increase in Color shows! NBC-TV alone is scheduling Color for *every night in the week—starting this Fall.* Make this *your* year for Big Color TV!



SYMBOL OF RCA VICTOR COMPATIBLE COLOR TV

RCA VICTOR SALUTES NATIONAL TELEVISION WEEK SEPT. 23-29
Celebrating the finest home entertainment in sight

Spectacular news! Starting this Fall, there'll be an exciting TV sl or Spectacular in Color over NBC-TV every single night! W wonderful news—since right now you can walk into your F Victor dealer's and buy new Big Color TV for as little as $495!

This is the ultimate in television. Cabinetry that rivals fine fu ture—performance and dependability that measure up to F Victor's highest standards—and a BIG 21-inch tube (overall di eter), with a full 254 square inches of viewable picture. And v a picture it is!

Spectacular "Living Color" picture. Every one of the 10 new Color sets presents a masterpiece picture in brilliant "Living Col —the most natural tones you've ever seen. And all six *Deluxe*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alnut, mah., blond trop. hdwd. finishes. (21CD791.) $750. **(G) Strathmore.** French walnut, bleached birch veneers and solids. (21CD795.) $795. **(H) Chandler.** Nat. walnut, mah. veneers and solids. (21CD793.) $795.) **Arliss.** Mah. veneers and solids. (21CD797.) $850. **(J) Wingate.** Maple, French walnut veneers and solids. (21CD799.) $850. **Each Big Color set has 21-inch tube (overall diameter), 254 sq. in. viewable picture.**

RCA Victor Big Color TV—as low as $495

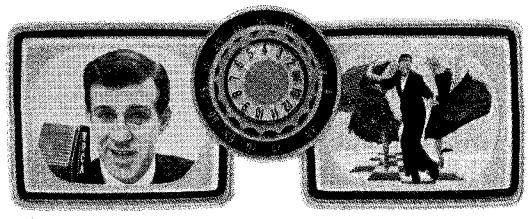
eature RCA Victor automatic Chroma Control, equalizing color ntensity from station to station, for *full fidelity* performance!

pectacular sound! Four Big Color models provide famous Balanced idelity Sound. And the six new Deluxe models feature new 3-speaker anoramic Sound that adds a new dimension to TV enjoyment.

pectacular "Color-Quick" tuning! In VHF and UHF too. Adjust the wo Color knobs, and the picture pops onto the screen. That's all here is to it—a child can do it! So visit your RCA Victor dealer's his week. Ask for a free demonstration of RCA Victor *double-value* V—at his store, or in your own home. Easy payment plan arranged.

anufacturer's nationally advertised list prices shown. UHF optional, extra. Slightly higher far West and South. ecifications and prices subject to change. Models available in Canada. Special 90-day Big Color RCA Victor ctory Service Contract available in most areas, only $39.95.

LIKE HAVING 2 SETS IN 1.
RCA Victor Big Color TV brings you both black-and-white and Color programs because it's *compatible!*



RCA VICTOR Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA PIONEERED AND DEVELOPED COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 63*) "Yes, indeed." Dave laughed, avoiding Charles' eye. "I hardly know what I'll do with it, after all these years of starvation. They make a line of popular medicines people swear by. Big trade among the hypochondriacs." For no reason, he flushed. "Of course, most illnesses are psychosomatic anyway," he said more loudly. "Every now and then, the company brings out another formula. I'll be thinking up new taste sensations." He laughed again.

Charles nodded absently. Before pouring the alcohol into the shaker, he carefully removed the water from the melted ice cubes. That had been a ritual with their father: not to dilute the precise proportions. Charles stirred, concentrating; then poured. "You never forget that early training. You've got to admit the old man could make a hell of a Martini."

"Good," Dave said, gesturing with the delicate glass. "You've kept the knack."

"I think I've paid all the bills," Charles said. "There was one from a bookdealer on Fourth Avenue, another from a man named Griffin who sells theater tickets." He smiled faintly. "I sent them checks, and a note that he had died. The bookseller wrote a long letter of condolence. Griffin came to call. Odd guy for dad to know. An Ibsenian, play's-the-thing sort of character. Apparently Griffin selected one good performance for him each month. Dad always sat in the same spot—center balcony on a Wednesday night. Then he and Griffin would critique. It was pretty much the same with the books he read. He must have spent a small fortune on that kind of thing." Charles rubbed his forehead with his wrist; then looked at his watch and made an exclamation. "We'd better get going." From habit, he set the fragile glass down carefully. "This place gives me claustrophobia anyway." He strode angrily across the living room. "They'd laugh at you if you tried to rent a place this small in California."

Le Valljean had not changed. The serious fluidity of spoken French came to them while they were still in the doorway. At one of the scant dozen tables, the chef, in spotless white apron and hat, bent over a couple of portly customers, his thumb touching the end of his little finger. The portly diners nodded submissively. Charles led the way to the well-remembered table in the far corner, next to the kitchen. It had been their father's regular spot. The flat-faced waitress moved toward them.

"*Messieurs?*"

"*Vermout sec*," they said in one breath. "*Citron*." Self-consciously, Chuck grinned. "It hardly seems possible he's gone, Dave."

"I know," Dave said. "What was it he used to order here especially?"

"You remember." Charles' sharp eyes were on him.

"I don't, Chuck. I should, but I don't."

"*Écrevisse à la crème*," Charles said triumphantly. "Crayfish in cream."

"Of course," Dave breathed. "You know, he ought to have opened a restaurant himself." He paused. "But I suppose he'd have served those sauces with a pound of butter in them to everybody. He'd have managed to lose money somehow."

"It's too bad he didn't go into law," Charles mused. "With his combination of judgment and drama." He shook his head. "What a waste. That's what I keep asking myself, Dave. Why did he have to peter out? Those shabby suits. That apartment. The cut-rate vacations in Maine. Why?" Charles' palm struck the table. "At least he's given us a lesson in how not to run your life. You know, there's another charity case waiting for me to get back. I'll be damned if I'll take it on. I'm through." He jerked erect as the waitress set down their two dry vermouths with lemon peel. "Two *écrevisses à la crème*," Charles snapped.

"*Écrevisses à la crème*," the waitress repeated tonelessly. "*Deux*."

Dave nodded, thinking of his own overworked, underpaid job, of his pride in the effort that had saved ten children's lives. But there were always more of those cases, he thought rebelliously; dumb, pleading eyes, an ocean of need. A moneyless ocean of need in which you sank without a trace. He knew how Charles felt.

The chef stood up victoriously, having thoroughly abashed the two diners, and stalked back toward his kitchen. For a moment he stopped, frowning at their table, then moved on. They heard the waitress repeat their order in the kitchen. The chef muttered something. Charles toyed glumly with a round of French bread, tearing it to bits. He only looked up when the food arrived. Silently, they began to eat. Charles pursed his lips.

"Funny," Dave said. "I remembered it as better. Of course, it's been a long time since I've eaten here."

Charles looked at him. "That's what I thought." He laughed, almost bitterly. "The transitive nature of memory. Maybe dad thought it was pretty good. I mean, it's all right," Charles added quickly. "But hardly sensational."

"I was sure it was better. We could send it back."

"We haven't got much time," Charles said. "It's already two."

"Yes," Dave said. He took another mouthful. Then suddenly, he pushed his plate away. "Damn it, Chuck. It was better. I know it was better."

"Chef," Charles called. "May we speak to the chef?"

Like a jack-in-the-box, the angry chef burst through the kitchen door. His face was red from the heat of the stove. His lips were pressed together and again his thumb and little fingers touched. "*Messieurs?*" He almost barked.

"This *écrevisses à la crème*." Charles cleared his throat. "It isn't as good as we remember it."

"That is perhaps the fault of your memories," the chef snapped.

"It was better when our father ordered it," Dave added. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Charles' hands curl into fists.

"Ah," the chef said infuriatingly. "Your father."

"His name was Carteret," Dave said. "Ernst Carteret. He used to come here."

It was not a double take or any theatrical kind of surprise. The chef merely straightened up. His lips opened and the thumb and little finger parted. "Mr. Carteret is dead," he said. "The services are today."

"How did you know that?" Charles stared. But the chef only nodded.

He reached over and with the tip of Charles' knife took a bit of the cream sauce. "I am sorry he is gone," he said. "Mr. Carteret was unique." Dave and Charles exchanged startled glances while the chef tasted. Once again he shook his head. "I am sorry about this too. I do not serve *écrevisses à la crème* like this to my patrons. My girl has let it stand. I am afraid we are not ourselves today. Permit me." He took the two plates away. Almost immediately, they heard the low, sullen lash of gutter French in the kitchen.

The waitress came out, red-faced, open-mouthed, holding one hand to her cheek. With an effort, she collected herself and came over to them. "I beg your pardon, *messieurs*. We are all upset about your father." Before they could say anything, she went to the doorway to shake her head at two customers who had just come in. They went out again. The portly diners got up to leave. She gave them their change, unsmiling. She passed again and went into the kitchen.

"Unique," Dave said. "Unique?"

"This will be as your father liked it," the chef said, carrying two more plates out of the kitchen. "It is his own sauce. Like a Sauce Czarina, but with anise. Are either of you saucemakers?"

"No," Dave said. He thought of the collection his father had made, the great chefs—Conil, Escoffier, Point, Brillat-Savarin. His father had considered saucemaking serious work. Those books might be pretty interesting stuff to a trained chemist. He might even be able to do something; add or invent something himself.

The chef nodded. The girl came back, gingerly holding a wine bottle. "It is a Condrieu," the chef said. "A '47. It was your father's favorite." Two more customers poked into the dining room. The chef shook his head and the girl ran toward them. They disappeared. He poured a finger of wine, with its possible crumbs of cork, into a goblet which he set aside, then filled their glasses. "My girl and I would like to go with you to the services."

"Please," Charles said urgently. "I'm sure dad would have wanted that. There won't be many."

The chef only smiled. "Your father was a curious man, Mr. Carteret. A man of uncertain temper. A man without a great deal of money. Ordinarily those are things no restaurant willingly cultivates in its clientele." He looked back and forth at them steadily. "But if your father had had no money at all, we would still have been proud to serve him. Because he knew food. He knew what correct service ought to be. He knew about wines and good cigars and clothes, Mr. Carteret. One had to be serious to merit his respect. He was a *responsable*."

The silence that followed was tense, accusing. At last Charles lifted his glass. "It's wonderful wine," he said softly. The chef nodded and smiled. Dave knew they all understood what Chuck was trying to say: that he didn't know how, and he knew he didn't know, but that he too, was going to try to be responsible.

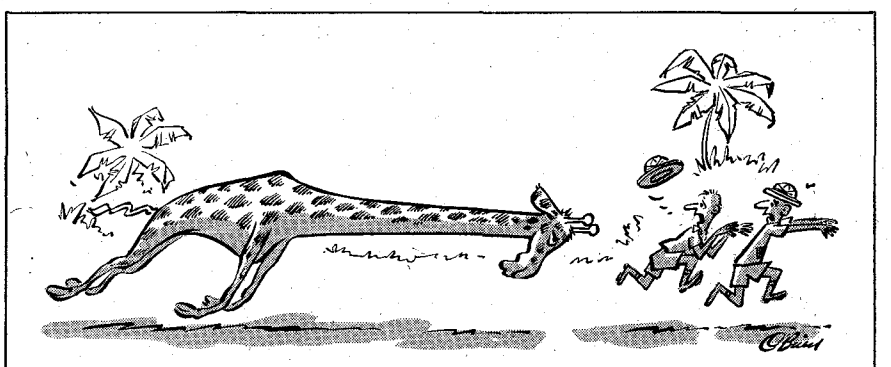
"I think we better go," Dave said, and again he felt they understood. He knew now he'd never put personal gain above the ocean of need that was waiting for him; that was his life. And he knew, too, that the chapel Charles had chosen would not be empty. Hym Gemitch would be there, and the coffee merchant, Rogers and Pitkin, Griffin and the bookdealer. Uncorrupted men, who tried to do better whatever it was they did. Men who made an art of life, whose respect could not be bought. The *responsables*. To be one of them was memorial enough for any man.

THE END

Your Mutual Benefit Life Man *says:*

"Maybe you're richer than you think!"

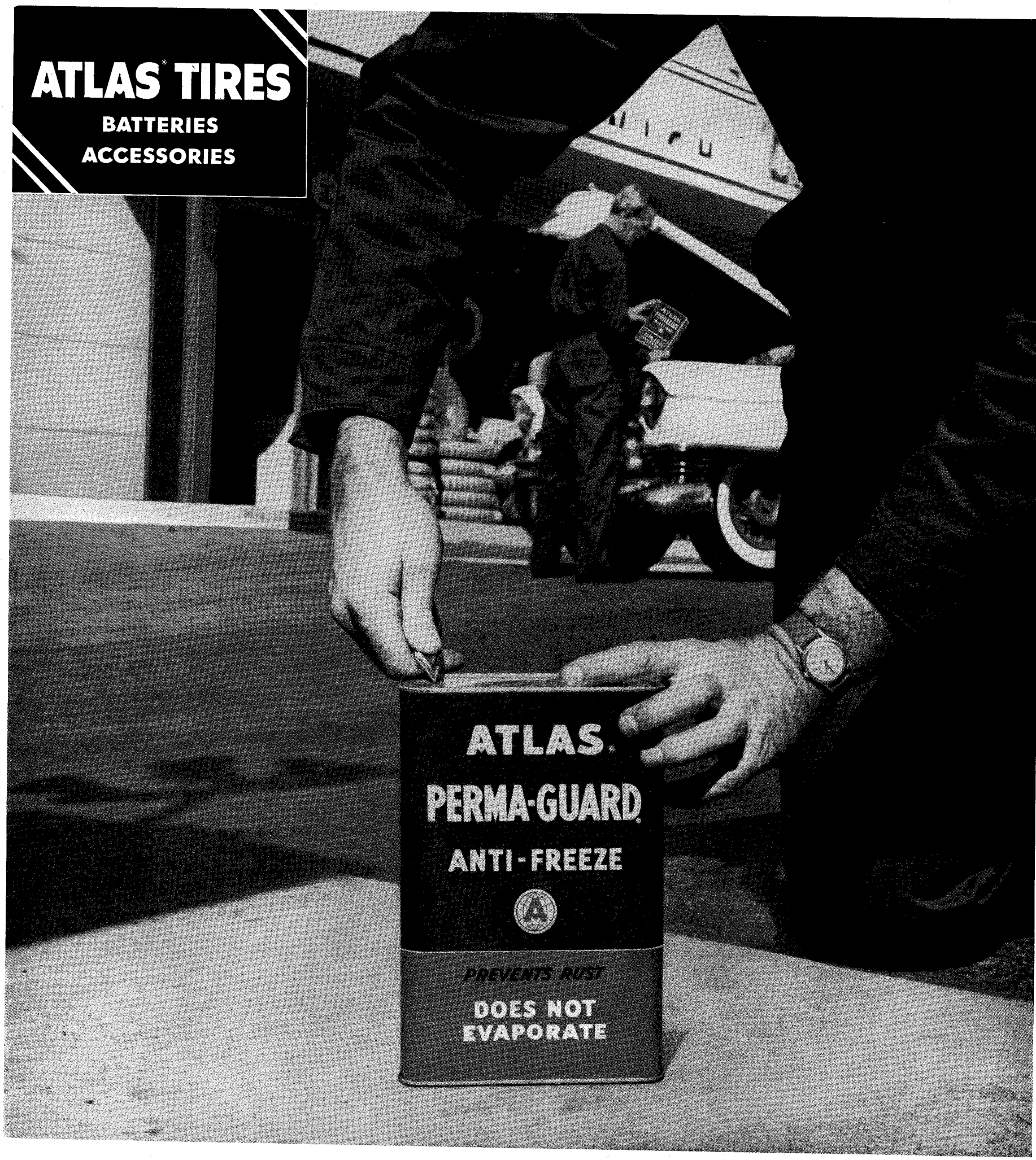
Surprising how your scattered financial assets begin to build up when they're carefully analyzed and put to their best use by a competent life insurance man. Time and again, Mutual Benefit Life men like **Robert W. Corl** of **Grand Rapids** have found ways to make such assets much more effective—and without increasing expenditures one single penny! Your local Mutual Benefit Life man will gladly give you the benefits of his training and experience and without the slightest obligation. Call him today. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey.



"Who told you they never attack?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His job is keeping friends for his business

When your neighborhood service station dealer sells you permanent-type anti-freeze, it means far more to him than just a sale. He's interested in keeping you as a friend and year 'round customer for gasoline and *all* the other fine products he sells. That's why he recommends Atlas Perma-Guard Anti-Freeze. He knows there's no surer, safer cold-weather protection anywhere. Get it today—avoid the last-minute rush!

ATLAS PERMA-GUARD* ANTI-FREEZE...Recommended and sold by leading service stations in the United States

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1956, ATLAS SUPPLY COMPANY, NEWARK 2, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY 20 MILLION SAVE S&H

ATTENTION AMERICA'S SHOPPERS...

Why don't YOU get a discount for cash on daily purchases?

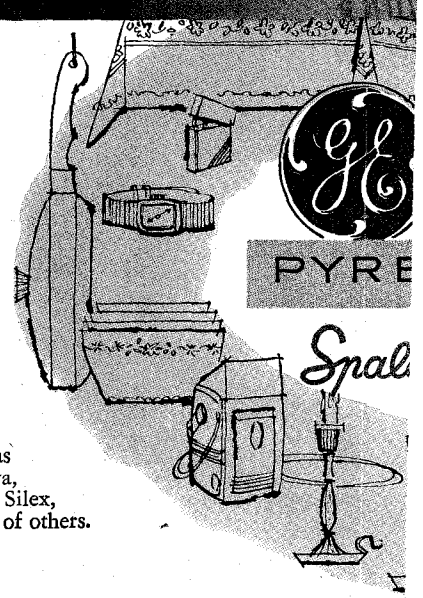
Shop at stores that give you S&H Green Stamps.

You don't even need to ask for S&H Green Stamps. They are handed to you with your change as your discount for paying cash.

S&H Green Stamps are given to you at food stores . . . filling stations . . . department stores . . . drug stores . . . at more than 60,000 stores of all kinds clear across the nation. Over 20 million smart, thrifty women are already saving S&H Green Stamps. Visit the S&H Redemption Center in your town and see the magnificent things you can get. Save S&H Green Stamps. It's easy. It's thrifty. It's smart.

Your choice of over 1500 items

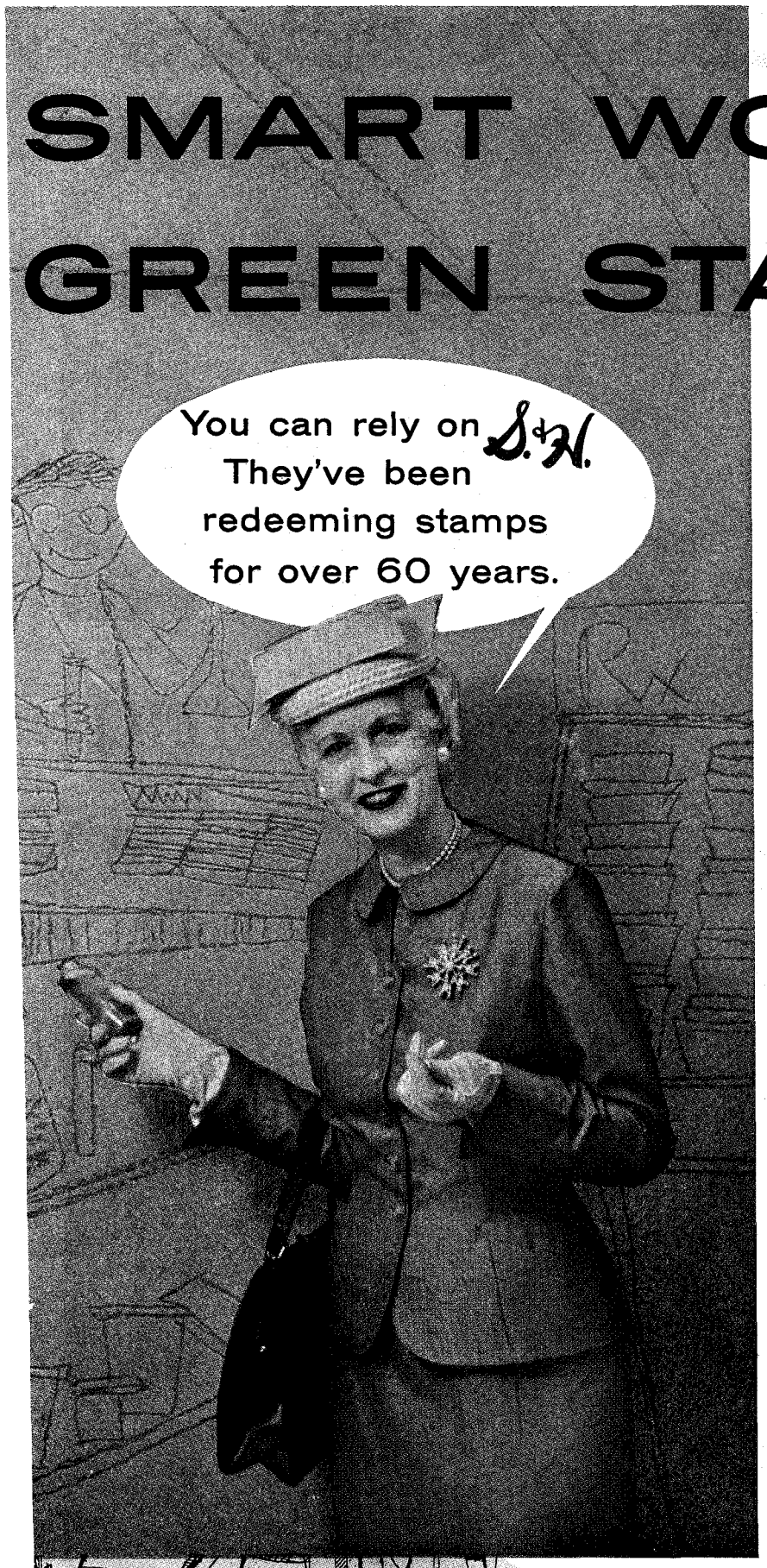
The latest models and designs of nationally known products such as General Electric, Bulova, Fieldcrest, Springmaid, Silex, Toastmaster and a host of others.

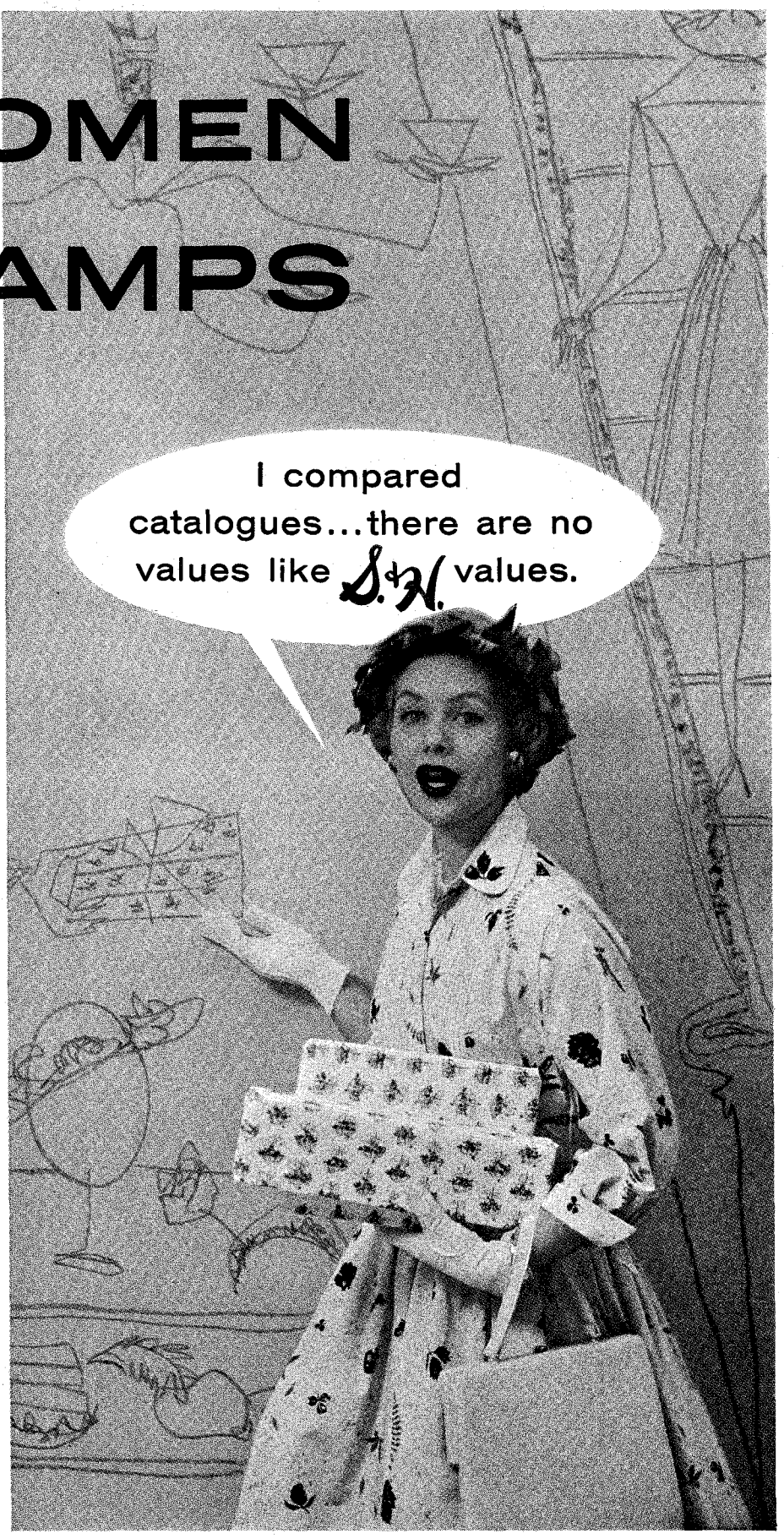


Copyright 1956, The Sperry and Hutchinson Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SMART WOMEN GREEN STAMPS





START TODAY!
Shop where you see this sign . . .
4 out of 5 women who
save stamps do!

S&H. GREEN STAMPS

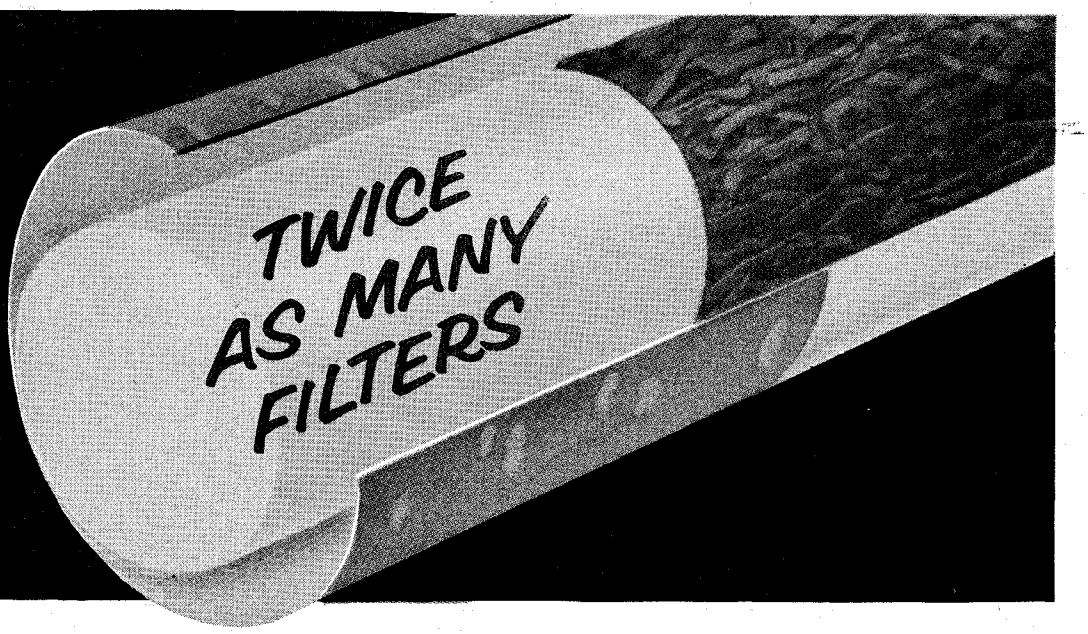
AMERICA'S ONLY NATIONWIDE STAMP PLAN

THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY—SINCE 1896. NOW CELEBRATING ITS DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

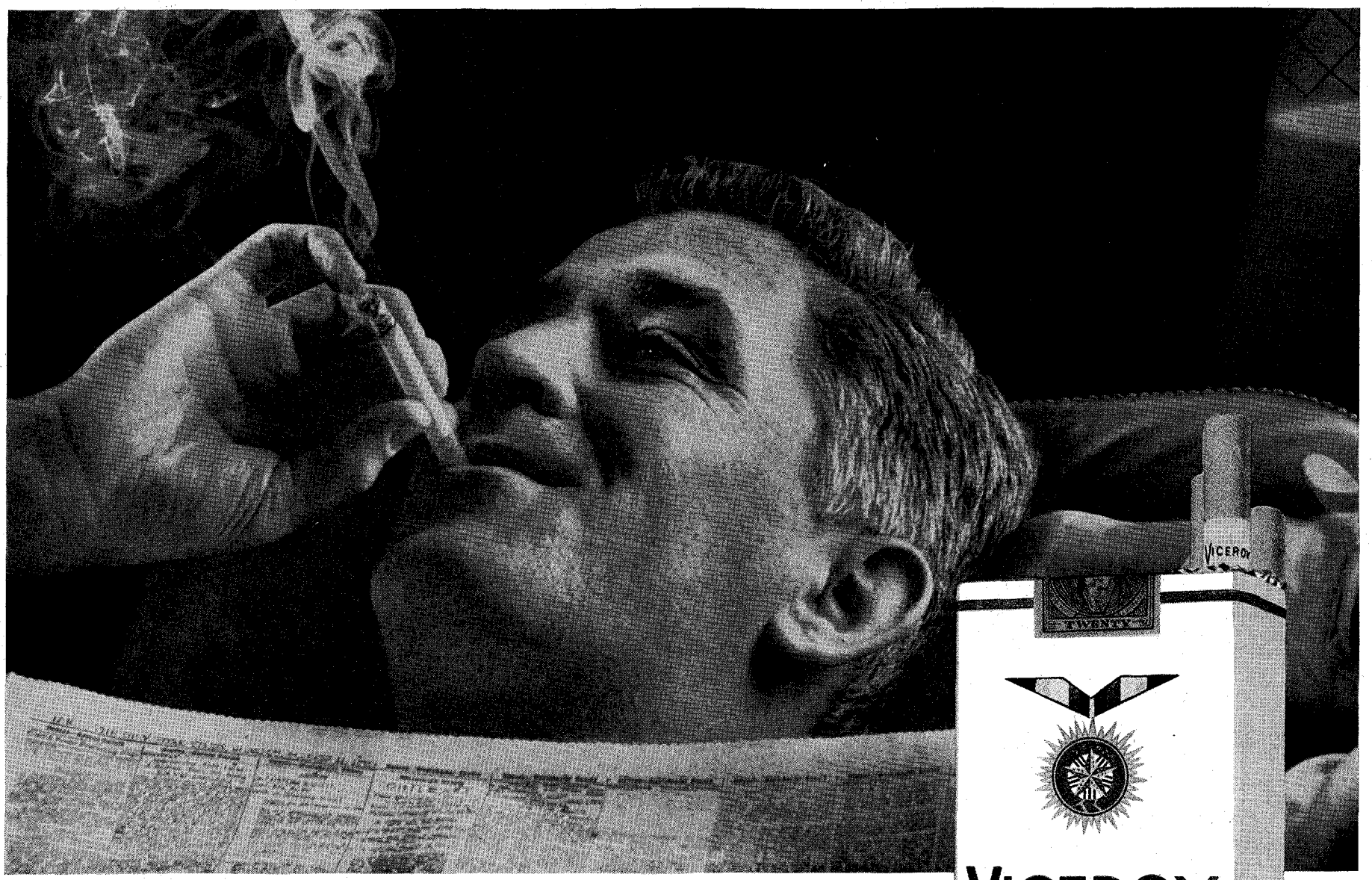
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only Viceroy has 20,000 Filters

Yes, 20,000 filters in
every VICEROY tip
TWICE AS MANY FILTERS
as the other two
largest-selling filter brands!



for the smoothest taste in smoking



The exclusive Viceroy filter tip is made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural! 20,000 filters in every tip to give you the smoothest taste in smoking!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Fought All the Way (Continued from Page 27)

Washington sports columnist, called my house in Brockton the day the story broke. Mary Anne answered the phone, and right away she yelled into it, "Ha-ha-ha! My daddy quit! He's not going to fight any more!" She hung up without Shirley even getting a chance to speak to Barbara.

Jim Norris, the head of the International Boxing Club, naturally tried to talk me out of retiring. The day before the press conference he phoned me and asked if I was satisfied I was doing the right thing. Then he said, "Is there any amount of —— Can we talk about money?"

I said, "No, Jim, money's not the question. By tomorrow I'll be the retired heavyweight champ. All the money in the world wouldn't change my mind."

I don't have to worry about money now, but I worried plenty about it before I hit the jack pot fighting. My pop, Pierrino Marchegiano, was a shoe worker. My mom, whose first name is Pasqualena, ran the house. With six kids, she had plenty to do. I'm the oldest. I got two brothers and three sisters.

I was born in Brockton on September 1, 1923. One of the first congratulation cards mom got had little boxing gloves hanging from it. Under a picture of a baby it said, "Welcome to another champion." We lived on Warren Avenue then, but I don't remember anything about that, because we moved to 80 Brook Street when I was a year old. That's in the middle of the Italian district, where my people still live, but not in the same house.

Both mom and pop were born in Italy. Pop came over here from Chieti, a little fishing village near the Adriatic, when he was a young man. He was in the American Army and got gassed in France during the first World War. He's had trouble with his stomach ever since.

Mom came from San Bartolomeo, near Naples. Her father, Luigi Picciuto, came to the United States in 1918 and brought his family over the next year. He was a blacksmith in the old country, and he looked it. He was a big guy with a flowing black mustache, very strong and typically Italian. He stood maybe six-feet-one and weighed about 220 pounds, and everything about him was big. He played big, he worked big, he gambled big, he drank big, he ate big, he talked in a big voice.

This grandfather of mine was sort of a leader in the neighborhood. Everyone called him "*Mastro*," which is an Italian word for a master artisan. He lived downstairs from us on the first floor of the house on Brook Street, which he owned. He had a vineyard at the side of the house, and he put up lights in the back yard so that the men in the neighborhood could come around on Saturday nights and play *bocce*, the Italian bowling game, and drink wine. This was during Prohibition, when wine was hard to get. They bought the wine from my grandfather, but there was competition right next door. Luigi Colombo lived there. He made wine, too, and the one who made the best wine grabbed all the business. Allie Colombo, who grew up with me, is my best friend, and my sister Betty married a Colombo, but our grandfathers were bitter rivals.

The *bocce* game in the back yard was noisy enough, but the real racket came later, when the old guys went into the cellar to drink and play *scopa*. *Scopa*, which means "sweep" in English, was a very complicated card game. When a guy won he was called the "boss," and he named a "second boss." (Sometimes they decided the "second boss" by playing *morra*, a finger game which is still popular among Italians.) These two decided who could drink and who couldn't.

They always made one guy the goat. It was sort of a routine. Maybe it was the one who wanted to drink the most. He got madder and madder while the others got drunker and drunker. Pretty soon everyone would be hollering and arguing and pushing each other around. There were some terrible, terrible fights down there. Once I had to come down and hold back one of the guys. These old Italian guys, when they got real mad, they didn't hit each other with their fists. They butted heads. You'd think they'd kill each other, but I never saw anyone laid out on the floor with a busted head.

Now, about twenty of these guys had a club, and maybe once a month they had an eating contest at somebody's house. They chipped in and bought all kinds of food, and had a couple of chefs make it up good, and then started eating. Only first they'd make bets. Allie Colombo's father, Mike, was always the favorite. It was a pleasure to watch him eat. Once he ate forty-two meatballs at one sitting. Another time he ate sixteen pounds of spaghetti. I remember a time when he ate twenty-one chickens, and another guy ate twenty-one chickens too. When Allie's father started eating the bones, the other guy quit.

My grandfather was semiretired. He worked three days a week in a stable. He came over here with a few bucks, and then he had his children working. You know the Italian custom—you go to work and you bring home a closed pay envelope. Your father opens it, and he gives you what he wants. My mother got fifty cents a week out of her own pay envelope.

My grandfather spent most of the time he was around the house taking care of his vineyard. Once a year he bought maybe 175 crates of grapes. It made eleven or twelve barrels of wine. I used to help take the crates off the truck down into the cellar. I was only about twelve or thirteen years old, but I was very strong then, and I always tried to carry down more crates than the other kids.

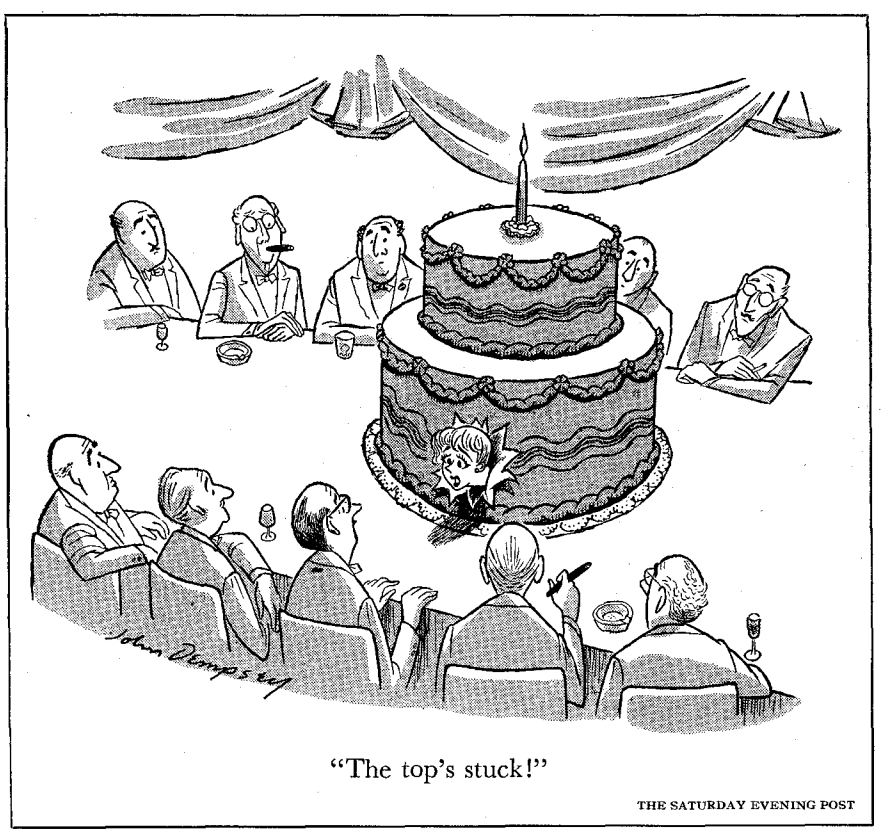
There was a grape masher in one corner of the cellar, which had a very low ceiling. You'd dump a crate of grapes into it, and then a guy had to push a handle with one hand. I remember I used to do one with the left hand and one with the right. It was quite a thing to be able to squash a whole crate with your left hand. I couldn't do the whole 175 crates, but I could do maybe twenty and then take a breather. The other guys would do two or three, then someone would say, "Get Rocky." So I'd go back and start pushing the handle of the masher again.

It was so crowded in our house that my brother, Sonny—his real name is Louis—usually slept downstairs in my grandfather's part of the house. We had a living room, a kitchen and two bedrooms. My folks slept in one of the bedrooms with my baby brother, Peter. My sisters Alice, Coonjie and Betty slept in the other bedroom in one bed. I slept in the living room. There was a rolling bed in the closet, but I only used the mattress. I pulled it out every night and slept on the floor beside a wide-open window, even in the middle of winter. I always liked plenty of air.

We didn't have a bathtub or running hot water or central heat. My grandmother had two coal stoves downstairs—one in the kitchen and one in the living room, which was at the foot of our stairs. We kept our doors open so the heat from the living-room stove would come up to our place. Mom always had water heating on our stove. She had a big tin washtub in the kitchen, and we took turns taking baths in it Saturday nights—the boys one week and the girls the next.

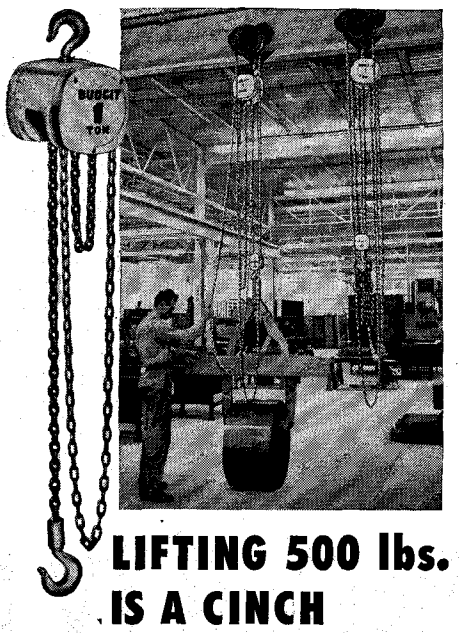
Once a summer three or four families chipped in to hire a banana truck from the guy across the street so we could go to Nantasket Beach, about three quarters of an hour from Brockton. We wore bathing suits under our clothes and took lunches in paper bags, and the men took jugs of wine. It was always good going over, but it was murder coming back. Everyone was wet and miserable and uncomfortable, and the old guys were half drunk, and the kids were squawking and the mothers were yelling at them. And it was a sure bet that some kid would get sick all over the place.

Michael Angelo Colombo, Allie's uncle, had a mandolin, and he played it all the way home. I still get a charge out of hearing him play it. Mom and pop were opera lovers, and they wanted me to learn to play (*Continued on Page 73*)



"The top's stuck!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



LIFTING 500 lbs. IS A CINCH

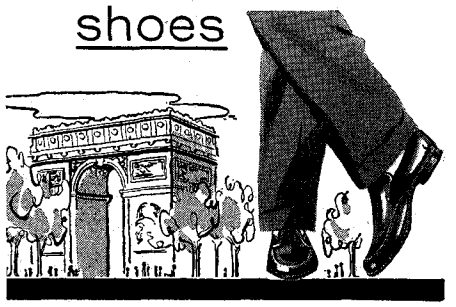
You need not be a muscle-man to use the 'Budgit' Aluminum Chain Block. It is light—the ¼-ton size weighs only 29 lbs. A pull of only 25 lbs. on the hand chain lifts the full load. You can carry the hoist to the job and save time and effort getting the work done. You can depend on its durability and safety because every part is extra strong. And, you get a big plus in the big, powerful load brake that makes lowering smooth and easy. Capacities: ¼ to 10 tons. Priced from $112.00. *Write for Bulletin 398.*

'Budgit' CHAIN BLOCKS ®

MANNING, MAXWELL & MOORE, INC.
Muskegon, Michigan

Builders of "SHAW-BOX" and 'LOAD LIFTER' Cranes, 'BUDGIT' and 'LOAD LIFTER' Hoists and other lifting specialties. Makers of 'ASHCROFT' Gauges, 'HANCOCK' Valves, 'CONSOLIDATED' Safety and Relief Valves, 'AMERICAN' and 'AMERICAN-MICROSEN' Industrial Instruments, and Aircraft Products.

shaw
shoes

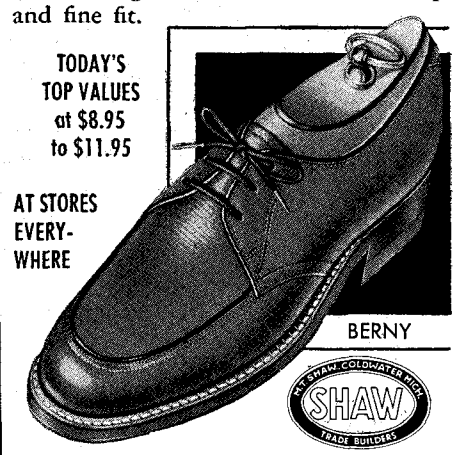


for that custom look at a sensible price

In any Shaw shoe you choose, you'll find the Custom Look *without* the custom price. Note their mellow leathers, smart styling, fine-fitting combination lasts . . . all the quality features you'd expect in fine footwear. Shaw's complete line includes styles for casual, dress or work . . . all featuring famous Shaw craftsmanship and fine fit.

TODAY'S TOP VALUES at $8.95 to $11.95

AT STORES EVERYWHERE



BERNY

"36 Years of Quality Shoemaking"

M. T. SHAW, Inc., Coldwater, Mich.

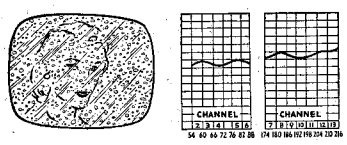
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT TV ANTENNAS AND PICTURE QUALITY

by Harold Harris, V. P., *Engineering and Research, Channel Master Corporation*

Engineers have known for years that the most elaborate TV set with a poor antenna will not perform as well as an inexpensive set with a good antenna. Here are ways a modern, scientifically designed antenna improves picture performance:

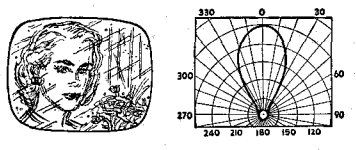
"SNOW" and antenna power



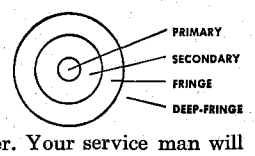
"Snow" is caused by the electronic "noise" in every TV set, and appears only when the signal is received weakly. The more powerful the antenna, the more effectively it will reduce snow, simply because it strengthens the signal. For best reception, it is important that the antenna be powerful on *every* channel, not just on one or two.

"GHOSTS" and antenna directivity

Your antenna picks up one signal directly from the transmitter. A split second later, it may pick up the same signal reflected off buildings or hills, causing "ghosts." A highly "directive" antenna reduces these reflections by rejecting unwanted signals coming from side or back.



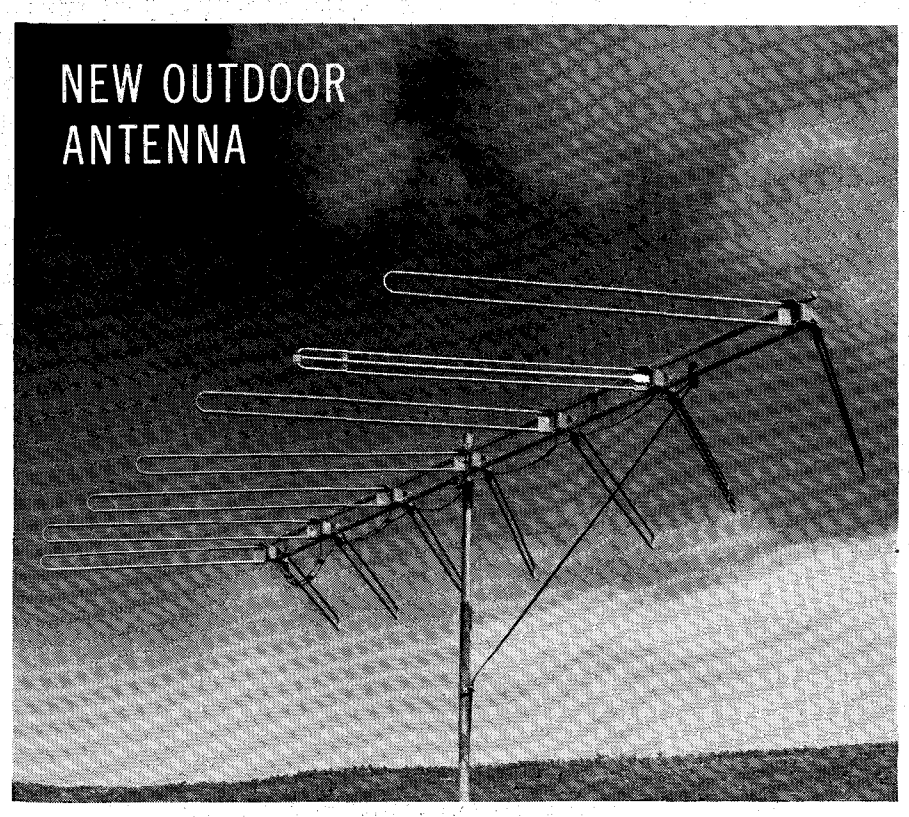
What's your reception area?



The proper antenna for you depends on where you are with respect to the TV transmitter. Your service man will tell you how powerful an antenna you need for best pictures in your area. If you'd like to find out more about antenna design and how it relates to the quality of your pictures, write for free, informative booklet, "Better Pictures on Your TV Set." Address: Channel Master Corp., Ellenville, New York.

BETTER TV PICTURES FOR ALMOST EVERYONE

Two completely new antennas developed by Channel Master electronic research for color or black & white reception



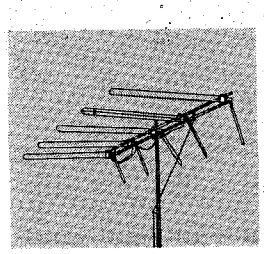
Powerful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *T-W with "Traveling Wave" design improves reception on all channels in all areas*

If you're not getting clear, sharp pictures on *every* channel (2 to 13), there's a completely new kind of antenna scientifically designed to solve your problems. The Channel Master T-W is the first antenna to make practical use of the "Traveling Wave" principle, which electronically reinforces the signal on *all* channels — not just on one or two. No other antenna works so powerfully to eliminate "snow" on the entire TV band. It reaches out to bring in stations beyond the range of present antennas.

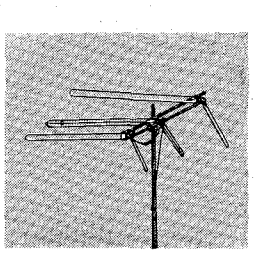
This new design also *rejects unwanted signals*, like reflections or interference from other TV stations. It cuts down on "ghosts" and "venetian blinds"... pulls in at full power the channel you're tuned to. Perfect for color reception.

The Channel Master T-W offers exceptional resistance to wind and ice loading. It's all aluminum . . . can never rust. Double-strength "truss" construction throughout makes it the strongest, sturdiest antenna ever designed . . . means long years of trouble-free reception.

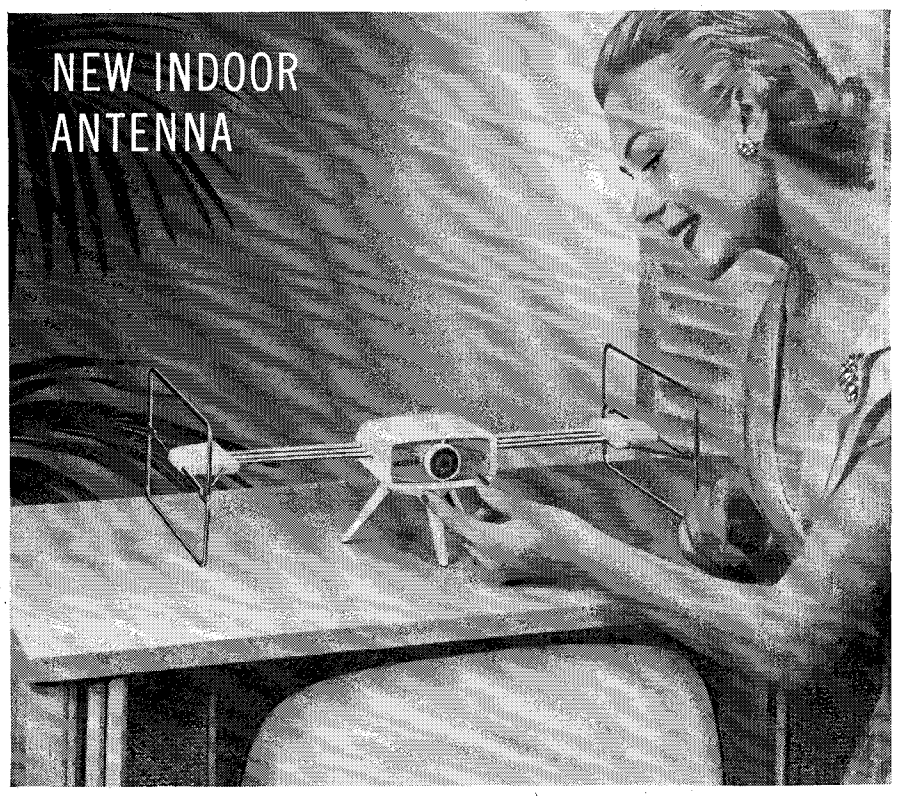
The 7-element T-W provides maximum power for deepest fringe areas. Other models are engineered for near-fringe and suburban areas.



5-ELEMENT T-W is ideal when maximum power is not required. Element for element, any T-W antenna outpulls other antenna designs.



3-ELEMENT T-W provides same high directivity and durable construction for suburban-area use.



Beautiful ***CHANNEL MASTER*** *Showman with "Metro-Dyne" tuning eliminates unsightly, awkward "rabbit ears"*

Now, an indoor antenna that *belongs* in your home—gracefully styled, in colors to blend with any décor. The new Channel Master *Showman* puts an end to ugly and dangerous rods that catch in drapes or stick out into the room. There's no frantic jiggling and guesswork when you switch channels! The new "Metro-Dyne" tuning control works like the channel selector on your TV set—instantly switches the antenna for maximum signal power on any channel . . . brings in clearer, brighter pictures than any old-fashioned indoor antenna. Engineered for color-TV reception, too.

Don't confuse the "Metro-Dyne" control with the switches found on some "rabbit ears," which merely connect up different parts of the antenna. The "Metro-Dyne" control electronically tunes the antenna to the selected channel. It sharply reduces the "ghosts" and interference.

More powerful and efficient than any other indoor antenna, the beautiful new Channel Master *Showman* is fully guaranteed to bring you matchless indoor reception. Choose from three decorator colors—ebony, mahogany, blond. At better stores everywhere.

$17.95
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

For the best picture on any TV set . . .

CHANNEL MASTER

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF TV ANTENNAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 71*) something. Once I took a couple of accordion lessons. But when they found out the price of an accordion, they forgot about it.

My uncle, Johnny Piccento—everyone in my mother's family changed the name to that from Picciuto—was my pal. He was a bug on good physical condition. Uncle Johnny had a crippled left arm. When he first came over to this country he got one of those exercise things with the springs on them that are supposed to strengthen your arms. It didn't help my Uncle Johnny, but he started me working on it. I got so I could pull the bar up across my chest and over my head.

He encouraged me to develop my muscles, and I wanted to be the strongest guy around. I was playing baseball all the time, and they told me a good ballplayer had to have strong wrists and forearms. There was a tree in the back yard of my home, and I used to chin myself on a limb. I did fifteen every morning and fifteen every night.

When I was eleven or so my Uncle Johnny dug up a pair of boxing gloves somewhere, and after a while he put a heavy sand bag in the cellar. For years I punched this bag every day. On account of the ceiling was so low, I had to crouch and hit the bag with a chopping motion. I knocked out Archie Moore and Ezzard Charles with a chop, and it was the same punch I used when I hit that punching bag in my cellar.

My pop was always tired after work and never took me any place. I went everywhere with Uncle Johnny. He was shy on account of his bad arm and he stayed away from other guys his age, so he took me along for company. We went to ball games and fights and rassling matches, and he took me swimming. Every day he pitched to me for hours at James Edgar Playground, right down the street from my house. He bought all my equipment for me. Once he took me to see Primo Carnera, who had just won the heavyweight title. I touched Carnera on the elbow as he walked by me, and I talked about it for weeks afterwards.

I remember my first fight. I was about twelve years old, and I already had a reputation of being the strongest kid around. Allie's uncle set up a ring in his back yard, and Allie promoted a fight between me and a kid named Jimmy DiStasi, who was older and bigger than me. We couldn't hurt each other, because we used great big gloves, but it was a good fight just the same. It was supposed to be a three-round fight, but neither of us got tired after three rounds, so we kept going for ten. It was Jimmy's only fight. To this day he goes around saying he went ten rounds with Rocky Marciano.

The toughest kid around was Julie Durham. He could run and he could fight, and they made him the mascot of the Brockton town baseball team, sponsored by Joe Downey, the mayor of the city. They used to play their games at Edgar's, this huge playground 100 feet from my house where all us kids spent practically every minute of our spare time. Foul balls that went over the backstop landed at the foot of a hill. When the town team played a game, they had Julie at the foot of the hill to keep the kids from getting away with foul balls. When a kid got a ball, he'd run up the hill into the Foster Street Woods with Julie after him. Julie almost always caught the kid and took the ball away from him because nobody wanted to get into a fight with Julie.

Well, one day a tough little kid named Izzy Gold, a real good friend of mine, got a foul ball. When Julie found out Izzy had the ball, he tried to take it away, but Izzy wouldn't let go.

"Gimme that ball or I'll break your head," Julie said. I moved in and said, "Why don't you pick on a guy your size?" Julie turned and said, "You want to fight?" and I said, "Sure, I'll fight you."

By this time there were fifteen or twenty people around, and someone said, "You guys can't fight here. There's a ball game going on across the street. Why don't you go up to the clearing and fight?"

So Julie and me went up there and started fighting. Right away Julie got in a good punch and knocked me down. I got up, and the two of us began belting each other around. I don't know how long the fight lasted, but pretty soon the ball game stopped and everybody—players, umpires and people in the stands—came roaring up the path to see the fight. Finally I got in a real good right and Julie went down for a long count, and when he got up he was spinning and staggering around like a drunk. That was the end of the fight.

Now I was a neighborhood big shot. I was still only about twelve, and I remember I felt like I just won a world's championship or something. I never got so much attention in the world. The kids were coming around saying things like, "Gee, Rock, you looked like a real professional fighter," and, "Wow, did you hit that kid!" From then on, every time

---

The surest way for a small farmer to achieve full parity is to get a job in town.

RAYMOND DUNCAN

---

one of the kids in my gang got into trouble, someone would yell, "Hey, Rocky!" and I was expected to straighten things out. On account of my fight with Julie Durham I had a reputation, so I really didn't have to fight much. All I had to do was show up and there'd be no more argument.

Every Sunday there was a crap game in that clearing in the woods where Julie and me had the fight. At first it was just a neighborhood game, with maybe twenty-five or thirty guys going up there to shoot crap after church. But after a while a bookie named Pegleg Pete started coming in from Providence to run the game. He brought one of those folding chairs and he sat right down. Then he opened up a chart with odds printed on it, like in a regular gambling joint, and spread it in front of him. After that he pulled out a pistol and laid it down beside him, just to make sure everyone knew who was the boss.

It wasn't a real big game, but Uncle Mike once came home with 200 bucks. I never made any money, but I once shot for eighty-four bucks and crapped out. The Italians are great gamblers. Angie Cesarini—he lives in Chicago now and is still one of my best friends—picked up a penny under a tree in Edgar Playground, and ran it up to forty bucks in a blackjack game under another tree. Once one of the guys lost all his dough in the crap game up in the clearing and walked out. Half an hour later he came back with a gun and a mask on his face and heisted the game. Everyone knew who he was, but nobody could stop him. He just scooped up all the dough in sight and ran.

We got a new priest at St. Patrick's Church named Rev. Jeremiah Minnehan. He formed a C.Y.O. baseball team, and we all played for him. I was the catcher. I sometimes played two games a day—one for St. Patrick's and the other for the American Legion team we played on.

I didn't get to church as often as I should on account of the crap game. One Sunday Father Minnehan drove up in his car and asked for me. A kid ran up the path and yelled, "Hey, Rocky, Father Minnehan wants you right away!" I picked up the few bucks I had and stuffed them in my pocket, and ran down the hill as fast as I could.

"What are you doing in there?" Father Minnehan asked when he saw me coming out of the woods.

"Oh," I says, "a bunch of us fellers was just playing a little dice."

He blew his top. "You heathen!" he yelled. "You pig! Only one day a week you're supposed to be in church, and look what you're doing! What am I going to do with you? Your folks are good Catholics. Why aren't you?"

I told him I was sorry, and he looked at me and says, "I have a mind to throw you off the ball club. Not only you but all those other boys who play in that gambling game instead of going to church."

Well, I got all the guys together—Allie and Vinny Colombo and their cousins, Gene and Nicky Sylvester, and Teddy Mason and Red O'Connor and Red Gormley—and I said, "Look, let's go to church and please Father Minnehan, he's such a nice guy. The other priests never come down and have batting practice with us. Besides, if we don't go to church, he'll throw us off the ball club." We were all pretty good about going to church after that.

All I ever thought about was sports. I was the only sophomore to make the football team at Brockton High School. It was a big school—the only one in a city of 65,000 people—and Marion Roberts, the coach, was very tough about letting sophomores play on the varsity. When I first reported, he said, "What position do you play?"

"I'm a back," I said. "I can pass pretty good."

"Well," he said, "you'll do your passing between your legs. From now on you're a center."

I played one season in 1940, and after it was over, Uncle Johnny said, "Rocky, I think you should go to work. I know where you can make four dollars a day. Your folks can use the money. You know, your father isn't too well."

At dinner that night, after I did my paper route and we was all sitting around the table, I said, "Uncle Johnny can get me a job making four bucks a day five days a week—that's twenty dollars."

Right away mom says, "No, no, *figlio mio!* You got to finish school. We want you to graduate."

"Look," I said, "I ain't a good student and I don't like school. I can make twenty dollars a week and play so much baseball that I can be in the big leagues in a few years."

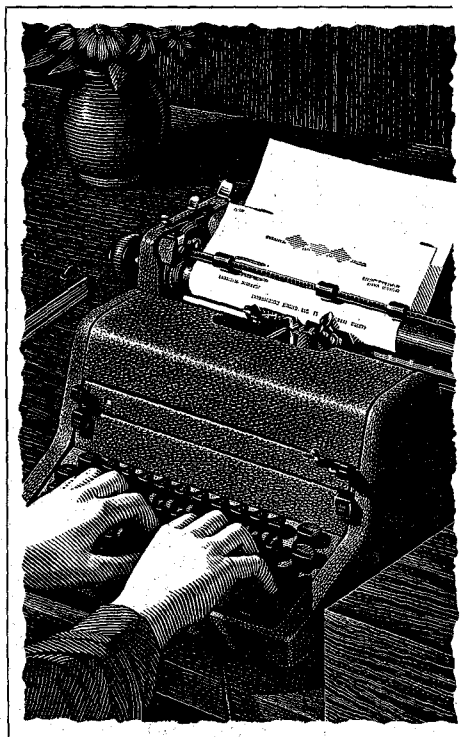
"Hah," mom says. "Who's done good in baseball around here? Everybody plays, but nobody makes any money at it."

In the middle of the discussion, Uncle Johnny walked in from downstairs, and mom really gave it to him. The two of them argued back and forth, and finally I said, "Mom, let me go to work. I want to help out. Maybe things will pick up later, and I promise you I'll go to night school and maybe even graduate."

After a while she agreed, and I went to work on a coal truck for fifty cents an hour. It was hard work, but I liked it, because I got plenty of chance to use my muscles. I stayed on that job maybe three or four months. Then I got what looked like a better deal in a candy factory, mixing candy in those big vats, but it didn't last very long. Then I tried working in a shoe factory, but I couldn't stand the smell. After four days, I quit.

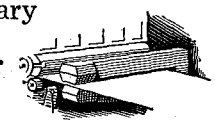
"It's good you're out of the shoe factory," pop said. "It's no good for you, Rocky. Look at me—all the years on Number Seven machine, and I got nowhere. Do anything, but don't work in the shoe shops."

I went from one thing to another—a job in a wire factory for maybe forty-five cents an hour, then working in a diner as



Visibly better Plover Bond costs so little more there's no need to settle for less

You can be *sure* your company's letterhead is creating favorable impressions when it's printed on *visibly better* PLOVER BOND. And, you can enjoy the prestige of PLOVER BOND quality for just pennies more a day than the cost of ordinary paper. For sharper, cleaner printed and typewritten impressions, PLOVER BOND is continuously scanned in production by the AccuRay. This atomic-age instrument assures uniformity of paper weight and thickness never before possible.



Let PLOVER BOND bring a bonus of better impressions to your business correspondence. Your printer has it.

WHITING-PLOVER PAPER COMPANY, STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN.

permanized

PLOVER BOND

rag content

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a short-order cook. Then the war broke out and I started doing defense work. First I was clearing land for a factory in South Weymouth, cutting brush with a sickle, and then I got a job helping to build a blimp hangar. We could work as long hours as we liked, and I made big money overtime. Once I gave mom the closed envelope, and she opened it up and counted out 150 bucks. I felt sorry for pop that day. He sort of hung his head when he saw me, a seventeen-year-old kid, come home with all that money. Until then, the most he ever made in a week was about forty bucks.

After the hangars were built at Weymouth, I went to Taunton, about thirteen miles from Brockton, where they were building Camp Myles Standish, an embarkation center. I got $1.25 an hour, and I stayed there until I was drafted about a year later in 1943.

I was a year or so in the States, and then I went overseas with the 348th Combat Engineers. I won about $1300 in a crap game on the ship, but I loaned it all out and never collected a dime of it. That taught me a lesson. Ever since then, I've been very careful with my money.

Twice in the Army I got into fights, once with a supply sergeant at Camp Myles Standish, and once with a big Australian at a pub in Wales. The fight with the sergeant was supervised by the captain. I hurt the guy pretty badly and he quit in the first round. The fight in Wales was strictly a brawl. The other guy was loud and nasty, and we finally went at it. I knocked him out with one punch.

But I didn't do any formal boxing until I got to Fort Lewis, Washington, after the war was over. I still had eight months to serve, and I entered an Army boxing tournament. It was the first time in my life I had ever been in a ring with spectators and everything. The guy I was fighting dressed in the same room with me. He was talking in a loud voice about how he was a pro and what he was going to do to me. He didn't scare me, because I knew I was in good enough condition so he couldn't hurt me. But I knew I could lose, and I wondered what it would feel like to lose a fight in front of all those people.

We got out to the ring and this other guy was warming up in his corner, shadow-boxing and everything. The trainer asked me, "How many fights have you had, kid?" and I told him this was my first. "Well," he says, "you look like a good strong boy. You got nothing to worry about." We boxed three rounds. I didn't knock the other guy out, but I won the decision. The post newspaper wrote it up, and for the first time in my life I saw my name in print as a boxer.

I won four more fights out there, all by knockouts. Then I came home for a fifteen-day furlough. My first day home I saw Allie Colombo, who was also on furlough. He was a sergeant, stationed at Westover Field, Massachusetts, where he worked in Operations.

"Hey, Rock," he said, "I hear you're fightin'."

I says, "Yeah, pal, look at this," and I showed him the clippings from the Army paper. We talked about it for a while, and then I said, "Gee, I wonder if I can get a fight here in Brockton before I go back."

My Uncle Mike knew a guy named Gene Caggiano who promoted amateur fights in Brockton. He caused me a lot of trouble later, but I'll get to that another time. Anyhow, Caggiano agreed to put me on one of his fight cards at Hibernian Hall. He agreed to give me thirty bucks, even though these were amateur bouts. It was kind of bootleg boxing.

I had to be there at eight o'clock, and mom picked that night to have a big family dinner for me. She didn't know I was boxing, so I had to eat everything and act like it was just another night going out with the guys. I got to the arena stuffed from all the food, and I was still full when I went into the ring.

It was a scheduled four-rounder, and my opponent was a tough kid named Ted Lester. Allie found out later that he had been runner-up in the New England heavyweight championships two years in a row. Caggiano had promised somebody more in my class, but said he couldn't get anyone and had to fill out the card with Lester. I did pretty good in the first two rounds, but in the third Lester starts working on my body. I backed against the ropes, which were loose, and they sagged. My feet went out from under me and as I stumbled, I kicked him accidentally. The referee disqualified me and gave the fight to Lester. This was my first home-town fight and I lost it.

Back at Fort Lewis, I qualified for the 1945 national junior A.A.U. boxing championships at Portland, Oregon, and our ball club qualified for the A.A.U. baseball championships at Tacoma, Washington. I decided to go to Portland. It was the first time I'd ever picked boxing over baseball when I had a choice.

I had three fights at Portland, and won the first two by knockouts in the first minute of the first round. But I didn't know how to punch right, and I broke the knuckle on the forefinger of my left hand. The bone was jammed almost up into my wrist. I went out for the final anyhow—it was the same night—and I lost a three-round decision to a boy from Boston named Joe De Angelis.

So there I was with a busted knuckle, and I had to go to the hospital. An Army doctor who was a Japanese-American fixed up a special splint so my knuckle would heal right. He did a wonderful job. If he hadn't, I'd never have been able to fight again. I wish I could think of his name, so I could thank him.

On the way home to Brockton after getting my discharge, I stopped in Chicago to see a pal of mine whose old man was a fight manager. The guy looks me over and says, "Forget boxing, boy. You'll get killed. Why, I know lightweights with a longer reach than you got."

But I got hold of Allie, who was home on furlough, the minute I got back to Brockton, and he said he thought he could get me a pro fight in the Valley Arena at Holyoke, in the western part of Massachusetts. Allie had a friend at Westover named Dick O'Connor who knew Oriel Renault, the Holyoke promoter. About a week later, Allie called and told me I was booked to fight a guy named Lee Epperson on March 17, 1947, for fifty bucks.

I had just got a job with the gas company, but they gave me the day off. I got there at 2:30 in the afternoon. Allie and Dick O'Connor met me. After the weigh-in, I went to Dick's house, where I had a steak and rested for a while. Then we went to the arena.

There was trouble the minute we got there. Renault, the promoter, blew his stack when Allie mentioned the fifty bucks.

"Fifty bucks? We don't pay no fifty bucks!" he yelled. "Who told you you'd get fifty bucks?"

"Mr. O'Connor, the guy that got us the fight," said Allie.

"Well, O'Connor's wrong! We pay thirty-five bucks for four-rounders!"

"Look," Allie said, "I told this kid he'd get fifty bucks and he gave up a day's work at the gas company and came all the way from Brockton for this fight. He has to pay fifteen bucks for a boxing license. By the time he gets through it'll cost him money."

We finally settled for thirty-five bucks cash, with Renault paying for the license, which was like getting the whole fifty. I boxed under the name of Rocky Mack, since it was St. Patrick's Day, and knocked Epperson out in the first round. The record books still carry the date of that fight as February twenty-first, but it was March seventeenth.

Right after that, I went to Fayetteville, North Carolina, with Vinny Colombo, Gene Sylvester and Red Gormley for a baseball tryout. Ralph Wheeler, a Chicago Cubs scout, arranged for us to go. Gene was the only one who stuck. Vinny Colombo was cut first and he left. My arm went bad, but they let me hang around a month. Then Red and me got dropped the same day.

We were ashamed to go home failures. Tully Colombo was playing for the Goldsboro, North Carolina, Bugs in the Class D Coastal Plain League, so we went to see him. He got us both tryouts with Goldsboro and I played a couple of games, but I couldn't throw at all. Red didn't make it either.

After that, I went back to fighting as an amateur for more than a year, and won all but one fight. It was in the finals of the Golden Gloves. I lost a real close decision to Coley Wallace at Ridgewood Grove in Brooklyn on March 1, 1948. I got a lot of publicity out of it because Wallace was hot then, and they were talking about him becoming the next Joe Louis if he turned pro.

Just before the Wallace fight I met Barbara Cousens at a dance in Brockton. Her father was a policeman. We started going together. This was the first time I ever got serious about a girl. I finally managed to marry her three and a half years later, as I said in the first installment.

It was back there in 1948 that Gene Caggiano, the promoter of amateur fights, put on a boxing show. He hired a hall and promised $100 for my share if we'd sell tickets. We sold enough to fill up the place, and we helped put up the ring. Allie and a couple of other guys even installed the seats. The next day Caggiano offered me forty bucks. When I refused it, he put the money in an envelope and delivered it to my mother.

We were still arguing over that when it came time for me to enter the New England Olympic tryouts in June, 1948, at Boston. I knocked out Sal Fischera in the second round and hurt my hand badly. I still beat a guy named George McGinnis in the final that same night. But because of the hand, I couldn't go to New York with the team. Not only that, but I had to take a leave of absence from the gas company because I couldn't work.

We were still trying to collect the rest of the dough Caggiano owed me, and one night we asked him to come to a sort of family conference in the parlor of my house. By that time we had moved to Dover Street, across the playground from the old house on Brook. I remember my pop was there, along with Allie Colombo, Uncle Mike Piccento, my uncle, Dominic Prosper, and Lester Cousens, Barbara's father.

Caggiano came, and he and Allie got into a terrible argument. Caggiano refused to give me another dime, and Allie insisted he owed us sixty bucks. Finally Allie said, "Well, it won't make any difference. I think Rocky's going to turn professional anyhow. . . . Aren't you, Rocky?"

"Sure," I said. "I guess I'll turn pro."

Caggiano said I wasn't ready. He said I'd get murdered. It was like a challenge right there in that room. I remember pop said, "If my boy fights professional, you can bet he'll make a good name for himself." Everybody else nodded, and I remember thinking I'd turn pro and show this guy Caggiano.

Finally he walked out. We all sat around and talked for a while. I was making sixty-five or seventy bucks a week at the gas company, but I couldn't work until my hand healed.

Uncle Mike turned to pop and said, "You want Rocky to be a pro? You know, if he does he won't make much money at first."

"That's all right," said pop. "If my boy wants to be a professional fighter, I want him to do it. We can get along all right for a while."

Allie had saved up a little money from the Army. He agreed to give up his job and work with me. We decided I could keep in shape walking and working with the bags with one hand, and then, after the other one healed, really go into serious training.

When the guys in the Ward Two Club heard about the decision, they threw me a stag party and raised a little purse to help me along. When I hurt my hand, it cost me maybe $125 for doctor and hospital bills, and the fellers in the club wanted to be sure I could keep going.

One day Allie and I were doing road work, and Allie said, "You know, Rocky, we ought to go see Joe Monte." Joe Monte was an old-time fighter who lost an eye in the ring. He was a well-known guy around Brockton, where he acted as a judge at fights and all. He'd seen me box several times, and always gave me encouragement. We decided to ask his advice.

"You're a good fighter, Rocky," he says. "You got a great punch and you can go a long ways. Get yourself a good manager and give all your time to this thing. Give it everything you've got."

"Where can we get a manager?" Allie asked.

Joe Monte looked at me and then at Allie, and finally back at me again.

"Rocky," he says, "don't make the same mistake I did. I got a Boston manager, and he didn't have the right connections. You got to get away from Boston. You want to hit the big time, and there's only one way to do it. You and Allie, both of you, you got to get out of town. Go to New York and get one of them big-time managers. It's the only way."

Editors' Note—This is the second of six articles. The third will appear next week.

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a child is seen and not heard, you're probably using field glasses.

You can usually recognize men who are disappointed in love. They're husbands.

Sunday drivers are unpredictable. You never know what day of the week you'll run into one.

America is still the land of opportunity. Where else could you go so far into debt?

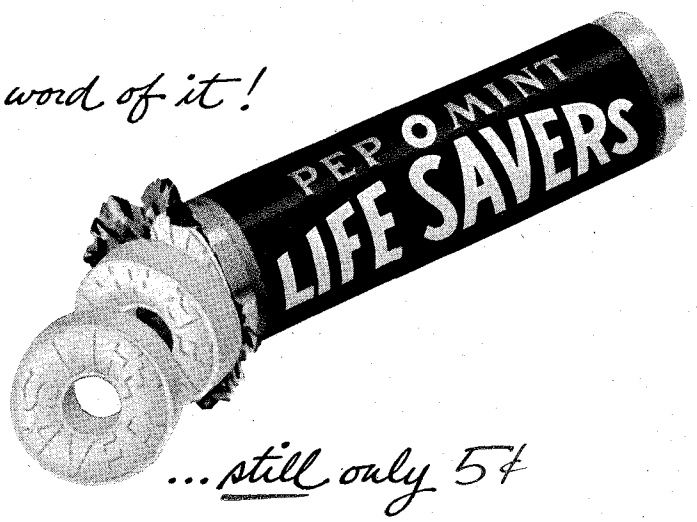
When a dog saves for a rainy day, it's apt to be energetic affection.

You've reached middle age when you fall asleep resisting temptation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHERRY · GARLIC · SCALLIONS
LIMBURGER · CIGARS · BRANDY
CHILI · ONIONS · CAMEMBERT
SALAMI · CIGARETTES · RUM
ALE · SCALLIONS · SCOTCH
BRANDY · LIMBURGER · GARLIC
CAMEMBERT · CIGARS · CHILI
ONIONS · SALAMI · SHERRY
CIGARETTES · ALE · SCALLIONS
RUM

Whatever your secret passion—
Life Savers won't breathe a word of it!



...still only 5¢

CHILI
LIMBURGER
CIGARS · ALE
SCALLIONS · GARLIC · SHERRY
SALAMI · RUM · CIGARETTES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four-Footed Cops (Continued from Page 39)

of five men in the act of stealing a parked car. The policeman grabbed one man; the four others ran. The dog, sent after them, rounded up all four as though they were sheep, and fetched them back. Then he was ordered to guard them while the boss went round the corner to telephone for the wagon. Returning, the policeman found what experience had led him to expect: five thieves afraid to move a muscle while the dog sat there glaring.

Dogs are often better than human police at impressing wrongdoers. Twenty years ago football crowds in Berkeley, California, developed a smart-alecky habit of gate-crashing local movie theaters en masse. The police could not handle the problem. Finally, local patrolmen were encouraged as individuals to buy and use educated dogs. That ended gate crashing. Show-off kids would rush a dozen cops, but they wouldn't rush a solitary cop beside a big dog with teeth gleaming, ears alert, eyes narrowly intent on the approaching crowd.

Generations ago the Paris police found that large, smart dogs were their best helpers in dealing with the notorious apache gangs. From Sweden to Spain to Suez, Old World police have long relied on canine colleagues. The Canadian Mounties have used them for twenty years in seeking out lost people and catching fugitives.

In the United States, however, few cops use dogs, unless they are trackers, such as bloodhounds. Berkeley dropped them long ago, largely because of legal problems involved in private ownership. Now two of our largest city police forces are thinking of trying dogs, and a fifteen-dog unit is training for Portland, Oregon. But that's all.

The indifference is often ascribed to timidity about public reaction to police employment of dogs. A cynic once suggested that things might be different if dogs could vote. However that may be, the public that pays policemen's salaries probably needs to know more about the work that dogs are already doing for the United States armed forces, as well as for several kinds of civilian outfits.

Take the late Steve Ryder's bar and grill on York Avenue, New York City. Steve once got held up as he took the day's receipts to the bank's night-depository at three A.M. He tried locking the cash in his back room overnight. So every month or so, four times running, somebody broke in and cleaned him out. In disgust he consulted John and William Behan, whose Canine College in West Redding, Connecticut, trains dogs for security tasks.

The Behans educated for him a young German shepherd named Lucky, and then invited all Steve's neighbors into the bar to show what this clever beast could do in the way of pinning down an intruder. It was made very clear that Lucky—all eighty pounds of him—would have the run of the premises nightly after closing. Steve's cash-hungry burglar may not have attended this show. But on York Avenue, as elsewhere, things get around. The burglaries stopped.

I got essentially the same story on a larger scale from the Naval Air Station at Miramar, California, where twenty-two German shepherds guard 6600 acres of warehouses and storage area. After the dogs went to work, monthly sneak-thievery losses went down from $2000 to $200. With equal effectiveness, 1000 sentry-and-dog teams patrol ammunition dumps and other sensitive areas for the Army, in the Far East and Europe. The Air Force has over 1500 dogs on such work, here and abroad, and wants more. One of their tasks is guarding bomber bases of the Strategic Air Command, the heart of our global striking force.

The use of police dogs has grown in the Air Force largely as a result of sneak thievery in the Far East. Korean and Okinawan civilians were raiding ammo dumps for explosives to make fishing bombs, and stealing nylon flare parachutes to make clothing. Tampering with live bombs or flares is dangerous, but that never stopped the thieves. And after dark their silent, creeping approach baffled armed sentries.

But a sentry dog, under fair conditions, can hear an intruder breathing a long way off and smell him still farther. At a far-north aircraft-warning post, in fog limiting visibility to five feet, an Air Police dog under test has picked up sixteen "sneak thieves" of whom his handler was unaware, overlooking none.

When alerted by the dog to an unauthorized presence, the AP handler can say, "Get him!" and loose his canine helper to rush his man, grab his weapon arm and hold him for orders. German shepherds bought in 1952 in Japan—where the breed has long been popular—just about put the ammo-dump thieves out of business. In a Korean installation one dog picked up five intruders in fifteen minutes. At a certain Okinawan base annual losses totaling over $100,000 were cut to almost nothing by fifteen dogs at $400 apiece, including the cost of their education.

Drowsiness, the night sentry's old foe, is dispelled by the presence of a comradely, hairy co-watchman whose growls, whines and ear twitchings tell whether that faint rustle over yonder is just a vagrant rabbit or an infiltrator. Regulations say these AP dog handlers must pack .45 pistols on duty, so they do. But all agree they'd rather have Prince or Butch or Caesar along than any firearm.

What a great thing Butch would be for a big-city cop covering a lot of dark alleys in a tough neighborhood! In some such areas—for good reason—patrolmen always work in pairs. Yet a dog costing perhaps $300 a year to maintain could replace one of the policemen, freeing him for duty elsewhere.

Air Police dog handlers all admit that a big, tough dog is a great comfort on their lonesome rounds in the dark of night. Dog and man become comrades. It's not unusual for London policemen to take their canine side-kicks home with them off duty. Some AP dog handlers reenlist to avoid separation from their great gray beasts.

Comradeship is even built into the system. The Army Dog Training Center at Camp Carson, Colorado, trains man and dog together. The gist of the training is to convince Butch that his man is a god, and everybody else a fiend. Ideally, a man always works with the same dog. The Canadian Mounties try to keep a dog with the same master all his working life. When he gets too old for duty, they may give him to the handler for a pet. To prevent a division of his affection between new active dog and old retired dog, they may change his assignment.

In the Air Police, a dog's ten-year working life doesn't jibe with handlers' shorter military careers; the dog may be introduced to a succession of bosses. Six weeks of retraining usually reconciles the dog to such change without much loss of efficiency. But to keep shifts of loyalty to a minimum, Air Policemen may volunteer for dog work only when they still have at least thirty months to serve.

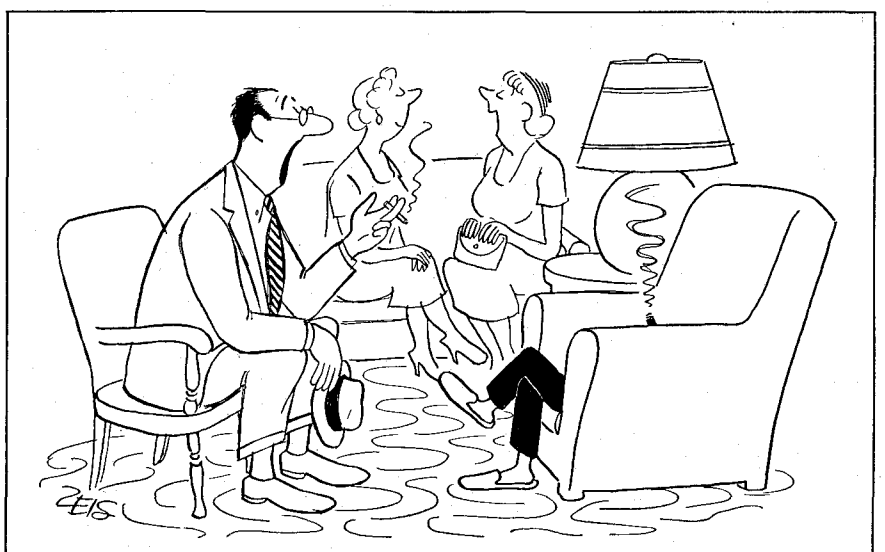
Each AP dog handler grooms his dog every day, records his food intake as carefully as if he were a slimming actress, and gives him an hour or so of refresher training in standard obedience—sit, stay, heel, fetch and crawl. For all this, Butch wears a choke-chain training collar, which to him means "off duty." But when the boss puts him into his broad leather working collar, an astonishing change occurs.

I first witnessed the change while observing Kagan, Tarzan, Jet, Derby, Ingo, Sandy, Blitz, Lance, Curt, Barr and Pepper, sentry dogs at Plattsburg Air Force Base at Lake Champlain. Going through their obedience paces for visitors, they had the air of genial entries in a dog-show contest. But the moment they felt that leather collar—their signal for alert to duty—they turned into snarling furies, lunging against their leads to get at us strangers.

"If a dog happens to break loose," said the sergeant in charge, "don't try to run. Only safe thing is to freeze."

"I like dogs," said the colonel, nominally the dogs' commanding officer, "but I never yet dared pet one of these, even when they're on the choke collar." Seeing these dogs alerted makes it easier to believe the officially authenticated story of how Chips—a 5th Army sentry dog in World War II—once captured the entire crew of a German machine gun.

As part of the refresher training, here comes a strange figure garbed from chin to toes in loose-ribbed padding as thick as an umpire's chest protector. This is the "fall guy" for the dogs to practice on. On command, Butch rushes Fall Guy and seizes one of his arms, holding on, despite all struggling, until the boss comes up, calls him off or pulls him off, if necessary, and searches the "intruder." Butch sits and watches, quivering with the obvious hope that Fall Guy will try to start something. When he makes a gesture threatening the boss, Butch knocks him flat. Then, while Fall Guy is being marched off to a theoretical guardhouse, he tries to break and run—and Butch nails him in two great leaps. Sometimes Fall Guy hides out at night in sensitive areas; finding him will help to keep the dogs sharp. The role of Fall Guy rotates among handlers, because it is, understandably, unpopular. With a new protection suit, the risk of getting bitten is low, but it's no fun to have seventy-five pounds of dog trying to tear your arm out by the roots. These animals have immense power and stamina. Even though chained to a heavy wooden shipping kennel, a huge AP German shepherd once took off after a passing rabbit and came within an ace of catching it. Once a Scotland Yard dog stepped on a transit-line third rail, and was tossed high in the air by a heavy jolt of electricity; he got back on his feet and nailed his man.



"They tell me you're a jockey."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For the K-9 Corps of World War II, Uncle Sam borrowed dogs under promise of reconditioning them for civilian life and returning them after the war. In a number of cases the reconditioning did not work out. So the Pentagon now buys dogs of war outright. The Army Quartermaster Corps, Remount Branch, originally set up to procure horses and mules, advertises constantly for German shepherds—males preferred—one to three years old, sixty to ninety pounds, in good condition.

Most armed-services dogs have pedigrees, but Remount welcomes the unpedigreed if they add up to a reasonable facsimile of the German-shepherd type, with loyalty, intelligence and high but controllable aggressiveness. Serious-mindedness is wanted too. The Mounties had to dismiss from the service a young German shepherd that took training well, but when in the field on police business, frivolously chased field mice and butterflies. Such failures are not common.

By the pup's first birthday, experts can usually estimate his future temperament. Up to that age even experts are unsure—hence Remount's refusal of pups under a year old. Hence also trouble finding enough recruits, even at prices up to $150. Kennels aren't interested, because a fast-growing German shepherd will eat up the profit in breeding him before his first year is out. So Remount relies largely on owners seeking a good future for a pup that they can't keep.

After final screening at Carson, he's in the Army, with service number tattooed inside his ear or on his flank. Butch gets neither GI benefits nor leave. But one Carson dog named Eagle did manage to go over the hill last year, staying out several months before reappearing in surprisingly sleek condition. Retrained, he is now doing fine as sentry.

Remount specifies German shepherds partly because they are more widely available than most other big, tough breeds, partly because they can stand the range of climates in which the armed forces operate. Dobermans—equally smart and rugged—are too thin-coated for arctic cold or for the thorns and insects of the tropics. But they proved to be the trick when R. H. Macy's department store in New York City wanted dogs to work on its sneak-thievery problem. Francis X. Fay, Macy's director of security, says the heavy-coated shepherds go sluggish after hours of patrolling a heated store, whereas Dobermans stay nippy all the way.

Macy's dogs, trained at the Canine College, went (*Continued on Page 80*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's there...but you can't see it

YOU NEVER SEE the element silicon in nature. Yet it's hidden everywhere—in sand, rocks, clays and soils, and even in amethyst and many other semiprecious stones. In fact, of all the elements, silicon is second only to oxygen in abundance.

Modern science has made silicon one of our most versatile and useful servants, but at the same time has followed nature's pattern of keeping it out of sight.

You can't see the silicon in metals, but steel is stronger and more uniform when it contains small amounts of silicon. Larger amounts of silicon are added to steel used in generators and transformers, and in motors that bring the magic of electricity into our homes. Silicon adds to the usefulness of aluminum in many important applications.

For many years, the people of Union Carbide have been extracting silicon from its hiding places in nature for use in metal-making. And now they are working with silicon's exciting chemical offspring—silicones, used for everything from improved furniture polishes to new rubber-like products.

FREE: *Learn how Union Carbide products and research help satisfy basic human needs. Write for "Products and Processes" booklet XG.*

UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION
30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED, Toronto

UCC's Trade-marked Products include

ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals
Dynel Textile Fibers
UNION CARBIDE Silicones
CRAG Agricultural Chemicals
SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics
EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze
NATIONAL Carbons
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys
UNION Carbide
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene
LINDE Oxygen
PYROFAX Gas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIKE

then here's a real treat...

FREE

Firearms Exhibits during OPEN HOUSE at 40,000 MOSSBERG DEALERS

NEW

3-SHOT, PUMP ACTION, 12-GA. MULTIPLE-CHOKE SHOTGUNS

Light (only 7½ lbs.), perfect balance, velvet-smooth pump action. Genuine walnut, one-piece, Monte Carlo stock with recoil pad. Checkered beavertail fore-end of Nylon with lifetime guarantee. Clip holds 2 shells with one in chamber. Hence, with an extra clip you can get off 5 shots quicker than with any other 3-shot shotgun—and instantly change type of ammunition. Disconnecting trigger avoids inadvertent "doubles." Thumb operated safety. Firing position indicator. Receiver sight. Shoots all 2¾" shells and new Magnums, also rifled slugs.

200K, fitted with C-LECT-CHOKE **$52.95**

200D, with Full and Improved Cylinder Choke Tubes **$49.95**

MODEL 200K ILLUSTRATED

Mossberg—the youngest of the principal firearms manufacturers—has made a place for itself in the field by pioneering with new features and conveniences that mean more gun for the money.

- It was Mossberg who produced the first rifles with receivers grooved for telescope sights—the first shotguns sold with variable chokes—the first rifles with ramp front and receiver peep sights—the first rifles with hinged fore-end forming hand grip—first with large, custom-style beavertail stocks—first with popular price telescope sights—and many other "firsts" or "exclusives."

- And behind every Mossberg is the tradition of fine gun-making brought to this country half a century ago by Oscar F. Mossberg, the founder, who learned gun-smithing in his native Sweden. You'll own a Mossberg with pride and satisfaction.

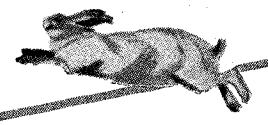
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTING FIREARMS?

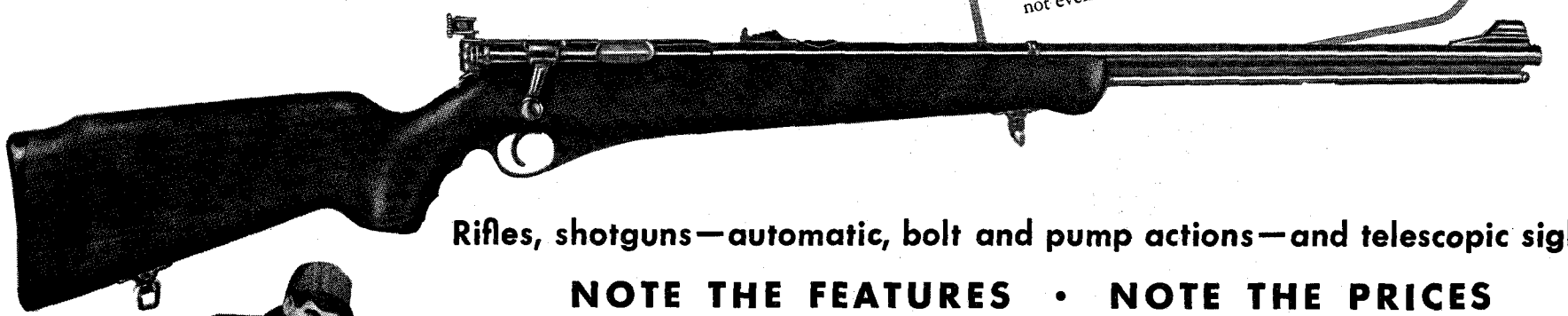
A natural liking for sporting firearms—it's as American as Yankee Doodle. Some like 'em for hunting, some for target shooting, for trap or skeet, some just to have 'em, perhaps to display on the wall.

So 40,000 Mossberg dealers, beginning Saturday, Sept. 22 and through the month of October, are having OPEN HOUSE. *And you're invited.*

Drop in; look 'em over; browse around, as your Mossberg dealer's guest. If you like sporting firearms there's a big treat in store for you!



TUBULAR REPEATING RIFLE DE LUXE (22 cal.) with world's largest magazine capacity—30 "Shorts" or 22 Long Rifle cartridges. *Three* precision built sights—ramp front, with 4 interchangeable inserts, and hinged peep and open rear sights, both adjustable for windage and elevation. And that's not even *half* the story. This one has everything! **MODEL 146B $33.95**



Rifles, shotguns—automatic, bolt and pump actions—and telescopic sights

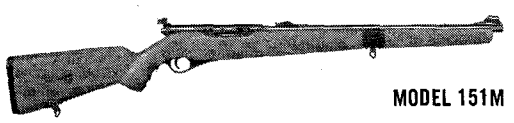
NOTE THE FEATURES • NOTE THE PRICES

All stocks are genuine, hand rubbed walnut. All rifles have receivers grooved for quick mounting of telescope sights. All pump and bolt action shotguns and bolt action rifles have Mossberg's positive, thumb-operated safeties with clearly visible indicators on small of stock.

MODEL 151K

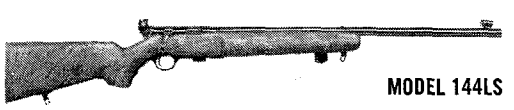
MODEL 140K

"SPORTER" TYPE RIFLES (22 cal.) *with open sights. Stocks* in Monte Carlo design with custom-type cheek piece. No. 151K is 15-shot automatic with trouble-free straight line feed through stock. No. 140K is bolt action, 7-shot, clip magazine repeater. Excellent for target shooting.
151K $36.95 **140K $28.95**



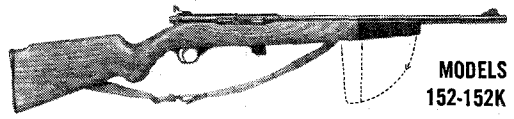
MODEL 151M

AUTOMATIC RIFLE DE LUXE (22 cal.) Mannlicher-type, with long fore-end on stock. Holds 15 cartridges. Smooth, trouble-free action. Ramp front, open rear and hinged peep sights. One of the finest, at *any* price.
$39.95

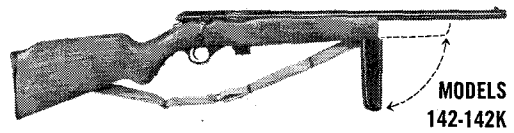


MODEL 144LS

TARGET RIFLE (22 cal.) positively unsurpassed in accuracy at anywhere near the price. 7-shot, bolt action clip repeater. Famous Lyman sights, special target stock, with cheek piece, heavy barrel, adjustable trigger pull, and many other features for top marksmanship.
$46.95



MODELS 152-152K



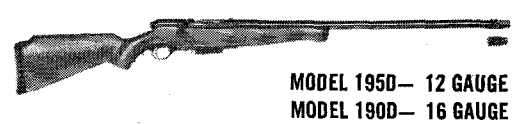
MODELS 142-142K

ARMY TYPE CARBINES (22 cal.) 7-shot, clip fed, for hunting and plinking. Wt. 5 lbs. Black, hinged fore-end usable in "down" position as hand grip or ground rest in prone shooting. Choice of automatic or bolt action. Choice of open ("K" models), or peep sights.
152-152K (Autos) $34.95 **142-142K (bolt action) $27.95**

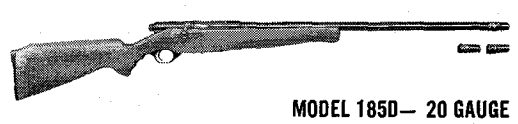
MODEL 195K—12 GAUGE
MODEL 190K—16 GAUGE
MODEL 185K—20 GAUGE

3-SHOT REPEATING SHOTGUNS WITH C-LECT-CHOKE for instant, positive settings at Full, Modified or Improved Cylinder Bore. Bolt action, quick detachable clip magazine, barrel vents, recoil pad. For all 2¾" shells, new Magnums and rifled slugs... Also Model 183K, 410 ga., for 3" shells and slugs. Only 410 gun with adjustable choke. No barrel vents or recoil pad.
195K $37.95 **190K $36.95** **185K $34.95** **183K $32.95**

new "COVEY" Hand Trap
Throws 1, 2, or 3 standard Clay Targets. Light aluminum—easy to use. **$9.95**



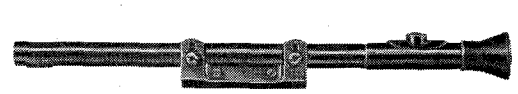
MODEL 195D— 12 GAUGE
MODEL 190D— 16 GAUGE



MODEL 185D— 20 GAUGE
MODEL 183D—410 GAUGE

3-SHOT REPEATING SHOTGUNS WITH CHANGEABLE CHOKE TUBES. Tubes are precision machined and pattern tested. Here's quick selection of choke—in the field—at minimum cost. Smooth, trouble-free action. Fine accuracy.
195D $34.95 **190D $33.95**
185D $29.95 **183D $28.95**

MODEL 4M4 FOR RIFLES WITH GROOVED RECEIVERS.



MODEL 2M4 WITH SCREW MOUNT. HEIGHT ADJUSTABLE.

4-POWER, RIFLE TELESCOPE SIGHTS with exclusive, micrometer click, internal adjustment feature. All lens surfaces hard coated to increase light and assure clear, sharp image. Fit practically all makes of rifles up to 25-20 caliber. High quality, precision optical instruments that add great fun and increased accuracy to shooting. **$10.95**

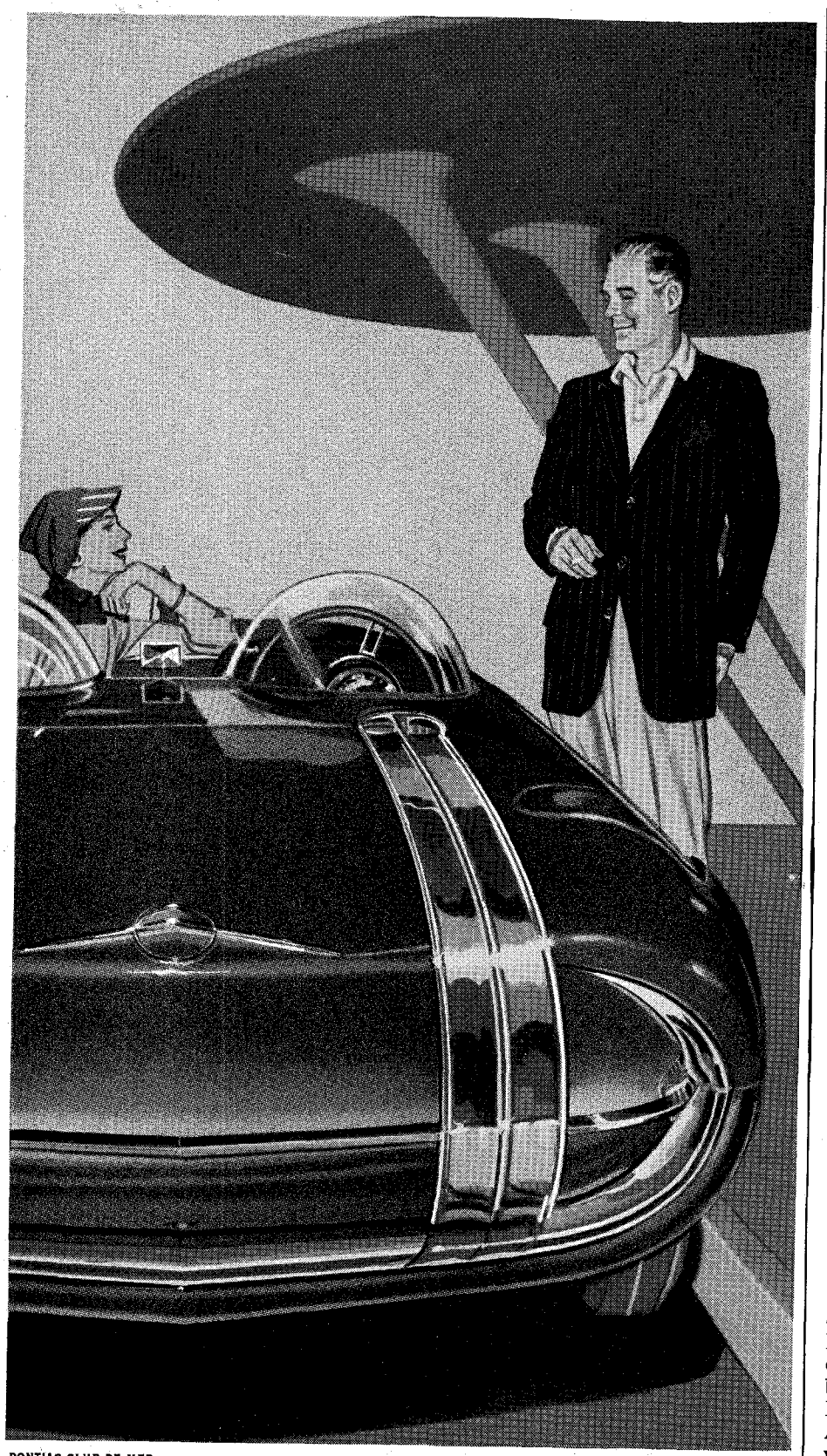
Write for
FREE Catalog
All rifle and shotgun prices $1.00 higher west of the Rockies.

Mossberg for accuracy

There they are—but SEEING IS BELIEVING—
That's why 40,000 Mossberg dealers
are having OPEN HOUSE. And you're invited.
Do it soon while stocks are plentiful!

O. F. MOSSBERG & SONS, INC., 660 ST. JOHN ST., NEW HAVEN 5, CONN.

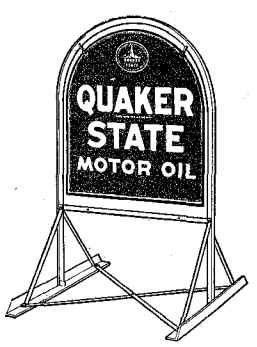
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PONTIAC CLUB DE MER

For a smooth-driving future—use years-ahead Quaker State Motor Oil!

Whether you're an "around-town" driver or a "long-distance" driver, you'll be a *happier* driver with Quaker State Motor Oil. Years-ahead Quaker State—the oil that surpasses the requirements of the advanced motors of tomorrow—makes sure you get the most from your motor today. Guarding against premature wear and costly repair bills, Quaker State gives you smooth, trouble-free driving. Super-refined entirely from famous pure Pennsylvania oil stocks, Quaker State gives satisfaction by the quart. Ask for it by name—it's available everywhere!



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

(*Continued from Page 76*) to work four years ago. They are razor-keen for the faintest hint of smoke, leaking water or machinery left running, as well as for the fall guy staked out for them to find every ten days or so.

As word about these dogs spread, Macy's ceased to have "overnight customers"—characters who used to enter the store late in the day, hide till after closing, load up with easily concealed loot and walk out the next morning with early customers. Store patrols used to flush several of these thieves every month, but nobody knows how many got away undetected. However, it is certain that the present dog-and-man teams have spoiled this racket in both the Manhattan store and Macy's suburban stores.

While Air Police sentry dogs work on a lead, unless released to nail a man, Macy dogs gallop loose in couples ahead of their handlers. Unlike military dogs, Macy's can work with any of the six store detectives trained with them. Such flexibility may reflect longer training time. Macy's dogs are schooled for six months; AP dogs must be ready for duty in eight weeks.

Marshall Field's store in Chicago started using dogs in a warehouse in 1952, then worked them into retail stores until its current force—all German shepherds—numbers twenty-five. Some can make certain rounds on their own, reporting "All's well" to a centrally posted superintendent by stepping on platforms that actuate electrical signals. Jordan Marsh, in Boston, and Halle Brothers, in Cleveland, also value dog watchmen. When a Halle Brothers dog handler fell down a steel stair in a sub-basement and hurt himself badly, his dog partner did not stick around to lick his face, but promptly trotted upstairs to summon another detective.

The Behan brothers of Canine College feel that, given time to find and train the right dog, they can tailor him to almost any job. A wealthy estate owner may want a dog to discourage intruders, and yet be gentle with children. The Behans can make a pup so used to their own children that for the rest of his life any child can safely pull his ears, but he won't let a stranger get gay with the youngster. When teaching rescue techniques, the Behans toss their toddlers into a swimming pool for the dog to fish out—part of the curriculum popular with both children and dogs on hot days.

Last year the school system of Great Neck, New York, asked John Behan for a dog to prevent pilfering of building materials and tools from its growing 100-acre campus and, if all went well, to stay on as watchman's helper against vandals, fire and water damage. Behan screened over a hundred pups to find the right one. The final choice was Bullet, a German shepherd bitch prettily educated to be fond of children and polite to grownups. Petting her, my wife was as confident of Bullet's good nature as if she had been a hearth-hound puppy. But when Bullet is trotting inquisitively ahead of her boss, searching each patch of shadow on command, she is formidable. None of the three watchmen trained to work with her bothers carrying a gun. With Bullet a nightstick is all they want.

An airman puts his sentry dog through an obstacle course at Plattsburg, N.Y. The Air Force has more than 1500 dogs doing guard duty at its bases.

The Mounties' dogs actually learn three different ways to behave at the end of a tracking mission: one procedure for a lost child, another for a mentally disturbed fugitive, a third for a criminal. Scotland Yard's dogs are so well educated to hold their man without savaging him that the fall guys they practice on can dispense with protection suits. The Air Force is understandably in a hurry, and can do without subtleties. But for a local police force, skill and patience can turn out dog police with temperaments that are dangerous only to those who act like criminals.

After World War II, London had an outbreak of purse snatching and hoodlumism in Hyde Park. Six well-educated Labrador retrievers cleaned it up so fast that one wonders why the same remedy has not been tried in the crime-ridden parks of New York City and Chicago.

Labradors? Yes indeed; Scotland Yard uses mostly Dobermans and German shepherds, but the big black retrievers work well too. With the right training, almost any large, vigorous, smart dog suits police work. In Germany the police get good service out of Airedale terriers, pointers and a sturdy mid-European cattle drover's dog called a Rottweiler. Experts argue about the special merits of various breeds, of course, but not about the dog's general virtues in police work. He is a four-footed cop, and the next best thing to radar. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Epidemic! (Continued from Page 37)

A soft hand brushed his neck.

"This is no time for a blue funk," said Bette gently.

"No blue funk. Merely a purple study." The doctor smiled at her. Even the smile was an effort. Bette, her cheeks a little wan, seemed unusually wakeful for the hour.

"Sorry; I didn't mean to rouse you," the doctor said. "Scat on back to bed, darling. You'll excite the mullet."

"Mullet," said Bette, "are harmless little vegetarians." She massaged the muscles of his neck and he could feel the tension leaving. "Look, Dennis. Stop trying to lug the whole hospital around on your back. After all, Doctor Davids is chief resident in medicine."

The doctor frowned. "Bette, in 1918 a strange little bug got loose in the world. Twenty million people died."

"I've read the textbooks. And all the king's horses couldn't do a thing about it. It ran its course."

She left the porch. When she returned,

• •

Mississippi

By May Williams Ward

This is a very tall river.
It goes waterfalling over
Canyon-wide cliffs and
sloping
Rock slides, forever
stooping.
At last, in the tidelands
with seven
Broad deltas, its height
comes out even
With its match in another
dimension;
The breadth of gulf and the
ocean.

• •

she was holding a glass of water and a red-and-blue capsule.

"Take it," Bette said.

"Sleeping pills?" Doctor Sullivan said, glancing at the capsule. "Me?" His voice echoed incredulity.

"You prescribe barbiturates often enough. Don't be scared of one. Come now. Bottoms up. Then back to bed. I'll give you a back rub and tuck you in."

Bette said it so quickly, so professionally, that Doctor Sullivan was left floundering. "Yes, nurse," he said very meekly.

As she rubbed his back, Doctor Sullivan muttered drowsily, "The weather! Our acting medical director suddenly turns meteorologist. I wish Doctor Fincannon was back." Doctor Fincannon, the hospital's director, was on a leave of absence.

"I wish ——" Bette began, and then Doctor Sullivan heard a little gasp. He raised his head just in time to see Bette sagging slowly to the floor. He flew out of bed as though jet-propelled. He picked her up, hastily but gently.

"Bette!" he said urgently.

She said, faintly, "I feel sick. I'm sorry, Dennis. I think I'm catching something."

He put her on the bed and placed two pillows beneath her head. Her face was abnormally pink. The pulse was thready. Frantically, the doctor searched for, and found, a stethoscope. The stethoscope told him that some secretions already were accumulating in her lungs.

He phoned the hospital and said, "Doctor Davids, please."

The voice that came on the phone after a while was very tired and deeply hoarse. "Doctor Davids here."

"John, it's Bette. Bad."

"Oh, no, Dennis!" There was a painful pause. "The old ambulance just rolled in. But we've got oxygen in it now. Be out there in fifteen minutes."

"Thanks." Again, the painful pause. "What can I do for her while I wait?"

He heard Doctor Davids sigh. "Dennis, it's been routine. Penicillin. Oxygen seems helpful. In extreme cases, artificial respiration."

The bouncing, swerving ride to the hospital on the hard ambulance bench was utterly familiar. Yet completely different. Heretofore, it had always been an impersonal, professional journey. Now it was so painfully personal.

They settled Bette, still under oxygen, on an emergency cot in the resident in surgery's quarters. The hospital was so overcrowded that some cots were set up in the corridors. Doctor Davids, a bundle of nervous energy which he used with abandon, drew Doctor Sullivan aside.

"I recommend a special, Dennis." Doctor Davids, who was awfully young for the responsibility he shouldered, looked about ready to collapse himself.

"By all means," Doctor Sullivan said. "I'll try to raise Eve Johnson."

Doctor Davids shook his collegiate-cropped blond head. "Miss Johnson keeled over in Dispensary about midnight. But we'll find someone."

For two hours Doctor Sullivan sat holding Bette's hand and periodically taking her pulse. He watched the light beyond the window change from black to gray. He heard the shuffling of many feet and the swish of swinging doors as the hospital shift changed. Then he felt a draft, and a gown rustled.

Miss Caufield, who was hazel-haired, attractive and efficient, said softly, "Let me take over a while, doctor. You're due in the operating room in two hours."

The doctor nodded at her gratefully. As he strolled back toward Mathers Unit, his legs and back were aching. A stretcher came rolling rapidly down the corridor. Termite, the chief orderly, was pushing it. Termite, whose face resembled a giraffe's, gave the doctor a sickly grin.

"Alert the crew, more of the flu," he said.

Doctor Sullivan wandered, almost aimlessly, down the corridor, but his feet took him to the laboratory. Here, in this department of obnoxious odors, gleaming glass and fantastic forms, he found Doctor Davids, bent over a microscope.

"Why don't you catch a little sack time?" Doctor Davids inquired. His own eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. "Any change in Bette?"

Doctor Sullivan frowned. "Apparently none. John, where are we getting?"

Doctor Davids looked up from his slides.

"We know positively it isn't typhoid. Nor typhus." He shrugged his shoulders. "Pneumonia, perhaps. But after all, there are thirty types of pneumonia."

"Are we sure it is an infectious disease?" Doctor Sullivan spoke sharply.

"Dennis, we're not sure of anything at this point. It hits them all alike. Headache, giddiness, blurred vision, nausea and lung congestion. Sometimes, like Bette, they simply collapse. I think the bug has built up a resistance to our anti-bi——"

The intercom bleated and then announced, "Doctor Skinner is calling an emergency (*Continued on Page 84*)

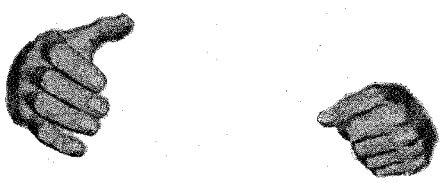
THE ARROW GLEN $3.95

Whether in the office or on the town . . . you can be sure you're correct in an Arrow *Glen*. It has a trim but soft medium-spread collar that's perfect with any suit. The *Glen* is tailored of long-wearing broadcloth with the new link cuff (no-fold French type). Its twin, the *Page*, is fashioned of premium broadcloth with French cuffs. Both "Sanforized"-labeled. *Glen*, $3.95; *Page*, $5.00; Arrow all-silk Tie, $2.50. (Arrow Shirts are available in boys' sizes, too.) Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW — first in fashion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people judge
you by
your eyes-



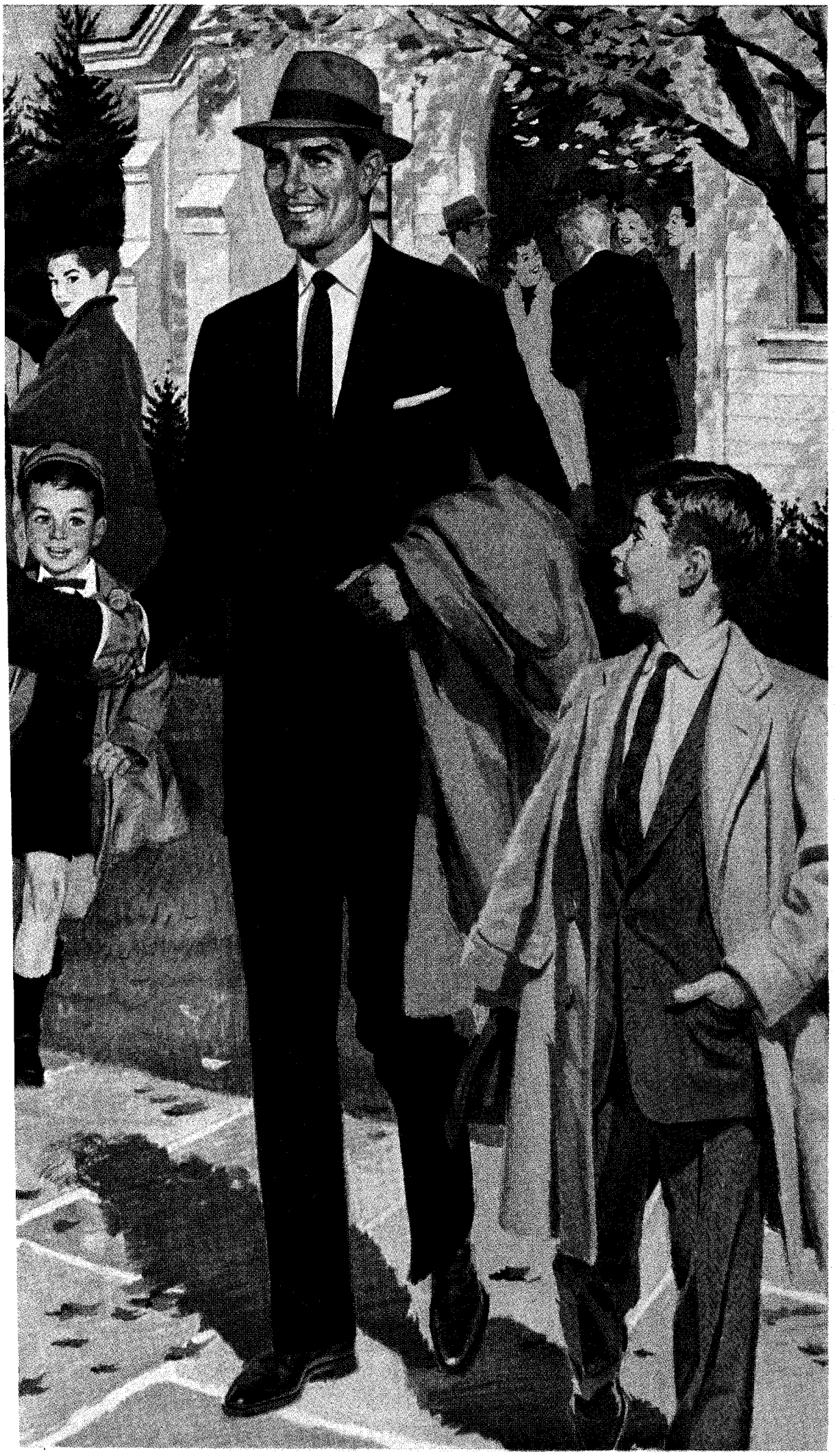
by your smile-
your handshake-

all they see of you
is your head
and your hands-

the other 90%
of what they see
is your clothes!

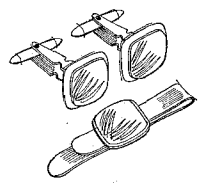
Dress Right - you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



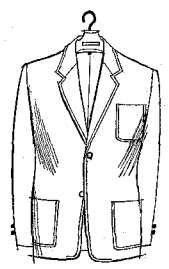
How to **Dress Right** right now

Be careful! *Pay more attention to the way you dress, and people will pay more attention to you. From your hat to your heels, everything you wear tells something about you. So be careful . . . pay attention to the* details *of dress.* Tie clips *go all the way from a discreet gold safety clasp to a bold, colorful stone. Which one's best for* you? Cuff links *can be fun as well as functional. A* collar clip *can add a little dignity and style.*



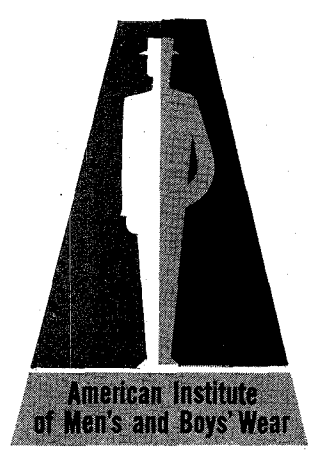
Be colorful! There's more color these days in your car . . . in your home . . . in the place you work. So why not in your ties, your shirts, your slacks . . . even in your suits? If you want to dress right, don't be afraid to dress *bright!* Ask the salesman in your "Dress Right" store to help you choose compatible colors.

Be comfortable! Dressing right doesn't mean dressing up. It means dressing appropriately for whatever you're doing, nighttime, daytime, work time, play time. When the neighbors are coming over, you *feel* right when you're dressed right. Case in point: *sweaters.* Today's soft, well-cut sweaters are comfortable as can be, easy to care for, masculine as all outdoors.

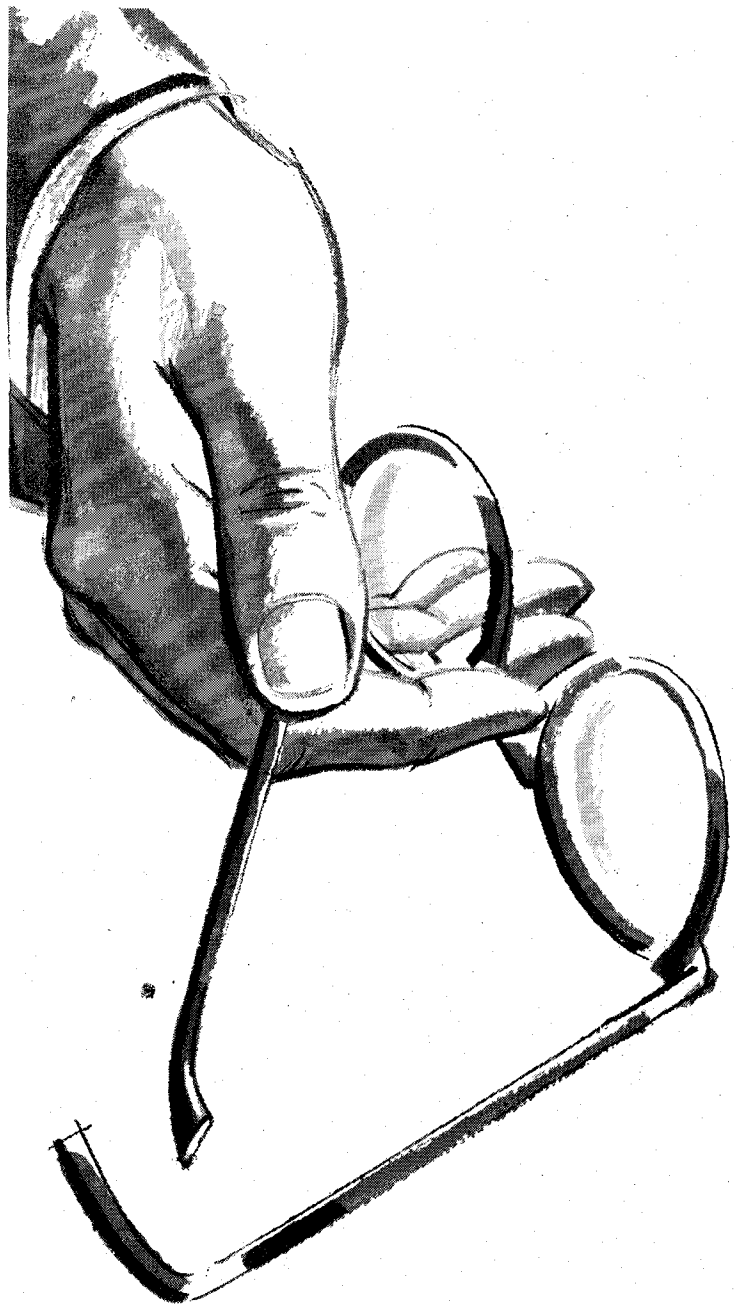


Be casual! *Stay simple. At a barbecue, don't dress for a banquet. You need a good sport jacket and a neat, well-pressed pair of slacks. You can let yourself go with colors and fabrics, soft as clouds or rough and tweedy as Scotland itself. Whatever you wear,* enjoy *it! Being well dressed is easy . . . and inexpensive . . . and you* SHOULD *get a kick out of it. And it's one of the best habits you'll ever acquire!*

can't afford not to!



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Select and consult an independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer

U.S.F.&G. CASUALTY-FIRE-MARINE INSURANCE
FIDELITY-SURETY BONDS

United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., Baltimore 3, Md.
Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto
Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc., Baltimore 3, Md.

(*Continued from Page 81*) staff meeting. Emergency meeting, puh-lease!"

"Oh, Lord," Doctor Davids groaned. "Here we go again. He's been riding me for the past week."

Doctor Sullivan grunted. "That political popinjay!"

Doctor Skinner, whose pomposity was mounting daily in the absence of Doctor Fincannon, carefully wiped his steel-rimmed glasses, looked glumly around and then glowered at Doctor Davids.

"I am most distressed over the latest reports on the virus outbreak."

"All of us are," said Dennis curtly.

Doctor Skinner ignored him. "The success of a medical institution," he said, "terminates with its loss of reputation. I might add, this applies to diagnosticians." His owl eyes fastened briefly on Doctor Davids.

Doctor Davids cleared his throat. "We—ah," he began.

"What's being done with the antibiotics?" Doctor Skinner interrupted.

Ye gods, Doctor Sullivan thought. *He knows, I know, we all know. Patients used to open their mouths and say "Ah." Now they loosen their belts and say "Ouch!"*

"We've tried about everything," Doctor Davids said wearily. "Penicillin, of course. And all the other antibiotics. It just seems that the infection, or whatever it is, has to run its course."

"Humph!" said Doctor Skinner.

"What do you suggest?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"I?" asked Doctor Skinner. For a second he looked bewildered. He regained his aplomb. He braced himself and Doctor Sullivan sensed he was formulating another speech.

"That is the purpose of these meetings. As medical men, we ——" Doctor Skinner began.

"Hickory trees," Doctor Sullivan said.

"What's that?" Skinner snapped.

"You can't talk yourself out of an epidemic," Doctor Sullivan said sharply. His blue eyes were glinting like arctic ice in the sun. "Doctor Alexander Fleming didn't hold bull sessions to find penicillin. Domagk didn't beat his gums to discover the sulfa drugs, and Pasteur wasn't a conversationalist."

Doctor Skinner's face was the color of a ripe mango. "You are out of order, Doctor Sullivan." He was almost shouting.

"So are you and these confounded, interminable meetings," Doctor Sullivan said quietly. "They're upsetting an already disrupted hospital routine. I move we adjourn and get back to work."

There was a loud chorus of "ayes" and half the doctors followed Doctor Sullivan and Doctor Davids out of the room.

As they walked down the corridor, Doctor Davids said, a little anxiously, "I'm afraid you'll pay for that, Dennis. I'd be willing to bet that Skinner is already on long distance, paging Doctor Fincannon."

They passed Myrt, the gray-haired switchboard operator, and she gave them an all-knowing look.

"Old potbelly's churning. You fractured his furbelows." Her eyes twinkled. "There's a butcher out on Beaver Street looking for a couple of assistants."

"I'll file an application," Doctor Sullivan said solemnly.

"I'll lend you my nail file," Myrt said, plugging in on another call.

The doctor scrubbed and reported to the operating room, where he performed his scheduled chore neatly, swiftly and successfully. But by the time he had an opportunity to check on Bette again, he felt terribly let down, and when Miss Caufield reported "No change," the stifling terror returned.

He stepped out into the corridor again. There were some cots lined up against each wall. They contained old people and young people and little children. Some were groaning; others moaning. A few were being awfully sick, but others were just lying there, white and quiet and grim-faced. Nurses, nurses' aides, student nurses, probationers and Gray Ladies moved among the sick. The corridor smelled strongly of disinfectant, but above that odor the doctor felt he could detect—even as an animal detects it in a human—the acrid smell of fear.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and Doctor Davids said quietly, "I have to do a little shopping downtown. Let's get out of this pesthole for a while."

Doctor Sullivan hesitated. He thought of sleep. But who could sleep in the midst of this?

"Come on," Doctor Davids urged. "Get your mind off Bette. There's nothing else can be done right now."

"Isn't there?" Doctor Sullivan muttered. But he joined Doctor Davids.

In the corridor, they passed Miss Caufield, hurrying over the tiles with a tray of pills and syringes. Termite trailed right behind her with a bedpan. He winked at Doctor Sullivan, but his eyes never deviated from Miss Caufield.

"Torque like a stork," Termite said approvingly.

They drove to a parking lot in downtown Jacksonville and they strolled through Hemming Park. The mid-March sun, filtering through the Washingtonia and cabbage palms, felt good.

They passed the park monument and Doctor Davids, looking up at it, said, "Kind of ironical, isn't it? All over the world, on pedestals, we've got the Napoleons, the Washingtons, the Grants, the Lees. But no pedestals for the Pasteurs, the Listers, the Curies, the Reeds or the Geigers."

Doctor Sullivan looked at him curiously. "Geiger?" he said. "Guess I need a refresher course. Just makes me think of uranium."

Doctor Davids chuckled. "Discovered atropine back in 1833. . . . Aw, look, Dennis. I'm just chattering to get your mind off Bette."

"Nothing can get my mind off Bette," said Doctor Sullivan. The feeling of helplessness was gripping him again.

"Take it easy," Doctor Davids said sympathetically.

"Bette and I never actually had a honeymoon," Doctor Sullivan said unhappily. "Two days at Daytona Beach. Then I got called back on an emergency." He swallowed hard.

"I understand," Doctor Davids said.

"Last fall we bought a little boat. We had one overnight trip in it. It's a small cabin cruiser. Bette named it Euphoria. But we haven't had a chance to use it. I'm going to name it Dementia."

Doctor Davids looked up suddenly at the shopwindows. "Hey, here's where I go," he said.

It was a garden-supply store. Doctor Davids purchased a complicated garden-hose spray, a bucket, a yard cart, a five-gallon can of liquid insecticide, a mask and two hundred-pound sacks of fertilizer.

"Switching to agriculture?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

Doctor Davids chuckled. "Yeah, I take Myrt seriously. Matter of fact, Marie and I have about twenty citrus trees on our land way down below Mandarin. Say, next weekend, how about you and Bette ——" He stopped short.

Doctor Sullivan pretended he had not heard. He was studying the label on the can of spray.

"What's this stuff for?" he inquired.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's a potent pesticide," Doctor Davids said hurriedly. "One of the new organic phosphorous compounds. Known among us"—he chuckled—"citrus growers as sudden death. Say, how about some lunch? On me."

"John, I couldn't eat a bite. But I'll have a cup of coffee with you." . . .

Driving back to the hospital, Doctor Sullivan said, "John, how do our case histories check out on all these patients?"

"They don't. Most of the victims are from the northeast section of the city. The majority of them have gotten sick late at night or early in the morning hours. And, Dennis, we have lawyers, dentists, shipyard men, department-store clerks, bus drivers, insurance men—just name a job. I'll find you a victim of Virus X."

Doctor Sullivan was silent. He was thinking of Bette again.

"Strange, isn't it," Doctor Davids said, "that it struck Eve Johnson and Bette about the same time?"

Doctor Sullivan nodded. "Quite strange." He thought a moment. "Eve and Bette were out together last night. I was supposed to go with them—to see a Gary Cooper picture or something. But somebody's appendix popped."

They entered the hospital by way of the basement corridor, and the grim reality of the situation frightened them. They had to pass the morgue, and even as they did so, two orderlies passed them quietly, rolling two sheeted cadavers.

Doctor Sullivan didn't wait for the elevator. He raced up the steps, two at a time, and hurried back to his quarters, dodging nurses, interns, orderlies and taut-faced visitors. Doctor Searcy, who was Doctor Davids' assistant, was just leaving the room. He was dabbing at his neck with a moist handkerchief.

"It's all right now," he said to Doctor Sullivan. "Her heart. Fibrillation. It—it seems to be part of the picture."

"How's the pulse now?" Doctor Sullivan's voice was hoarse.

"Steadier. Two injections. For a while it was like a machine gun."

Doctor Sullivan moved over to the bed. Through the plastic tent he studied Bette's finely molded face. His large fingers closed over her pulse. It was thready. Bette looked unnatural. He missed the white cap, set at a saucy angle; the sparkling eyes, the full lips in animation.

He raised the edge of the tent. He touched her forehead tenderly. "Darling," he whispered.

From wherever she was roaming, Bette returned briefly. "Dennis," she said. Her lips barely moved. "Help me."

"I will, darling. I promise you."

He left the room almost blindly. He heard the intercom repeating, "Doctor Skinner has called an emergency staff meeting! Emergency meeting ——" and he paid it no heed.

He went, instead, to the day supervisor of nurses and he said, a little sharply, "I wish to see all the charts from this ward. Have them brought back to the big desk in the lab. Immediately."

The supervisor, who was nearly up to her ears in charts, looked flustered. Miss Tragle sometimes annoyed Doctor Sullivan. She was forever arranging the hair on the back of her head.

"As immediately as possible, doctor. I have more than I can do and my nerves are just about ——"

"Take an aspirin," Doctor Sullivan suggested. He started to walk away, changed his mind and returned to the desk. His large left hand descended gently on the nurse's shoulder.

"Miss Tragle," he said quietly, "you do a wonderful job under pressure. We all admire you."

"Thank you, doctor." She sounded deeply grateful.

Back in the lab, he studied the charts for three solid hours. He made notes. Twice, Doctor Davids came back with coffee. Once the phone rang and Miss Caufield merely said, "She seems to be about the same, doctor."

He was working against time, and time, as though resentful, seemed to move faster than ever. He heard the clattering of trays and dishes, the distant wail of a siren, and the intercom announcing, "Visitin' hours are over! Visitin' hours are over!"

Once he left the lab, walked rapidly to the men's ward, sniffed at some clothing that was hanging in a closet and then returned to the big desk. He made three phone calls—to the State Health Department, the County Board of Health and the City Health Department. He asked one question: "Have you started your mosquito-control programs yet?"

The answer was negative, except in one instance. The County Board of Health reported that mosquito-control operations were under way—had been for two weeks—along the drainage ditches at the beaches. They were spraying with DDT.

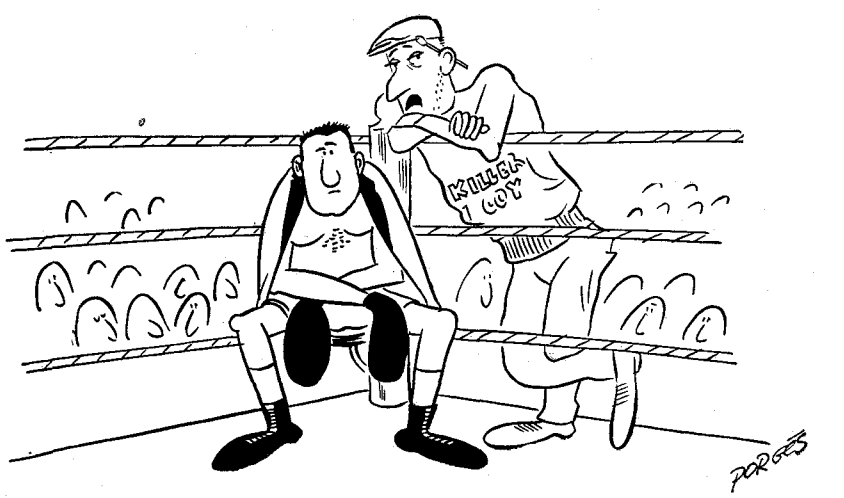
Doctor Davids came in with a fresh cup of coffee.

"Knock it off, Dennis," Doctor Davids said. "None of us are supermen."

"John"—Doctor Sullivan's eyes were unusually bright—"I've got something!"

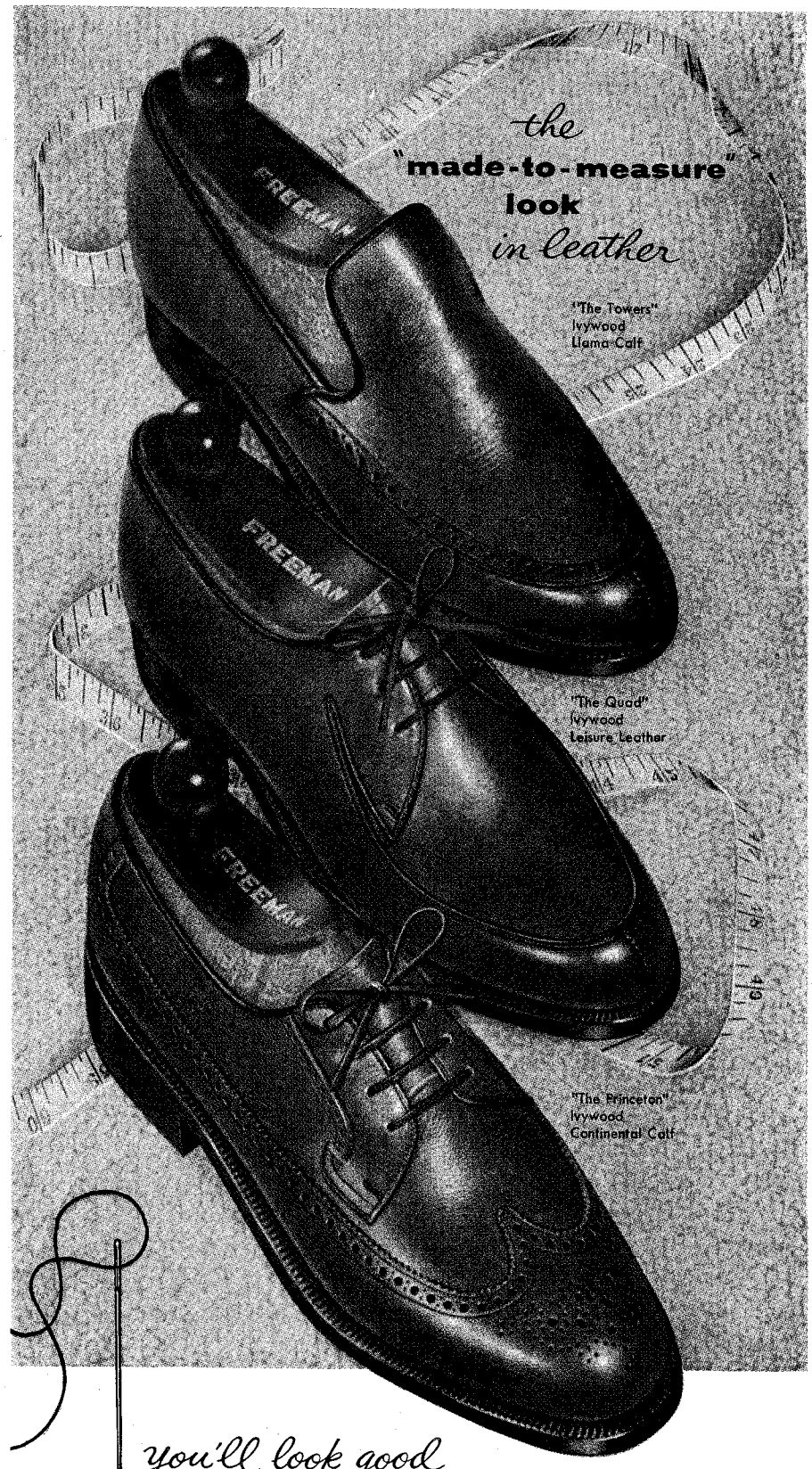
"I hope you haven't got it," said Doctor Davids ominously.

"Listen!" Doctor Sullivan was wound up like a fine watch spring. "On the seventh, the eighth and the ninth it rained cats and dogs. I checked with the weather bureau. On the eighth, ninth and tenth we had no new cases. Then, on the eleventh,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Get in there, and while they play the national anthem . . . pop him one!"


the "made-to-measure" look in leather
"The Towers" Ivywood Llama Calf
"The Quad" Ivywood Leisure Leather
"The Princeton" Ivywood Continental Calf

you'll look good
Freeman "Ivywood"
fashion's new shade

Ivywood is a new brown with a glint of Autumn sun . . . a new hue that has taken hold in a hurry. Add it to your shoe wardrobe . . . along with the "made-to-measure" look in leather . . . outward evidence of built-in richness and comfort. Your Freeman dealer has Fall selections *now*. Write for his name.

Freeman Shoes are $10.95 to $24.95. Higher Rockies West
Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit, Wisconsin
Largest Exclusive Makers of Men's Fine Shoes

wonderful feeling
FREEMAN
shoes for men

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after a dry, hot day, people in the northeast section started dropping like flies."

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you."

Doctor Sullivan looked a little impatient. "Here, look at these notes I've made."

Doctor Davids looked. "Sanskrit stops me," he said, chuckling a little.

"No, look! On the eleventh we have a Simonds admitted. What is he? Occupation, film projectionist. Later that day we have three box-office employees and two concession operators. All of them from the Dixieland Drive-In Theater in the northeast section."

Doctor Davids studied the scribbled notes. "You're still ahead of me," he said.

"Poison," Doctor Sullivan said firmly. "Some kind of insecticide poison. Maybe one of these phosphates."

Doctor Davids looked dubious. "We don't even have the proper equipment to substantiate such a theory, Dennis."

"The State Health Department does."

"They're closed now."

"Listen, John, and believe me." Doctor Sullivan was impatient again. "Get hold of Doctor Wilkie. He knows his poisons and he's got all the equipment necessary for some quick tests." Doctor Wilkie was the pathologist at the State Health Department.

"And then?" Doctor Davids inquired.

"Rush him back here. While you're doing that, I'm going to call the operator of that drive-in theater."

But in the corridor they met a white-faced, wide-eyed Miss Caufield, who said to Doctor Sullivan, "Bette has had convulsions. She's in a semi-coma. I—I'm frightened, doctor."

Doctor Sullivan stopped dead in his tracks. He stared at Miss Caufield, then at Doctor Davids. Hastily, he walked to a desk and scribbled a note.

"Miss Caufield," he said hollowly, "prepare hypodermic immediately."

Doctor Davids grabbed his arm. "Of what?" he asked.

"Atropine, of course—thirtieth of a grain," Sullivan said. "The antidote for organic-phosphorus poisoning."

"Dennis!" Doctor Davids looked and sounded angry. "We're not positive. The reaction might ——"

"Miss Caufield, you heard me," Doctor Sullivan said sharply.

Doctor Davids' lips were white. "You can't use Bette for a guinea ——" he began. He stopped abruptly as Doctor Sullivan's penetrating eyes burned into his like the blast from a jet engine.

"A great many other people are involved," Doctor Sullivan said.

"You mean, you—you're risking Bette ——"

"And my reputation. John, please call those theater people and pick up Doctor Wilkie."

"I'd better use a cab," Doctor Davids said quickly.

"What have we got ambulances for? Listen, just ask the theater manager two questions: Is he fogging to kill mosquitoes? If so, what is he using for spray?"

Doctor Davids was off on the double.

Bette was as still as a post, white as a fresh gardenia. But a deadly blue was beginning to creep around her lips. Doctor Searcy was there, holding her pulse. He looked grim. He barely nodded as Doctor Sullivan came in, trailed by Miss Caufield with a hypodermic syringe.

Doctor Sullivan bared the upper portion of Bette's left arm. The doctor was perspiring and his hand, as he applied the needle, shook a little. Doctor Searcy looked at him questioningly.

"Atropine," Doctor Sullivan said.

"But—but ——" Doctor Searcy protested.

But by now, atropine was on its way to Bette's heart and circulating through hundreds of busy channels. They stood there silently and watched her. Perspiration dripped steadily from Doctor Sullivan's forehead. Miss Caufield wiped his forehead with a tissue.

Doctor Sullivan gently edged Doctor Searcy out of the way. His fingers found the pulse. His own pulse was pounding. His eyes roamed over the bed, out the window. It was the kind of a night interesting only to cats.

He closed his eyes for a moment. Only Miss Caufield, whose eyes were flashing fearfully from Bette to Doctor Searcy to Doctor Sullivan, saw his lips moving.

When he opened his eyes they focused on Bette's lips.

The blue, he thought, *is receding. Or is it wishful thinking?*

He heard someone open the door. Doctor Searcy said softly, "Doctor Davids is on the phone."

"Take it, please," Doctor Sullivan said.

His eyes remained glued on Bette's lips, his fingers on her pulse. He was trembling.

Now, he thought. *Now. The blue is leaving. The pulse is strengthening. Bette. Bette, darling. Now, darling. Try hard.*

Doctor Searcy touched his shoulder. He jumped a little.

"Doctor Davids just said to tell you you're right," Doctor Searcy said.

A huge, surging wave of relief swept over the doctor. As if by osmosis, it seemed to reach Bette. Her color was returning.

Doctor Sullivan backed away from the bed. "Will you take over, please?" he said to Doctor Searcy. In the corner of the room was a little chair. Doctor Sullivan sank into it. He closed his eyes.

For a long time the doctor just sat there with his eyes closed. He felt a hand on his shoulder and he looked up.

"Dennis," Doctor Davids said cheerfully, "Doctor Wilkie is ready with his first batch of blood tests—cholinesterase determination. I thought you might want to be there."

"Sure," Doctor Sullivan said, rising slowly and shaking his head. "Sure."

He followed Doctor Davids to the lab. Miss Caufield was there, assisting Doctor Wilkie with his pH meter.

Doctor Wilkie, a waspish little man with a leathery face, twinkly eyes and nearly forty years' experience as a pathologist, glanced up as Doctor Sullivan entered. A stranger stood beside Doctor Wilkie.

"Doctor Sullivan, this is Mr. Culver," Doctor Wilkie said, nodding toward the stranger. "Mr. Culver's the owner of the drive-in theater. Mr. Culver has been fogging his theater to kill mosquitoes. Guess what he's been fogging with."

"Some phosphate insecticide," Doctor Sullivan said shortly.

"Hell, man!" Doctor Wilkie snapped. "If you knew, what'd you call me for?"

"I was working on theory, not fact."

"That can be dangerous," Doctor Wilkie said gruffly.

Mr. Culver was talking rapidly, almost hysterically, "Honest, doctor, I didn't know. I buy spray in hundred-gallon drums, from a chemical firm in Central Florida. Been using outdoor mosquito sprays for three years. The driver must have left the wrong drum."

Doctor Wilkie nodded. "Drum had been exposed to weather," he said. "Labels were illegible. Not Mr. Culver's fault."

Doctor Wilkie made some quick RBC and plasma checks. He smiled grimly. "Here's three samples—all about the same. That stuff can be wicked, inhaled or even absorbed. A lot of citrus growers have found that out—the hard way."

"An organic-phosphorus base?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"That's right," said Doctor Wilkie. "A new and particularly powerful version—still in the experimental stage. Kills citrus pests in a hurry. Kills careless people in a hurry too."

"Bette's responding to atropine," said Doctor Sullivan.

"Naturally," Doctor Wilkie said. "One sixtieth to one thirtieth of a grain of atropine sulfate every hour. Keep 'em all full of atropine until you see their pupils dilating."

"Let's go," said Doctor Sullivan.

It took the entire medical staff hours to administer atropine to one hundred and four "Virus X" patients. In many cases, the relief was almost instantaneous because atropine antagonizes the poison and dries the dangerous fluids that accumulate in the lungs.

Four times during the night Doctor Sullivan checked on Bette. She was sleeping soundly. At seven o'clock, when the morning shift came on, they were amazed. The clinical barometer had risen; the atmosphere throughout the hospital had changed like that of a wilted city after a tropical downpour.

At seven-fifteen, now functioning largely on coffee, aspirin and relief, the doctor again took Bette's pulse. She opened her eyes.

"I'm hungry," Bette said.

"Ham and eggs or a stack of hot cakes?" he asked, his eyes shining.

"Hot cakes and bacon and lots of maple sirup," said Bette.

Termite poked his head in the door. His long, sad face looked unhappier than ever.

"You're just in time," Doctor Sullivan said cheerfully. "Scoot on down to the kitchen and get Mrs. Sullivan a little bowl of warm cereal."

Termite flashed a wide grin and saluted. "One thrilling bowl of gruel coming up," he said.

The Heart Always Knows (Continued from Page 42)

short time ago on the title page of the script he had been reading. "Virginia Chase?" he repeated incredulously. "You mean to say you wrote His Dark Lordship?"

"That's me," the girl rejoined, flushing at his frankly disbelieving tone. One hand pushed vaguely at her wet hair, while the other plucked at the brambles sticking in her skirt. "I should have called first, I suppose, but the operator wouldn't give me the number, so I just walked here from the inn."

"In the pouring rain?"

"It was j-just drizzling when I s-started out ——" Her small nose twitched suddenly, like a rabbit's, and a haunted expression came to her face. "Excuse me," she said, "but as long as you're not Mr. Gower, I think I'll sneeze."

Brian smiled while she went off into a series of minute explosions. Her lack of recognition amused more than it surprised him. This happened to him quite often. He was quite aware that in real life he bore little resemblance to the intense dark-browed figures he and his make-up man created. His face was the typical face of a good actor: a sensitive anonymous mask that could be molded and changed at will. On the stage and in the pictures, darkening his eyebrows and hair gave him his famous look of dark, vital, almost menacing beauty; actually his hair was on the sandy side and receded an intellectual inch or so at the temples. The horn-rimmed glasses and the small mustache he had raised during his stay on the island served, he supposed, to disguise him even more effectively. He was just about to enlighten his guest, when it struck him that her last remark was a little odd.

"Why should my being Brian Gower interfere with your sneezing?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't bear that," said the girl, passionately blowing her nose, "sneezing and snuffling like a derelict! First impressions are so important—and after I'd planned so ——"

Brian was startled to notice that she was turning quite pale. A strong shiver shook her slender body and she said faintly, "I'm afraid I'm not well. I—oh, I'd better get out of here." She took an unsteady step and stopped, clutching at the back of the chair. "The floor tilted," she said in a surprised voice.

"You'd better sit down," said Brian, alarmed.

She shook her head so frantically that spray flew into his face. "I won't be able to get up again," she said. "And I've got to get out before he —— I didn't realize what a mess I look."

"What does it matter what you look like, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, but it does—terribly! I'd want to die! Please—please help me get out of here before he comes!"

There was genuine panic in her voice. Brian realized that if she got any inkling of his identity, this peculiar and emotional young woman would probably pass out on his living-room floor from sheer mortification.

"Well, you can't rush out into the storm like in East Lynne," he told her in exasperation. An idea came to him, and he added craftily, "He isn't here anyhow, so why don't you sit down and relax?"

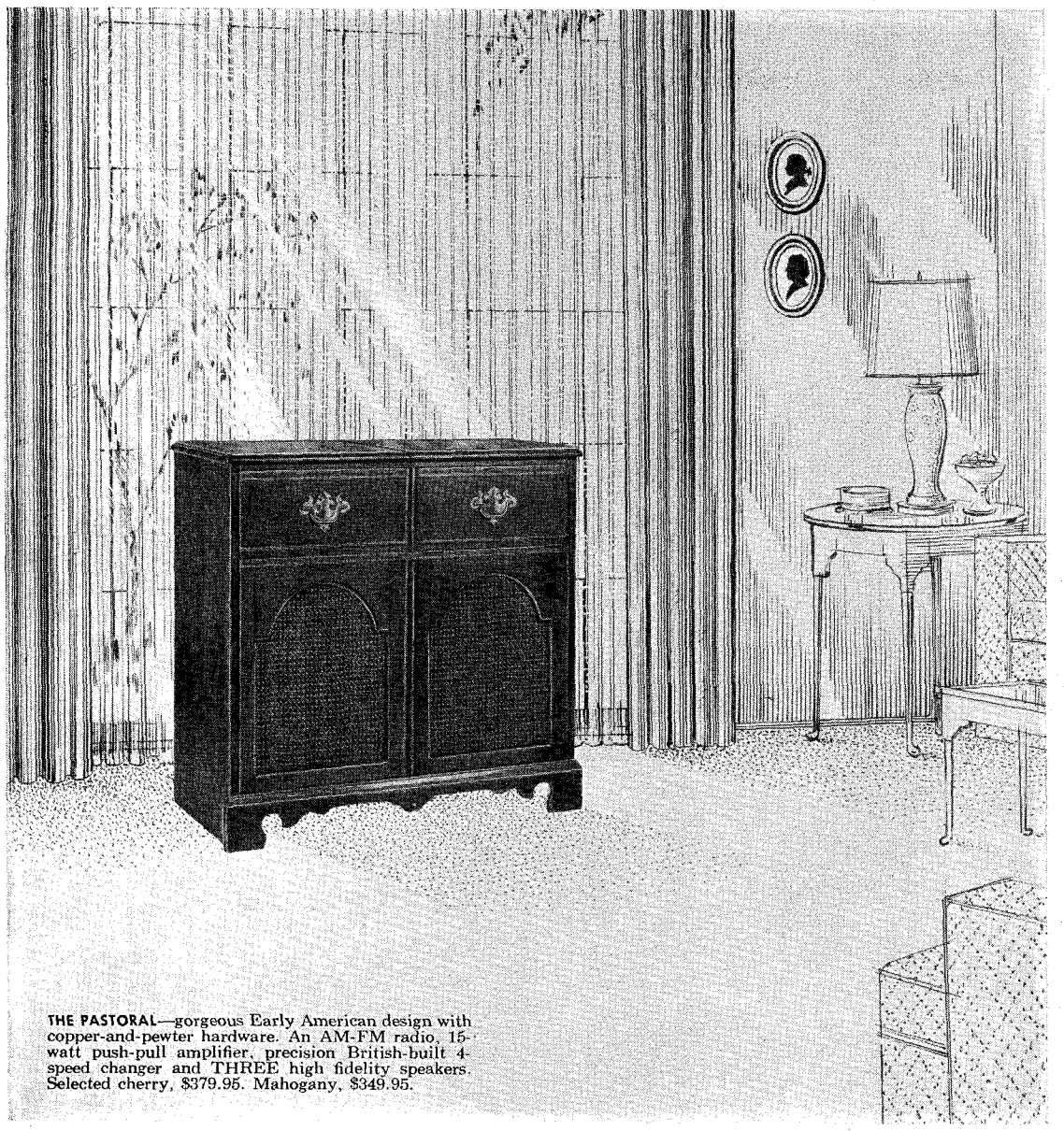
"Oh." His visitor collapsed limply into the chair with an abruptness that indicated rubbery legs. "You're not just saying this, are you?" she asked faintly, still suspicious. "Because I distinctly heard the housekeeper say she was going to get Mr. Gower."

"She meant me," said Brian, thinking fast. "I'm Mr. Gower too." All he could think of was his own middle name. "Er—David Gower—Brian's cousin, you know. Here for a visit."

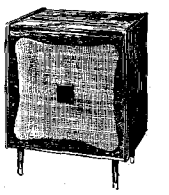
"Pleased to meet you," said the girl politely. "And do forgive me for coming unstuck in the living room like this—such a nice living room, too, with old beams and a fireplace and gently revolving walls." Her voice trailed off and she closed her eyes.

Brian looked down at her, frowning a little. There was something puzzling, something off beat about his visitor. In a sudden access of fancifulness he thought of Undine—a changeling sprite materializing out of bad weather and coming into a man's home for some mysterious purpose of its (*Continued on Page 88*)

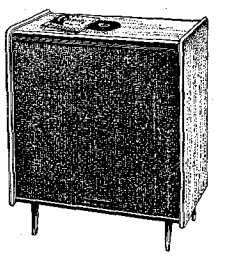
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



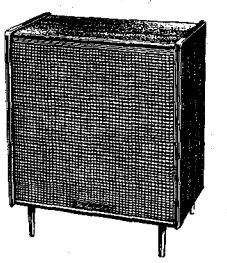
THE PASTORAL—gorgeous Early American design with copper-and-pewter hardware. An AM-FM radio, 15-watt push-pull amplifier, precision British-built 4-speed changer and THREE high fidelity speakers. Selected cherry, $379.95. Mahogany, $349.95.



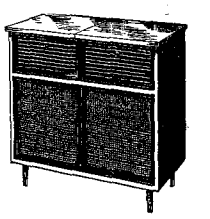
NEW WORLD—a "convertible"—decorated same front and back. 4-speed changer with sapphire stylus, 15-watt amplifier, TWO Hi-Fi speakers. Walnut, $159.95. Blonde mahogany, $159.95. Mahogany, $149.95.



THE CLASSICAL—lift-top; 4-speed de luxe changer with sapphire stylus, 15-watt amplifier, TWO Hi-Fi speakers, tell-tale light, record storage space which can be used to build in a radio. Cherry or blonde, $215. Mahogany, $199.95.



THE CADENZA—lift-top contemporary cabinet; 4-speed de luxe changer with sapphire stylus, 15-watt amplifier, TWO Hi-Fi speakers, PLUS highest quality AM radio combined with the amplifier. Mahogany, $249.95. Cherry or blonde mahogany, $259.95.

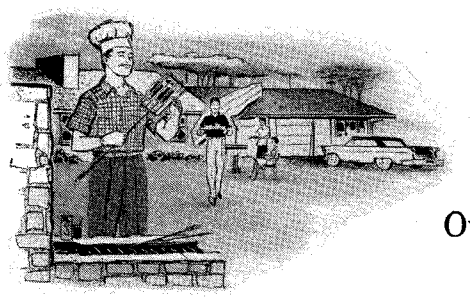


THE CHORAL—housing an AM-FM radio with push-button control, "flywheel" tuning and 10 tubes. PLUS 15-watt push-pull amplifier, precision British-built 4-speed changer (even 16 rpm!) and THREE Hi-Fi speakers. Walnut, $299.95. Blonde mahogany, $325.

THE JUPITER—ageless East meets modern America in this cabinet! Garrard changer with DIAMOND stylus; 16-tube AM-FM radio; 30-watt amplifier and FOUR special high fidelity speakers. $449.95 in walnut. $479.95 in blonde mahogany.

THE EMPEROR—absolutely the tops in the land, as its name indicates. Garrard changer with DIAMOND stylus; 16-tube AM-FM radio; 30-watt amplifier and FOUR special high fidelity speakers. In rich mahogany, $499.95. Natural cherry finish, $525.

**Prices Slightly Higher West of the Mississippi*



If you're one of the successful people who . . .

Live in a well-kept home on a nice street . . . Drive an up-to-date car . . .

Own a TV set and modern appliances . . . And *love* music . . .

you'll be glad to know that now your Hi-Fi Music can be

STROMBERG-CARLSON *for as little as . . .* $149.95

In musical taste there is no compromise. If you like music, you like it to be the *best*. So you say, "I want Hi-Fi."

Here are two things to remember: Real high fidelity is *electronic*, not just mechanical. And in electronics the reputation of Stromberg-Carlson is unsurpassed. That's why this announcement is real news.

All our know-how and all our 62 years of audio experience have been poured into this brand-new series of phonographs and radio-phonograph combinations. Their superb quality is what you would expect of Stromberg-Carlson. *Only the prices are "average"*—$149.95 to $525.

Each of the seven new console models gives you superb high fidelity sound—and more. Artistically fashioned of rich, genuine, hardwood veneers in contemporary and traditional styling, they are handsome furniture pieces that will add new beauty to your home.

For a thrilling new experience in music at home, see your Stromberg-Carlson dealer—NOW! Or we'll gladly send you, free, a full-color descriptive brochure.

This electric clock sign identifies *your* dealer for the new Stromberg-Carlson radio-phonograph series.

"There is nothing finer than a Stromberg-Carlson."

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY

A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

1725 University Ave., Rochester 3, N. Y.

S-C STROMBERG-CARLSON

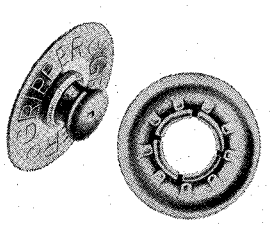
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look, no buttons!"

New button-less work shirt! Truly modern, thanks to GRIPPER Snap Fasteners that never come off.

Men like these shirts for convenience and safety—they can get in and out of them *fast*. A quick tug and the whole front opens. Shirts stay clean and wearable longer. And women like them because there are no buttons to replace—no torn buttonholes to mend.

Specially designed rust-proof GRIPPER Snap Fasteners make these convenient work shirts possible. They keep their "snap" through the life of the garment. Completely washer-proof. Wringer-proof, too. Try one of these modern work shirts. You'll never go back to the old-fashioned button kind.



GRIPPER® BRAND
Snap Fasteners

A world-famous product of SCOVILL

(*Continued from Page 86*) own. Except that this one certainly showed no Undinelike imperviousness to weather; she sniffled and shivered pathetically as she huddled in the chair. Something would have to be done about it, he decided. As a starter, he brought her a glass of brandy, closed her inert fingers about it and busied himself with making a fire.

Presently he heard her say, in a tone of pleased surprise, "They've stopped turning now." He glanced up and saw her watching him owlishly over the rim of her brandy glass. "You must excuse me if I seem to stare," she told him seriously. "I'm just trying to bring you into focus. I'm really quite nearsighted, and I usually wear glasses, only I forgot them at the inn. No, I didn't either. I deliberately left them. A silly piece of vanity, isn't it? Only I think maybe it wasn't just vanity. Maybe I was just afraid of seeing him too clearly—too painfully bright. . . . I'm talking nonsense, I'm afraid. Excuse it, please. I guess they were right—I have no business being out."

"Really?" said Brian, a little alarmed by this disclosure.

"It's not what you think. I'm just over the flu. At least I thought I was. As a matter of fact, I bet I'm still a little feverish." She touched her forehead. "Just as I thought," she said triumphantly, "burning up! But I feel much better."

She sat up stretching her small wet feet to the fire and smiled at him. She did look better, Brian thought. The small, pointed face had regained its color and her eyes, the color of shallow woodland streams, were sparkling.

"I probably still look a fright," she said, suddenly tragic. "Is he—are you expecting Mr. Gower back soon? Because if you are ——" Her slender body tensed as for flight.

"I'm not expecting him at all," said Brian. "Not until tomorrow. He had to go back to New York."

"He did? And I just flew in specially to see him." She brooded over this, shaking her head. Her hair was beginning to dry into a halo of short, pale curls, Brian noticed. "That's ships that pass at night with a vengeance, isn't it? Just as well, though; I need to be in full possession of my faculties when I meet him. You see, what happened was that Mr. Howard—that's Charles Howard, the producer who's going to do my play."

"Yes, I know Charlie," said Brian.

"Well, he called me this morning and told me that Brian Gower had called him from the Vineyard to say that he liked my play, but wanted some changes. And right away a still small voice said to me, 'Go to Martha's Vineyard!'"

"Charlie Howard's still small voice?"

"Of course not—he shrieks on the phone. No, that was my own private little voice inside me that I always listen to when I'm about to make an important decision. So I took the next plane to the Vineyard. Mr. Howard said he'd let Mr. Gower know that I was here and he would get in touch with me at the inn. So a while ago I thought I'd go out for a little walk—and the next thing I knew something told me to go over to Brian Gower's house."

"Still small voice again?"

"That's right. My father says one should never disobey an ungovernable impulse. . . . So, as a result, here I am being resuscitated by you instead of seeing him."

"Disappointing for you, but my good fortune," said Brian politely.

"Oh, I didn't mean —— I mean, it's been very nice to meet you and you've been so kind." She sounded contrite. "Do you know," she added, with the quaint air of a child making amends, "now that I've been able to focus on you, I can see that there is a definite family resemblance? Your features are very similar—I mean there's the same high-bridged nose and cleft chin. Only, of course, he's got that look of intense vitality—he sort of glows like a—like a dark jewel. While you are ——" She floundered, looking for a word.

"Colorless?" Brian suggested. He was beginning to enjoy himself.

"Well, no. Subdued, perhaps. More on the intellectual side." She took another

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We had a wonderful time at the Zoo, we saw the lions and the seals and we visited the monkey house . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drink out of the glass, which he had refilled. "What do you do, Mr. Gower? You're not in the theater, are you? You are the most untheatrical person I've ever met."

"Well ——" Brian in turn sipped at his brandy. "I take care of the managing and production end of it." That, at least, was the truth. He permitted himself a quiet smile as he leaned back in his chair. "You see, Miss Chase ——"

"You must call me Vinnie," said his guest chummily. "Everyone does."

"You see, Vinnie, there have always been two sorts of Gowers in our family: the dark ones, like my cousin Brian, whose job it seems to be to—er—glow like dark jewels, and sandy-colored, canny ones like me, who take care of the practical side."

He smiled at her genially, amused by his own fancifulness. Despite himself, he found himself getting into the character of the fictitious cousin the way he would get under the skin of any new part.

"For example," he told her, impressively, "Brian Gower would never appear in your play if I thought it was a bad financial risk."

"Oh!" Vinnie looked at him with awe. "But you don't think that, do you, Mr. Gower?"

"You must call me David," said Brian. "I think your play will do very well. For one thing, Lord Byron is exactly the sort of part that Gower does best and that the audiences like to see him in. In fact, it might have been written specially for him."

"Oh, it was!" Vinnie's eyes were very bright.

"I suppose you've seen him in some of his things?"

"In every single play or movie he ever did," said Vinnie, and added earnestly, "I think he is the greatest actor in the world."

"Really?" They were both silent. A log shattered softly in the fireplace, sending out a shower of sparks, and the rain swept gustily against the windows. It was very pleasant, Brian thought, to sit before a fire drinking good brandy and listening to a pretty girl telling you that you were the greatest actor in the world.

"If I don't look theatrical to you," he told her, "you certainly don't look like a playwright to me."

"I'm not really," said Vinnie. "I'm really a librarian. This play is my first—and last one."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. It's quite good, you know. Of course, it needs changes. That's why I—we wanted to see you before definitely going on with it. We wanted to make sure you'd be a co-operative playwright."

"Oh, I'm the most co-operative playwright you ever saw," Vinnie assured him earnestly. "You can rewrite that play, for all I care. You see," she went on confidentially, "I don't particularly care about writing plays. What I really like is working in the library. It's so peaceful, and gives you plenty of time for reading."

Brian sat up and stared at her, but she seemed quite serious.

"Would you mind telling me," he said at last, "why you ever bothered writing a play, in that case?"

"Because I wanted to write a play for Brian Gower."

"But why? Just to prove you could?"

"Because—because ——" She took a deep breath. Brian could see her trying to put on brakes, but the words came out despite her, on a tide of some irresistible emotion. "Because I love him!" She clapped her hands over her mouth and looked at him, terrified.

"Oh," said Brian politely, "you're a fan."

Try as he would, he couldn't suppress a small grimace of distaste. From the beginning of his career, he had a horror of the frenetic young females that swoop down on a famous actor after a performance and follow him around, squealing. After he had gone into pictures he had his share of fan clubs who found him madly romantic, and they frightened him to death. He would evade them by doing more or less what he had done just now: escaping recognition by looking mousy. He congratulated himself silently now on doing that again.

"No, I'm not a fan!" Vinnie's face was half tearful, half outraged. "I suppose now you think I'm one of those neurotic women that go for famous actors. Well, I'm not. And it's not my fault anyhow—I couldn't help it!" She pounded the arm of her chair with a small exasperated fist.

"It was just like one of those fairy stories," she went on, "where somebody sees somebody else's portrait and right away falls under a spell. My father says there's nothing more true than a fairy tale, and he's perfectly right, because that's exactly what happened to me. I saw Brian Gower for the first time playing Mr. Rochester in Jane Eyre—oh, David, the magnificence of him!—and there I was, hopelessly in love. Of course, that sort of thing does run in my family. My grandmother was a mail-order bride, and my father first fell in love with my mother's picture in the rotogravure section of the Sunday Times. I will admit that falling in love with someone like Brian Gower—seriously in love, I mean—is carrying family tradition to unprecedented lengths."

Now . . . fashions that carry
their own lasting protection . . .
SYL-MER
the silicone for fabrics
Like an invisible umbrella, SYL-MER* keeps clothes dry in the rain. Non-oily spots and stains can be wiped off with tissue. Yet SYL-MER makes fabric more luxurious, softer than ever to the touch. To be sure of this built-in protection, look for the Dow Corning trademark that identifies fashions with SYL-MER, at the sign of the Knight in Armor, in good stores everywhere. Dow Corning Corporation, Midland, Michigan. In Canada, Dow Corning Silicones Ltd., Toronto.
DOW CORNING
Silicones
*T. M. Dow Corning Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Seriously in love ——" Brian Gower smiled indulgently. "My dear child ——"

"You're about to say," said Vinnie, "that it's a childish, romantic notion and that I'll get over it. Well, that won't wash. I've had it for four years now and it's played havoc with my life. I've tried and tried, but somehow everybody just seems so unreal compared to him. Do you think I want to end up as an embittered and repressed spinster?"

"Not repressed, surely." Brian's lips twitched.

She looked at him with grave reproach. "That was unkind," she said. "If you think I go around telling this to everybody, you couldn't be more wrong, because I don't. As a matter of fact, you're the first person I've told it to, and that was on account of my just getting over the flu. I always go on a talking jag when my temperature is up. Not to mention the brandy—and you sitting there all sympathetic, drawing me out."

"Well, I certainly didn't mean to draw you out to this extent," said Brian defensively. "And anyhow —— Look here, my dear girl; the whole thing is absolutely ridiculous—a hopeless passion for a man you've never met! You've got to do something about it."

"Oh, but I have," said Vinnie; "I wrote that play, didn't I?"

Brian merely goggled at her.

"I've felt all along," she said softly, "that it wasn't for nothing that this has happened to me. I couldn't feel the way I felt about—oh, a shadow, an illusion, a completely impossible dream. Something will come of this, I am convinced—something real." She was silent for a moment, looking dreamily at the leaping fire. "It all points that way. The way things have been working out—as if some benevolent magic were at work. The play getting itself written so easily, and Mr. Howard taking it immediately. And then, when I told him that I wasn't interested in his producing it unless Brian Gower played in it ——"

"You didn't?" A vivid image of Charlie Howard's face as he must have looked upon being told this rose before him, and he began to laugh.

"Yes, I did, and he was a bit taken aback at first, and then he slapped his desk and said, 'Of course! Perfect casting!' So it's really been working out perfectly, but maybe the magic's curdling now: here I've been busily spoiling everything for myself by talking too much." She ended on an exhausted note. She was beginning to droop again, he noticed, the flush fading from her small, vivid face. "My head aches," she complained.

She closed her eyes again, her extravagantly long eyelashes fluttering down wearily. Brian put his hand on her forehead and she sighed—a funny, contented sigh that quite touched him.

"Your hand feels nice and cool," she said. "Just keep it there another minute and then perhaps, if you'll call the inn, they might send someone to pick me up."

Like calling A.S.P.C.A. to pick up a sick kitten, Brian thought. *And the rain coming down in torrents too.* With something like dismay, he heard himself say, "I think perhaps you'd better stay right here." He went on, stilling her weak protests together with his own misgivings, "Now don't argue about it. If it's an inauspicious meeting that's worrying you, my cousin won't be home till late tomorrow. If it's the proprieties, I can prevail on Mrs. Baker to stay overnight. And the sooner she gets you to bed, the better."

A little later he dropped into the guest room to look at her curled cozily under a quilt. She opened her eyes and gave him a small, sleepy smile. "Are you going to give me away to him, David Gower?"

"Don't worry about it."

"I didn't think you would. You're sweet. I like you," she sighed.

"I like you, too, you crazy little romantic. Go to sleep."

Obediently Vinnie went to sleep.

"All our family are great recoverers," said Vinnie blithely, putting away the third batch of Mrs. Baker's pancakes. Facing him across the breakfast table she was no longer the rain-drenched, feverish little waif of the night before. She looked as fresh as the morning. Her pale blond ringlets curled crisply around her small head, and only the faintest mauve shadow lingered around her eyes, that held the same lively sparkle as the waters of the bay that they could see through the kitchen windows.

"And what a lovely day," she said. "I feel equal to anything—anything at all. Why the deep, worried frown, David?"

"Just thinking," said Brian vaguely. Actually he was wondering if she was equal to a disclosure that obviously had to be made—and the sooner the better. Only how to do it without sounding patronizing or embarrassed or complacent? He tried out a couple of openings and they all sounded terrible: "Excuse me, but I happened to be the man you think you're in love with. Small world, isn't it?" Well, that was what it actually amounted to, he said to himself gloomily. Anything he said would be humiliating to her and embarrassing to himself. Still it had to be done. He cleared his throat.

"Certainly a change from last night," he said, and gave a little laugh which sounded hollow to his own ears. "You certainly were under the weather."

"Talked my head off, didn't I?"

"Well, yes. . . . Of course, I realized that you were feverish and not to be taken seriously." There, he was giving her an out. "You didn't mean any of it, did you?"

"Every single word of it," said Vinnie. With her great, trusting eyes fixed on him, she proceeded to box him in thoroughly. "You're a wonderful person, David; you have such a rare quality of understanding. If it were anybody else, I'd be so ashamed I'd want to die."

And that did it, said Brian to himself. *Unquestionably I have a situation on my hands.* He revolved it in his mind morosely until a question by Vinnie brought him out of his reverie.

"Is—is he going to show up today?"

"I think he'll have to," said Brian, Yes, sometime today he would have to nerve himself and tell her. He said to her, almost curtly, "Why don't you stick around here and wait for him?"

"I'd love to," said Vinnie with guileless promptness. "If you don't think I'll be in your way."

She wasn't, at all. Looking about twelve in a pair of his dungarees and his sweatshirt, she tagged after him with the solemn contentment of a little girl who has been allowed to join in the big brother's activity. She sat around watching him admiringly while he worked on a broken-down curlicuey antique of a chair that he picked up in Oak Bluffs and helped him to look for driftwood on the beach.

All through the morning she kept up a running stream of questions: Was he good with his hands too? ("Like you, David.") What color were his eyes? You couldn't really tell either on the stage or screen, except that they flashed so beautifully from under his dark brows. Which role was his favorite one? Were there a lot of fascinating women in love with him? And—this with a little tremor in the voice—did he care for any?

"Hundreds!" said Brian, driven to mild distraction. Answering all those questions about himself gave him a peculiar sense of duality; she was getting him all mixed up, too, he thought crossly. "They all fall victim to the famous Gower charm, but he cares for none; he's too busy glowing like a dark jewel. . . . And, Vinnie, I wish you'd stop saying 'he' in that ridiculously worshipful manner; you sound like a lovelorn calf."

"I can't help it," said Vinnie sadly. "I am in love!"

"Yes, with a shadow, an illusion, an impossible dream. You know, Vinnie, it's a very foolish and dangerous thing to fall in love like that. You might be setting yourself up for an awful disappointment."

"No, I'm not," said Vinnie. "I know he'll be wonderful. My father says the heart always knows." She had that visionary look again. "You see, I can sense the man behind the actor—the nobility and the fineness of him. And"—her quick look at him was charged with sweetness—"I've been even more sure of it ever since I've met you. There must be an awful lot to a man who can command loyalty of anyone like you."

"Me?" said Brian, at a loss.

Vinnie nodded. She was sitting on a log sifting the still-rain-wet sand through her fingers; the April wind loosened her pale curls and pinkened her cheeks. She looked very young and very wise.

"Yes, you, David. I've been listening to you and realizing just what a tower of strength you must be to hi —— to your cousin. So unselfish, so completely devoted to his interests, subordinating yourself to him, without even a trace of resentment that a smaller man might feel. Perhaps even too much so."

"Oh, don't be silly," said Brian uneasily. He didn't precisely relish the picture of a faithful drudge she was summoning up, although simple justice compelled him to admit that he had helped to build it up himself. *I suppose*, he said to himself ruefully, *that's how I would strike her—a colorless, mildly pleasant personality, overshadowed by a glamorous cousin.* Absurdly, resentment stirred in him.

"Do you know what I think, David?" said Vinnie. "I think you're one of the nicest men I've ever met."

"Good old David, eh?" said Brian. *Well-meaning, but dull*, he thought to himself morosely. *That's what she probably means. Well, I suppose that's what I am when I am not on the stage.*

"Nothing of the sort," said Vinnie. "I don't believe you even suspect how nice you really are. You have a tendency to efface yourself, you know. I noticed that yesterday. I thought you were just a pleasant nonentity. But there's really much more to you than it seems at first. Much, much more!"

There was definite approval in her appraising look, and Brian felt his squashed ego beginning to stir.

She said very deliberately, "Actually, you are a very attractive man in your own way and I don't think you know it."

"I don't?" said Brian, pleased.

"No." She shook her curls decisively. "Well, it's easy to understand, of course. You've been underestimating yourself—putting yourself second for so long that it has become a habit. You've been swallowed up by a powerful personality. It just isn't fair to you."

Brian nodded gravely.

"He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep
about ——

"Something like that, eh?" He was suddenly very cheerful. "You have it all figured out, haven't you, Vinnie?"

"Yes, I have," said Vinnie. "My father says my sense of intuition is positively atavistic. . . . That was from Julius Caesar, Act One, wasn't it? One result of falling in love with someone like Brian Gower is that you start reading up on Shakespeare. . . . Yes, I fear you, too, are a victim of the Gower charm, David." She looked at him anxiously. "I suppose I'm talking too much again. Are you mad at me, David?"

"No, I'm not," said Brian. "I think you're sweet. But would you like to do me a favor, Vinnie? Let's stop talking about him." *Now I am doing it, too*, he said to himself with irritation. "And in return, I'll show you around the island and we'll have a fine time."

"All right," said Vinnie. She laughed. "I could use a (*Continued on Page 93*)

"Well, now, I thought that window looked awfully clean."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

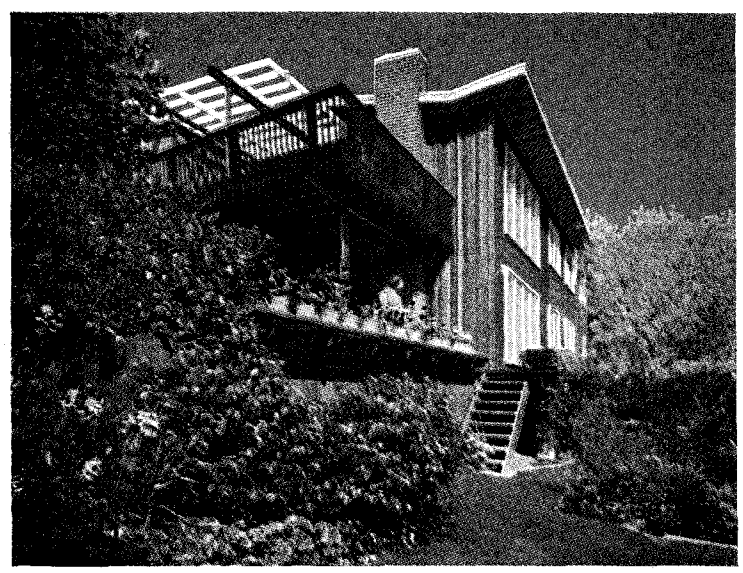
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH APPLIED FORESTRY RESEARCH

DR. JOHN WARREN DUFFIELD, member, Society of American Foresters. Forest geneticist for Industrial Forestry Association, composed of private forest landowners in the Douglas fir region. As Technical Director of their cooperative tree nursery, he is currently engaged in field work and research designed to improve future tree farm crops. He was forest geneticist at U. S. Forest Service, California Forest and Range Experiment Station, 1946-1953.

working with nature to grow better trees for the future...

Among major benefits of forestry research by private industry is growing assurance that tree farms can always produce wood for use in lumber, plywood, paper, rayon and about 4,000 other products.



To supply the wood needed by generations to come, the private forest industry is working to improve both the quality and quantity of its future timber crops. For example, Dr. John W. Duffield, nationally recognized forest geneticist, is conducting experiments to develop better Douglas fir seeds and seedlings for use in artificial reforestation. He is also studying the long-range effects of heredity and environment on tree life. Other forest scientists are working on growth and yield studies, problems in natural and artificial reforestation, tree protection, timber stand improvement and the productivity of various forest soils.

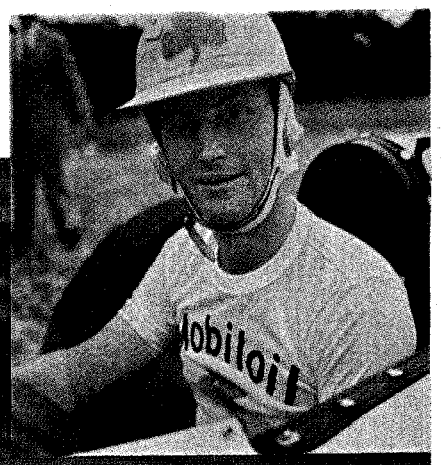
By applying the results of forestry research, owners of America's 8,422 tree farms will increase the productivity of their 40 million acres of forestland. As more and more timberland is managed to grow trees in repeated crops, the promise of a perpetual wood supply for future generations will be fulfilled.

All Weyerhaeuser Timber Company forestlands are operated as perpetual yield tree farms under modern methods incorporating the results of continuing research. *For free literature on tree farming, write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington.*

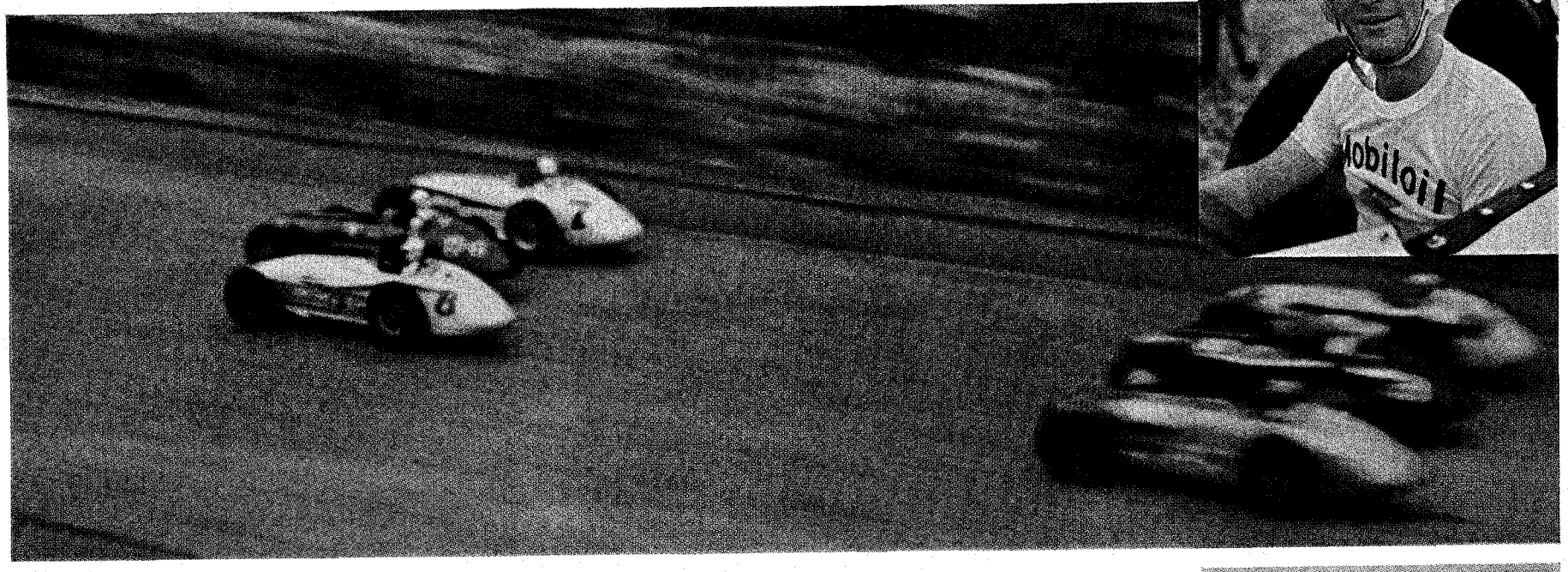
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

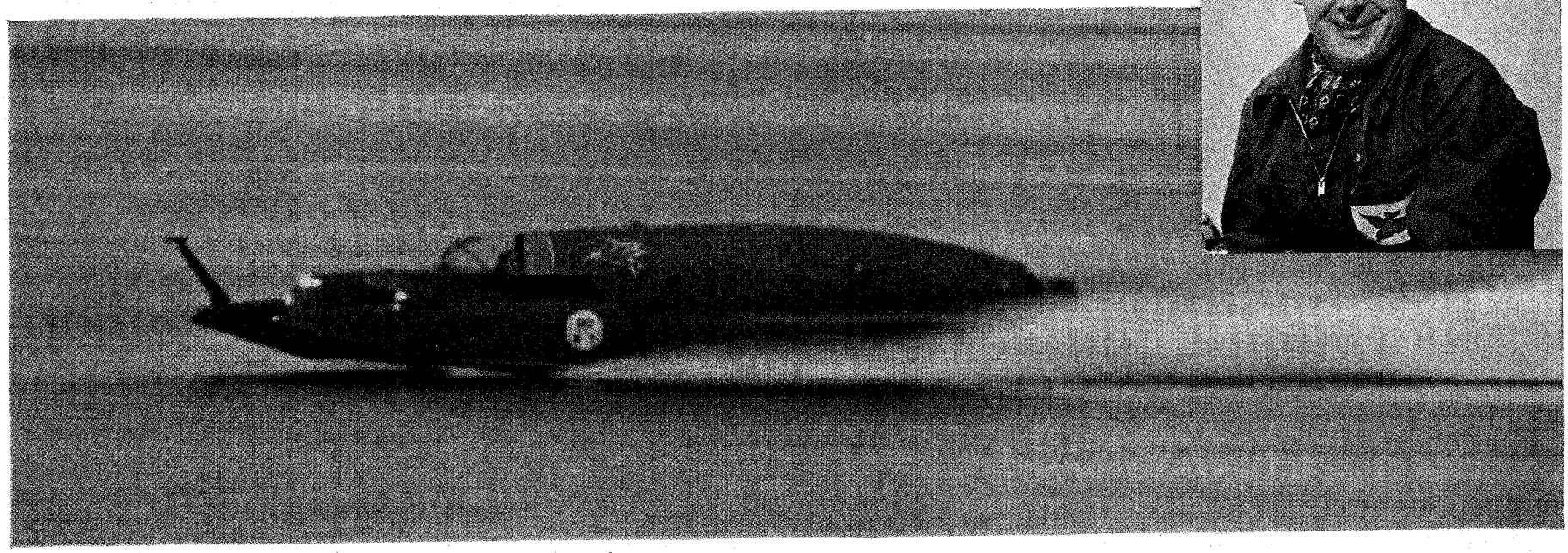
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PAT FLAHERTY, winner of this year's 500-mile Indianapolis race, used *Mobiloil* to safeguard his engine.
2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th place winners also used *Mobiloil !*



DONALD CAMPBELL, in his turbo-jet "Bluebird," roars to a new world's unlimited speedboat record of 216.2 mph on Lake Mead. The "Bluebird" was protected with *Mobiloil !*



Speed kings' choice... Mobiloil!

Why accept less for your car?

Racing's mighty rough on engines.

That's why these two great champions—like so many others—used *Mobiloil* to protect their costly, super-powered engines.

Mobiloil guards all vital engine parts with an unusually tough oil film that defies scorching temperatures and high pressures—reduces frictional and corrosive wear to an amazing degree. This heavy-duty motor oil is also highly detergent . . . helps keep engines *clean*—free of harmful deposits. It helps engines run quieter, stay more powerful, be more miserly with gasoline.

* * *

Try Mobiloil in your car—you'll discover why it's the world's largest-selling motor oil.

Mobiloil—*world's largest-selling motor oil*

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) little vacation myself. Frankly, an obsession like mine is a very tiring thing."

All during the rest of that day, Brian found himself wondering at the almost magical sense of ease that he felt with his unexpected companion. They laughed a lot and at the same things, talked about everything or nothing at all, agreed enthusiastically or argued fiercely about everything in the world or were comfortably silent with each other. They went to Gay Head to look at the grand, varicolored cliffs, ate steamed clams and lobster stew at the Edgartown Harbor and at sundown watched the boats coming into Menemsha. By the time the day was over and he took her back to the inn where she was staying, he felt that it was inconceivable that they had met only yesterday. He told her so and she nodded.

"Yes, I know. I feel as if I've known you for ages. And the island too. Oh, David, I do so love the Island. I'd happily stay here forever."

"You feel that too?" He was unaccountably delighted. They were lingering at the gate. It was dark and the stars shone behind the ragged silhouettes of the pines. The special island quiet was all around them. "That's just exactly how I felt about it from the first day I came. 'This is the place,' I said to myself; 'this is exactly right.' You know, Vinnie, it's very important for an actor to have a place in which he can—well, sort of find himself again. I bought the house the very same day."

"For him, you mean."

"For —— Oh, yes," said Brian, floundering. "For him, of course."

There was a brief silence during which he told himself angrily and impotently that this was getting ridiculous. He had no way of knowing what Vinnie was thinking. She stood there, silent, her small head drooping pensively. Finally she spoke in a curiously hesitant voice.

"David," she said, "I hope you won't think this impertinent, but—well, I have been thinking about this all day and —— Have you ever thought that perhaps it might be better for you—as a person—to disassociate yourself from your cousin? . . . Please don't be angry with me, but I can't help feeling that it's so unfair for you. Like what you told me just now about your coming to the Island; even then your first thought was for him. Well, it's wonderful, of course, but it is carrying selflessness too far. Haven't you ever felt stifled—submerged?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Brian. "Occasionally I've been able to struggle out from under and assert myself. Like now, for instance."

Vinnie gave a startled squeak and was still. He was aware of a mixture of many emotions as he kissed her—an utter exasperation, a sort of angry satisfaction, and a surprised pleasure because her lips were so soft and responsive. It suddenly dawned on him that this was what he had wanted to do all along.

And then suddenly she was out of his arms and standing at a distance with her hand at her lips.

"Oh," she said weakly, "you—you shouldn't have."

Her eyes were huge and dark with shock, and suddenly he was completely furious with both her and himself.

"Forgive me," he said glacially. "I forgot myself. I shouldn't have dared to lay a hand on a priestess officiating at my cousin's shrine." There was a new, strange emotion mixed in with the rest; with a shock, he identified it as jealousy.

"That isn't what I meant at all," said Vinnie. "I just—I—Oh!" Abruptly she turned and fled like a deer.

Brian went home in a state of frustrated fury, directed mostly at himself. He analyzed the situation thoroughly and found a certain gloomy satisfaction in admitting to himself that it was now so thoroughly messed up that there was no way of unraveling it without pain and humiliation to all parties concerned. Apparently he had capped the general absurdity of it by fatheadedly falling in love with a girl who was so madly in love with an imaginary Brian Gower that there was no chance for the real one. Shakespeare himself couldn't have devised a more unlikely plot, he thought sourly. There seemed to be no satisfactory solution to it. He spent a sleepless night trying to think of one, and only toward the morning finally arrived at one, which, while certainly not satisfactory, at least had the merit of being conclusive.

The next morning, hollow-eyed with the lack of sleep, he trudged down grimly to the inn in search of Vinnie. He found her drooping in a hammock, wanly chewing a breakfast roll, and again, at the sight of her, experienced the familiar sense of mixed exasperation and delight. She was sweet, he thought sadly, watching her as she sat there, still obviously plunged in her cockeyed dream. If only—but it was no use.

"Good morning," he said, and saw her start violently. All her delightful unself-consciousness was gone, he saw, as she greeted him with constraint. Her eyes avoided his—the result of last night, he thought, and steeled his heart.

"I have some bad news for you."

"Bad news?" Her startled eyes flew to his face.

"Well, not really . . . I mean if you take the long-range view, you'll see that it's really all for the best . . . in the long run, I mean." He was floundering like a schoolboy. "Anyhow, I talked to Brian this morning, and it seems he has decided not to appear in your play this season." There, it was out now—cruel, perhaps, but unavoidable. It would hurt now, but it would save her from being humiliated. She would get over it, and so would he—they would both have to. He ran a hand distractedly through his sandy hair, afraid to look at her, and heard a small stunned voice say, "Not to appear ——"

"That's right. But you mustn't mind, Vinnie. It won't hurt your play. I spoke to Charlie Howard this morning, and we could think of several good actors who would do very well in it."

"Oh, the play," she said in the same dazed way, dismissing it with a small, contemptuous movement of her hand.

"Yes, I realize that the play wasn't your primary consideration," said Brian, with a wry smile. "But I am convinced it'll also be good for the playwright."

Vinnie looked at him steadily for a moment. Her expression was unreadable. "I have the impression that you make most decisions for him," she said. "Did you make this one?"

"Well ——" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Does it matter? It's all settled now. As a matter of fact, we've had an offer to appear in London, so we'll be leaving for England sometime next week. Vinnie, dear, listen." Her slim shoulders drooped under his hands and he had to fight a ridiculous desire to take her in his arms. "Please believe me, this'll be for the best."

But she wasn't listening. "To London? Next week?" Her head lifted like a deer's. "Does that mean —— Are you going too?"

"Well, of course, I ——" Brian Gower stopped and did one of the most effective double takes in his career. Gently, wonderingly, he took hold of her pointed chin and lifted her face. A deep tide of red swept across it, and a small, sheepish smile, which he found totally adorable, twitched at her lips.

She said, "Please don't go."

Afterward, when he had finished kissing her, she said contentedly, "Oh, David, it's so wonderful to fall in love with someone you know! Everything is so much simpler!"

"Much," Brian agreed fervently. "For everybody concerned." He added, not too coherently, "What about him, though?"

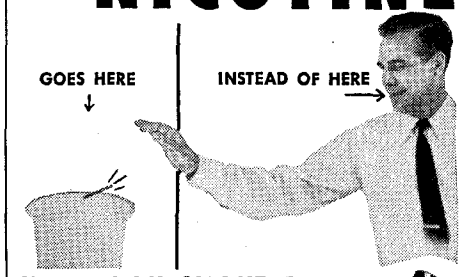
Vinnie said wonderingly, "All at once he stopped being real. Every time I tried to remember what he looked like, I kept seeing you instead. And then I suddenly realized that I didn't even care whether I ever saw him or not, that it was all over. Of course, I think he will always be my favorite actor."

"That," said Brian Gower, "will be perfectly all right with me." THE END

"Sure, I'll tell you how I got my raise—
but I don't think it'll help you much."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TRAPPED NICOTINE



WHEN YOU SMOKE A
MEDICO
TRADE MARK
FILTER PIPE

Nicotine, tars, bitter juices and flakes trapped by Medico's scientific filter never reach your mouth! You throw away all the impurities that Medico's filter traps. Insert a fresh filter and your Medico smokes cooler, cleaner, drier, sweeter. That's why Medico is America's fastest selling pipe! Choose a Medico Filter Pipe today.

MEDICO Crest
$3.50
Other Medico Filter Pipes
$1.50 to $12.50
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

When filter is discolored, replace with a fresh one—10 for 10¢

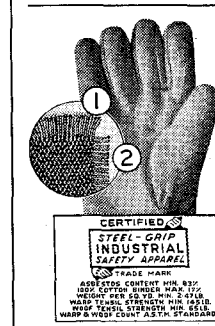
For Catalog 30, write MEDICO, 18 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22

'Score' with your feet . . . wear
Wigwam Socks

Start and stop. Start and stop. You can really "move around," play your best game, in comfortable Wigwam Socks. Featured by leading sporting goods and department stores.

for EVERY Sport

HAND KNIT HOSIERY COMPANY Sheboygan, Wis.
In Canada: Wigwam of Canada, Ltd., Ottawa



①20 warp ends per inch
②10 woof ends per inch

Steel-Grip
INDUSTRIAL
Safety Apparel
TRADE-MARK
TO BE SURE OF THE GENUINE, DEMAND THIS TRADE-MARK

DEMAND
Certified Asbestos
SAFEGUARDS
of 83% asbestos content or better

Don't buy asbestos safety apparel on looks or price. Many grades of asbestos fall below safe asbestos content, contain highly combustible binder, lack yarn tensile strength, are low in warp and woof counts. Only laboratory tests can determine the grade. Steel-Grip maintains its own laboratory, tests its raw materials and certifies their quality to you. Every asbestos safeguard we make bears the Steel-Grip Certification of at least 83% asbestos content . . . your protection against inferior grades, your guarantee of satisfaction. Insist on this label. Put Steel-Grip 83% Certified Asbestos on the job and get lowest man-hour costs. Write for catalog today.

INDUSTRIAL GLOVES COMPANY
A Corporation
1109 Garfield Street, Danville, Illinois
(In Canada: Safety Supply Co., Toronto)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Olympic Preview (Continued from Page 32)

candidates the U.S.S.R. Olympic Committee selected 397 men and women—the maximum allowable entry—who immediately went into intensive final training in the Tbilisi region of Southern Russia.

Unquestionably the Russians, who have already "won" the 1956 Winter Olympics in Italy, will have a stronger squad for the Summer Olympic Games at Melbourne this fall than in 1952 at Helsinki, Finland, where Soviet Russia made its Olympic debut. However, the current United States squad also will be far stronger than any of its predecessors. As one indication, 1952 Olympic track champions Mal Whitfield, Harrison Dillard and Lindy Remigino failed even to make the team at our final tryouts in June. Nor could Ford Konno, the Helsinki 1500-meter free-style champ, qualify in our swimming trials in August. Similarly our two-time Olympic heavyweight lifting champion, John Davis, finished a poor second to Paul Anderson, the amazing 340-pound strong boy from Toccoa, Georgia.

In the battle for the unofficial team title at Helsinki in 1952, the Russians built up a big lead midway through the games with a great harvest of points in men's and women's gymnastics. It wasn't until the next-to-the-last day that we overtook the Red team and went on to win by a 614-to-553½ score.

That is, we won according to the established scoring method used since 1928 by most of the world's newspapers and wire services. Under this system, points are awarded to the first six finishers in each event—ten points for first place, and then five, four, three, two and one, respectively, for the next five places.

Tass, the Soviet news agency, used a system of its own in 1952. Their tabulation, based on a seven-five-four-three-two-one point distribution, gave Russia a total of 490½ points and the United States 490¼.

Neither scoring system is really an accurate measure of a nation's accomplishments in the Olympics. For example, in a big international sport like basketball or soccer, a team that wins out over two dozen other nations in a two-week elimination tournament is awarded a maximum of ten points. Yet one talented young gymnast, competing in seven events, could earn as many as seventy points—Soviet gymnast Vladimir Tchoukarine actually did contribute forty-two points to his country's total in 1952.

Another inequity is that the number of contestants a nation is allowed to enter in each event varies widely from sport to sport. The United States in 1952 had the ten-best high hurdlers in the world, but could enter only three of them. They ran one-two-three for nineteen points; while in gymnastics, Russia won all six places in the women's long-horse event for twenty-five points.

All this talk of point competition between nations would have grieved Baron Pierre de Coubertin, the Frenchman who founded the modern Olympic movement in 1896. His idea was to have the athletes of the world get to know one another by competing together. He thought this would reduce national rivalries, but it hasn't exactly worked out that way. In a separate box at the beginning, you'll find the Post's predictions of how the competition between nations will turn out in 1956.

This is the biggest sports show on earth, and it also is probably the most expensive one. Australia has spent $13,440,000 on this year's Olympic facilities, including twelve different sports sites and an 850-building Olympic Village at Heidelberg. For many of the visiting nations, costs also are high, as Australia is halfway around the world from them.

Russia is spending the largest sum to send its team to Melbourne—the equivalent of more than $1,000,000 in rubles. The smallest outlay is the $297.36 it will cost the North Borneo Olympic Committee to enter policeman Gabuh bin Tiging and schoolmaster Sium bin Diau in the hop, step and jump.

The United States Olympic Committee will spend about $800,000, all raised through private contributions. A movement to have Congress appropriate the money got little support; Americans seem to prefer to keep state subsidy and state control out of their Olympic picture. It's the same in England, where $210,000 is being raised for a team which "should be composed of amateurs and not temporary civil servants," as the Duke of Edinburgh put it.

This year's roll of seventy-four nations is the largest in Olympic history. However, due to the high travel costs, the total number of athletes at Melbourne is likely to be somewhat less than the 5800 who competed at Helsinki in 1952.

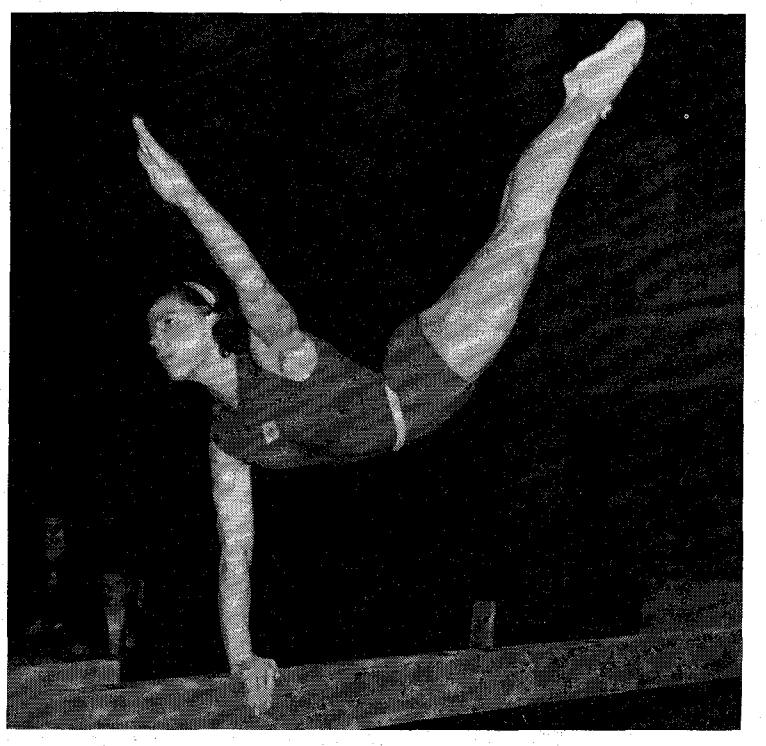
But nobody is leaving any potential gold-medal winners at home. And it's unlikely that many stars will drop out because of the International Olympic Committee's insistence that every athlete swear in his Olympic Oath that he not only is, but also intends to remain, an amateur.

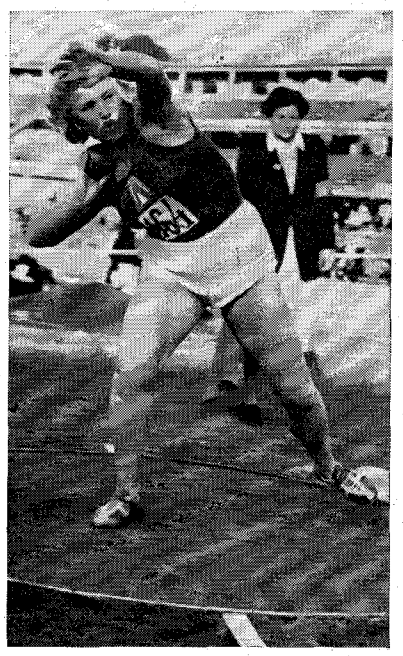
Now to get down to individual cases. We'll make a quick run through the entire track-and-field program—a list of the predicted gold medalists appears up front—and then take a look at the other Olympic sports. We'll be picking the top finishers—we hope—as we go along.

THE SPRINTS

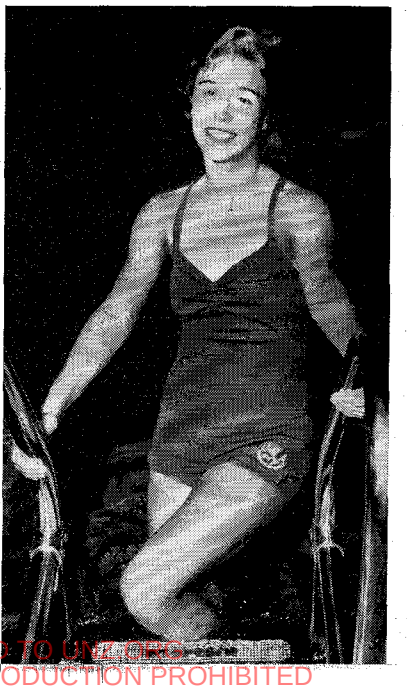
100-METER RUN: 1. Bobby Morrow, U.S.A. (San Benito, Tex.); 2. Ira Murchison, U.S.A. (Chicago, Ill.); 3. Thane Baker, U.S.A. (Elkhart, Kans.); 4. Heinz Futterer, Germany; 5. Mike Agostini, Trinidad; 6. Hec Hogan, Australia.

200-METER RUN: 1. Morrow, U.S.A.; 2. Baker, U.S.A.; 3. Futterer, Germany; 4. Andy Stanfield, U.S.A. (Jersey City, N. J.); 5. Ardalion Ignatyev, U.S.S.R.; 6. Agostini, Trinidad.





Soviet woman athletes such as "absolute champion" S. Muratova, a gymnast, and the amazonian shot-put queen Galina Zybina (left), will easily excel girls of the western world in the Olympics.



Swimmer Shelley Mann (right) is one of the few bright hopes of the U.S.A. in the women's events.

400-METER RUN: 1. Lou Jones, U.S.A. (New Rochelle, N.Y.); 2. Jim Lea, U.S.A. (San Jose, Calif.); 3. Ignatyev, U.S.S.R.; 4. Charley Jenkins, U.S.A. (Cambridge, Mass.); 5. Kevan Gosper, Australia; 6. Voitto Hellsten, Finland.

400-METER RELAY: 1. U.S.A. (Morrow, Murchison, Baker and Leamon King); 2. U.S.S.R.; 3. Germany; 4. Australia; 5. Jamaica; 6. Hungary.

1600-METER RELAY: 1. U.S.A. (Jones, Lea, Jenkins and J. W. Mashburn); 2. Great Britain; 3. Germany; 4. U.S.S.R.; 5. France; 6. Puerto Rico.

In twenty-year-old Bobby Morrow, a junior at Abilene Christian College, the United States probably has the current version of the "world's fastest human." Morrow lost only two races during the last four years, and tied the world records of 10.2 seconds for the 100 meters and 20.6 seconds for the 200 meters around a turn. In Germany this summer a new 100-meter mark of 10.1 seconds was set by Americans Willie Williams (twice) and Ira Murchison. However, Morrow beat them both in our final Olympic tryouts, where Williams didn't even qualify for the team. Morrow is a good bet to become the first man since Jesse Owens, in 1936, to win both the 100 and the 200 in the Olympics.

His closest competition will come from his own teammates. In the 100 meters the chief threat to Morrow is Murchison, who is only five feet five, but gets off his starting blocks with a terrific burst. In the 200 meters Morrow must beware especially of Kansas State veteran Thane Baker, who was good enough to place second at Helsinki and runs even faster now. Baker, in fact, is probably the world's fastest over a space of ten to twenty yards in a mid-race burst, but he lacks Morrow's smooth consistency.

The United States is unlikely to miss young Dave Sime, of Duke, the sensation of the spring season—sad though it was to see Sime eliminated by a leg injury. As for the rest of the world, their dash men are improving, but not yet in the class of the best Americans.

Trinidad's little Mike Agostini, who attends Fresno State in California, and West Germany's Heinz Futterer, who may still be feeling the effects of a summer leg injury, are the two principal outside challengers.

The 400-meter run—just under a quarter of a mile—has been dominated for some time by little Jamaica, but now their stars are in retirement. This year America's Lou Jones and Jim Lea, each a world-record holder, look like an unbeatable duo. Russian veteran Ardalion Ignatyev, however, figures to keep Uncle Sam from making a one-two-three sweep of the event.

Since the United States has the best individual sprinters, it follows that we should also win the sprint relays. Without hesitation, our quartet of 100-meter men is picked in the 400-meter relay, and our team of 400-meter specialists in the 1600-meter relay.

THE MIDDLE DISTANCES

800-METER RUN: 1. Arnie Sowell, U.S.A. (Pittsburgh, Pa.); 2. Tom Courtney, U.S.A. (Livingston, N. J.); 3. Roger Moens, Belgium; 4. Audun Boysen, Norway; 5. Edmund Brenner, Germany; 6. Lon Spurrier, U.S.A. (Delano, Calif.).

1500-METER RUN: 1. Jim Bailey, Australia; 2. Gunnar Nielsen, Denmark; 3. Istvan Roszavoglyi, Hungary; 4. Ron Delany, Eire; 5. Siegfried Herrmann, Germany; 6. Ken Wood, Great Britain.

Moving up to the middle distance of 800 meters—the metric half mile—the United States still is in excellent shape. Once the *(Continued on Page 96)*

LICENSED TO UNLESS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The STRIDE, *S-1736; hand-butted straight tip blucher in tan Walnut calf; with Storm welt.*

The KENMOOR, *S-1733; wing tip blucher in tan Walnut calf; with Storm welt.*

The KENMOOR, *S-1590; U-wing tip blucher in tan Walnut calf.*

ALL *for Fall*

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

FLORSHEIM

Builds STAMINA *into the* SOFTEST *Leather Ever Tanned...*

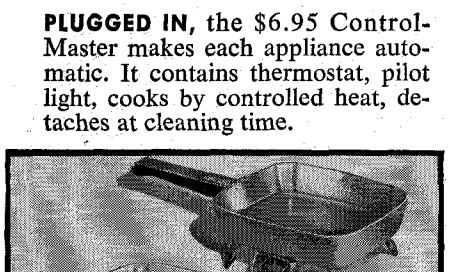
WALNUT CALF

Florsheim Shoes $18.95 *and higher*

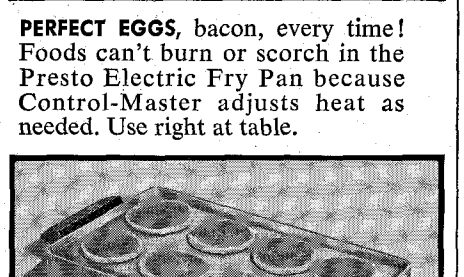
Time was when the worth of a Winter shoe was measured by the pound! It remained for Florsheim to come up with shoes that combined style with stamina, softness with strength! The secret? Walnut calf—a leather tanned without stretching with all the plump natural grain left in! It *looks* soft, *feels* soft, *is* soft—the softest leather ever tanned!

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PLUGGED IN, the $6.95 Control-Master makes each appliance automatic. It contains thermostat, pilot light, cooks by controlled heat, detaches at cleaning time.



PERFECT EGGS, bacon, every time! Foods can't burn or scorch in the Presto Electric Fry Pan because Control-Master adjusts heat as needed. Use right at table.

BIG CAPACITY 11-inch and 9-inch fry pans have stick-proof cooking surfaces, cool feet and handles. Once you own a Control-Master, you save $6.95 on next pan you buy.

YOU SAVE $6.95 when you add the Presto Electric Griddle, too. Jumbo 9 x 15 size cooks big meals at once. Greaseless foods because exclusive slide-out drip tray drains off fat.

Presto Control-Master® Appliances

National Presto Industries, Inc., Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Presto makes: Electric Pressure Cookers, Deep Fry Cookers, Steam Irons, Coffee Makers, Control-Master Appliances, Presto Cookers and Canners

*MANUFACTURER'S RECOMMENDED RETAIL OR FAIR TRADE PRICE. FED. TAX INCL.

(*Continued from Page 94*)

distances stretch beyond that, though, our boys start dropping out of sight.

In the 800 meters, it will take a near superman to beat out either Arnie Sowell, the five-eleven, 135-pound Pitt runner with the gliding early speed, or Tom Courtney, the six-two, 180-pound Fordham alumnus with the pounding stretch drive. If such a superman turns up, he might be Belgium's Roger Moens, a Brussels policeman who had a great season in 1955, lowering the world 800-meter record to 1:45.7. Moens lost to Courtney this year in California, but by the narrowest of margins.

As for Courtney, after eating Sowell's dust through three years of indoor and outdoor racing, Tom finally broke through and beat Arnie decisively in our Olympic tryouts. Still, it is difficult to pick against the rapid acceleration and effortless grace of Pittsburgh's Sowell.

Lon Spurrier, the third American entry, set a world half-mile record of 1:47.5 last year, equivalent to 1:46.8 for 800 meters. But the current international crop is so strong, particularly in Britain and Europe, that Spurrier will do well to finish in the top six.

The so-called metric mile—the 1500 meters—is the big exception to the general Olympic rule that the United States does well at things in which Americans are widely interested. The mile run is probably the most publicized track event in this country, yet no American is among the nine runners who have broken the four-minute barrier, and the United States hasn't won the Olympic 1500 meters since Mel Sheppard did it in 1908. There is no prospect that we shall break our losing streak at Melbourne, where there are at least ten prime contenders—none of them on our team.

Australia's own John Landy, who still holds the world's mile record, expects to pass up the 1500 meters in favor of the 5000-meter race. When Landy was in this country last May, he told the author, "It will take a man with real speed—natural leg speed—to win that 1500 in the Olympics. It will be a tactical race, with the man with the fastest kick winning it—someone like Nielsen, Roszavoglyi, Hewson, Tabori, Bailey or Delany."

Landy, not having that natural speed, has gained his fame on superb conditioning and a flowing, energy-conserving gait. Track statisticians calculate that Landy's mile record of 3:58 is comparable to between 3:40 and 3:41 for the 1500 meters. This puts him right in a class with the three men who share the recognized world 1500-meter mark of 3:40.8—Denmark's Gunnar Nielsen and Hungary's Sandor Iharos and Laszlo Tabori. Nielsen has been consistently the best European for the past two years, but came up with a minor leg injury in August that may still bother him in the Games. Iharos probably will run at longer distances at Melbourne, but Tabori should be right up there in the 1500 meters, along with countryman Istvan Roszavoglyi—who recently was clocked at a new record time of 3:40.6.

Two of the most unpredictable contenders are Jim Bailey, the Australian who attends the University of Oregon, and Ron Delany, the Irishman at Villanova University, in Pennsylvania. Bailey upset Landy at Los Angeles last May, with Delany a distant third. Delany, on the other hand, beat Nielsen on one subsequent occasion and Bailey on another.

The only American who is given much chance even to get through the 1500-meter qualifying rounds in the Olympics is Don Bowden, a gangly youth from San Jose, California, who barely won a place on our team behind Jerome Walters, of Los Angeles, and Ted Wheeler, of the University of Iowa. Bowden finished third, at 3:48.6. However, he had been side-lined almost all season with a tendon injury, and some observers think he has the potential to get down in the 3:40 class by November.

THE DISTANCE RUNS

5000-METER RUN: 1. John Landy, Australia; 2. Gordon Pirie, Great Britain; 3. Sandor Iharos, Hungary; 4. Vladimir Kuts, U.S.S.R.; 5. Chris Chataway, Great Britain; 6. Velisa Mugosa, Yugoslavia.

10,000-METER RUN: 1. Iharos, Hungary; 2. Pirie, Great Britain; 3. Kuts, U.S.S.R.; 4. Ken Norris, Great Britain; 5. Dave Stephens, Australia; 6. Joszef Kovacs, Hungary.

MARATHON: 1. Emil Zatopek, Czechoslovakia; 2. Antti Viskari, Finland; 3. Johnny Kelley, U.S.A. (Boston, Mass.); 4. Hideo Hamamura, Japan; 5. Franjo Mihalic, Yugoslavia; 6. Ron Clark, Great Britain.

3000-METER STEEPLECHASE: 1. Jerszy Chromik, Poland; 2. Semyon Rzhishchin, U.S.S.R.; 3. Laszlo Jeszensky, Hungary; 4. John Disley, Great Britain; 5. Eric Shirley, Great Britain; 6. Sandor Rozsnyoi, Hungary.

Championship distance running takes much more work, patience and time than most American athletes are willing to put into it. Horace Ashenfelter's startling victory in the steeplechase at Helsinki in 1952 is the only Olympic distance event the United States has won in the last forty years. No such pleasant surprises are likely in 1956. Ashenfelter, a thirty-three-year-old FBI agent in Boston, will be back in there at Melbourne, but he appears to be out of it this time.

Our only real hope of even placing in any of the distance races comes, oddly enough, in the marathon, the longest run of them all. Johnny Kelley, of Boston University, could finish as high as third, or perhaps even second to Emil Zatopek, the aging but still formidable Czech.

In the other distance events our best doesn't seem nearly good enough. If John Landy sticks to his plan of concentrating on the 5000 meters, he is the pick here to win it, although he has run it only a few times in the past. The Soviet sailor, Vladimir Kuts, is a threat in the 5000 and 10,000 meters. And there are contenders in both events from Hungary's great stable of state-supported distance runners, who train together all the year round in Budapest.

THE HURDLES

110-METER HIGH HURDLES: 1. Jack Davis, U.S.A. (Glendale, Calif.); 2. Lee Calhoun, U.S.A. (Gary, Ind.); 3. Joel Shankle, U.S.A. (Durham, N.C.); 4. Keith Gardner, Jamaica; 5. Ray Weinberg, Australia; 6. Peter Hildreth, Great Britain.

400-METER LOW HURDLES: 1. Glenn Davis, U.S.A. (Barberton, O.); 2. Eddie Southern, U.S.A. (Dallas, Tex.); 3. Josh Culbreath, U.S.A. (Denver, Colo.); 4. Yuriy Lituyev, U.S.S.R.; 5. Igor Ilin, U.S.S.R.; 6. Illie Savel, Rumania.

Here we're back in an American specialty. The United States probably could take the first fifteen places in the 110-meter high hurdles if we were allowed to enter that many men. As it is, Jack Davis, Lee Calhoun and Joel Shankle should finish off by themselves if they don't trip over any of the three-and-a-half-foot barriers. Davis, the world-record holder at 13.4 seconds, will have to run a perfect race to beat Calhoun, a slim young North Carolina College star who tied him in our Olympic tryouts. One of the foreigners who might have given them an argument won't be at Melbourne. This is Rumania's Ion Opris, who skipped that communist satellite country in July to seek political asylum in England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the 400-meter low hurdles, on the other hand, our prospects looked poor until recently. Cornell's Charley Moore won for us in the 1952 Olympics, but Russians took charge during the next three years, with Anatoliy Julin and Yuriy Lituyev bringing the world record down to 50.5 seconds, and then to 50.4.

However, this event normally isn't on the American-college program—220 yards is the customary intercollegiate distance in the low hurdles. In this Olympic year our schools have cultivated the 400-meter distance, and at our final tryouts Ohio State's big Glenn Davis cracked Lituyev's mark wide open with a great 49.5 performance. Eighteen-year-old Eddie Southern, a University of Texas freshman, was right behind at 49.7. Even the third finisher, Josh Culbreath, of Morgan State, equaled the Lituyev record. So the likelihood is that here, too, the United States will wind up making a clean sweep.

THE JUMPING EVENTS

HIGH JUMP: 1. Charles Dumas, U.S.A. (Los Angeles, Calif.); 2. Bengt Nilsson, Sweden; 3. Igor Kashkarov, U.S.S.R.; 4. Vern Wilson, U.S.A. (San Jose, Calif.); 5. Eero Salminen, Finland; 6. Julius Chigbolu, Nigeria.

BROAD JUMP: 1. John Bennett, U.S.A. (Grand Forks, N.D.); 2. Greg Bell, U.S.A. (Terre Haute, Ind.); 3. Rafer Johnson, U.S.A. (Kingsburg, Calif.); 4. Neville Price, South Africa; 5. Masaji Tajima, Japan; 6. Henk Visser, Netherlands.

HOP, STEP & JUMP: 1. Adhemar da Silva, Brazil; 2. Leonid Shcherbakov, U.S.S.R.; 3. Teruji Kogake, Japan; 4. Yevgeniy Chen, U.S.S.R.; 5. Martin Rehak, Czechoslovakia; 6. Arnoldo Devonish, Venezuela.

POLE VAULT: 1. Bob Richards, U.S.A. (La Verne, Calif.); 2. Jim Graham, U.S.A. (Tulsa, Okla.); 3. Eeles Landstrom, Finland; 4. George Mattos, U.S.A. (Santa Cruz, Calif.); 5. Ragnar Lundberg, Sweden; 6. Viktor Chernobay, U.S.S.R.

Nineteen-year-old Charley Dumas, who is six feet one and a half inches tall, high-jumped seven feet and one half inch in our Olympic trials. This made him the first high jumper in history to crack the seven-foot ceiling, and therefore the logical favorite at Melbourne.

If there is anyone who can push Dumas it is Sweden's Bengt Nilsson, a six-eleven jumper for the past two years. Ernie Shelton, the world's only other active six-eleven jumper, didn't make our team; the best he could do at our tryouts was six-eight-and-a-quarter.

The other two American entries are a Mutt and Jeff combination, six-foot-five-inch Vern Wilson and five-foot-eight-and-a-half-inch Phil Reavis. Both scaled six feet, nine and a quarter inches at Los Angeles. Russia has its first world-class high jumper in Igor Kashkarov, who has cleared six-nine, and there are some good men from other places, including Africa. Not entered, however, are any of the Watusi tribesmen, who supposedly soar more than eight feet, taking off from ant mounds.

In the broad jump, the United States has five men who are capable of doing better than twenty-six feet. Two of them, John Bennett and Greg Bell, should go one-two at Melbourne, with the decathlon star, Rafer Johnson, not far behind. The only non-American jumper who has passed twenty-five feet with any regularity is mustachioed Neville Price, of South Africa, who studied at the University of Oklahoma.

In the pole vault, the Rev. Bob Richards, our defending champion, is favored to repeat his 1952 Olympic victory. Richards finds vaulting fifteen feet a very routine achievement these days, having done it over 100 times, but this is still a height never reached by any foreign vaulter. Eeles Landstrom, a Finn who attends the University of Michigan, has come closest with fourteen-nine. He will have to be at his best at Melbourne, though, to place ahead of America's Jim Graham and George Mattos.

Our superiority in jumping competition ends abruptly with the hop, step and jump, an event seldom staged in this country. Ira Davis, of LaSalle in Philadelphia, broke all American records with a fifty-one-foot, four-inch performance at the Los Angeles trials. But he probably won't be in the top six at Melbourne.

THE WEIGHT THROWS

SHOT-PUT: 1. Parry O'Brien, U.S.A, (Santa Monica, Calif.); 2. Ken Bantum, U.S.A. (Jamaica, N.Y.); 3. Bill Nieder, U.S.A. (Lawrence, Kans.); 4. Jiri Skobla, Czechoslovakia; 5. Vartan Ovsepyan. U.S.S.R.; 6. Barclay Palmer, Great Britain.

DISCUS: 1. Fortune Gordien, U.S.A. (Brightwood, Ore.); 2. Adolfo Consolini, Italy; 3. Karel Merta, Czechoslovakia; 4. Ron Drummond, U.S.A. (Van Nuys, Calif.); 5. Otto Grigalka, U.S.S.R.; 6. Al Oerter, U.S.A. (New Hyde Park, N.Y.).

JAVELIN: 1. Egil Danielsen, Norway; 2. Janusz Sidlo, Poland; 3. Michael Macquet, France; 4. Cy Young, U.S.A. (Modesto, Calif.); 5. Vladimir Kuznetsov, U.S.S.R.; 6. Soini Nikkinen, Finland.

HAMMER: 1. Mikhail Krivonosov, U.S.S.R.; 2. Hal Connolly, U.S.A. (Boston, Mass.); 3. Anatoliy Samotsvetov, U.S.S.R.; 4. Cliff Blair, U.S.A. Hingham, Mass.); 5. Stanislav Nyenashev, U.S.S.R.; 6. Al Hall, U.S.A. (Hoboken, N.J.).

Russian brawn will make itself felt in the weight events, but on the whole, American musclemen should more than hold their own in this brand of competition.

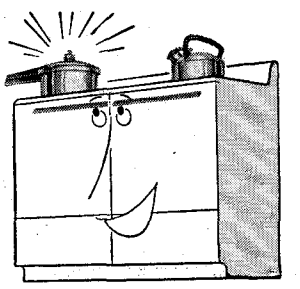
In the shot-put we're loaded, with the world's only three sixty-foot performers. Air Force Lt. Parry O'Brien, the record holder at sixty-one feet, four inches, must fight off Manhattan College's Ken Bantum and Kansan Bill Nieder. The top foreign prospect is Jiri Skobla, from Prague, who has done better than fifty-seven feet. Russia is developing some good young shot-putters, but they can't seem to get beyond the fifty-six-foot arc.

The discus looks like more of a scramble. Fortune Gordien, the thirty-four-year-old Oregon logger, holds the world record at 194 feet, six inches. However, he finished only third in the 1948 Olympics and fourth in 1952. Italy's Adolfo Consolini, who won in 1948 and was second to Sim Iness, of California, in 1952, is still going strong at thirty-eight. Pushing these two old masters will be the young Czech, Karel Merta; Russia's top weightman, Otto Grigalka, and the other United States entries, Ron Drummond and Al Oerter.

In the javelin we are unlikely to score as handsomely as at Helsinki, where Cy Young and Bill Miller took first and second, respectively. Young is back, and has increased his range from 242 feet—his winning 1952 Olympic distance—to 259 feet. But Janusz Sidlo, of Poland, and Egil Danielsen, of Norway, both have thrown the spear in the neighborhood of 275 feet—which is quite a fancy neighbor-

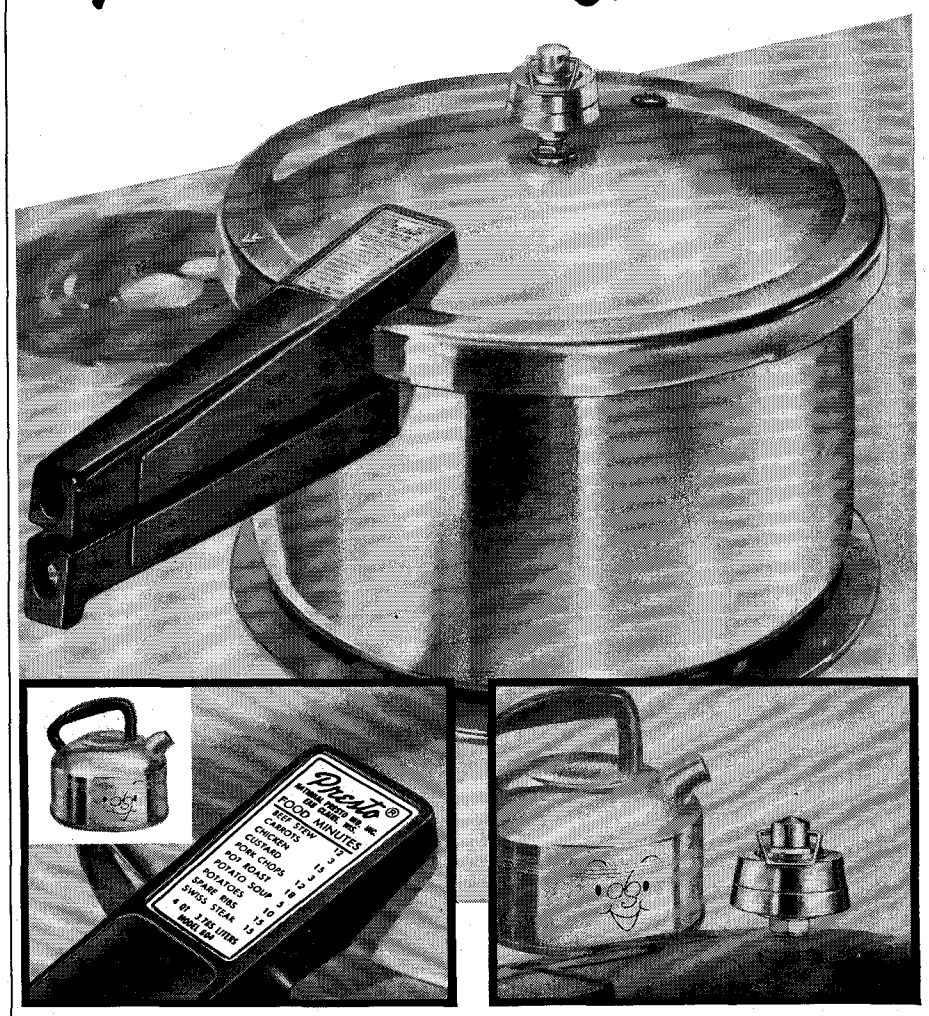
---

Moonlight often turns out, later on, to be very expensive illumination. MONT HURST



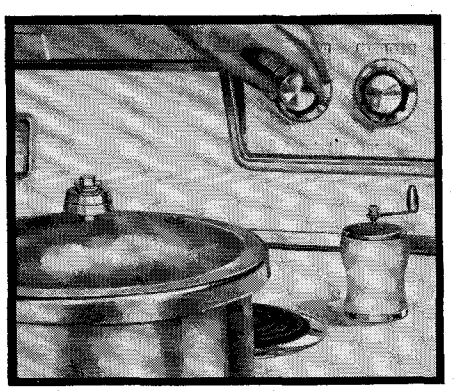
Said the Range to the Teakettle:

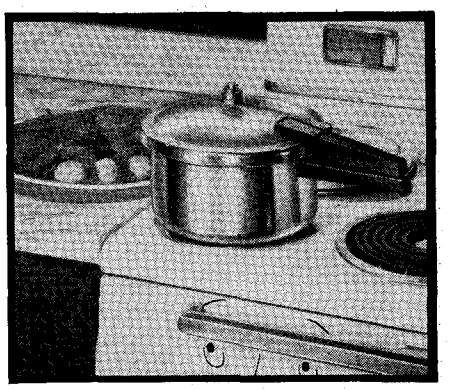
That's A New One on Me!



TEAKETTLE: That's the new Presto Cooker. It prepares complete meals 3 times faster! See the quick cooking times on the Menu Guide Handle!

The rocking, talking gauge tells you Presto's cooking. Presto cooks with air outside, heat inside. Because no heat is wasted, Presto uses less fuel.





RANGE: Less fuel! You mean I get more time off?

This way of cooking makes foods easier to digest, too! Delicious meat, vegetables, soups, desserts are better for you, with flavor, vitamins, and minerals left in!

TEAKETTLE: Yes, and you cost less to operate. Presto saves money on food, too, because it makes tough meats tender and delicious quickly, and also reduces shrinkage.

You can choose Presto Cookers in Stainless Steel or Stamped Aluminum in 3-, 4-, and 6-quart sizes. Prices start at $12.95.

Presto® Pressure Cookers

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, Inc., Eau Claire, Wis.

Makers of Electric Pressure Cookers, Deep Fry Cookers, Steam Irons, Control-Master Appliances, Coffee Makers, Presto Cookers and Canners

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood. Bud Held, the American with the best recorded distance—268 feet, two inches—missed qualifying for our Olympic team by an inch.

Russia has the world's best hammer thrower in Mikhail Krivonosov. This business of heaving a sixteen-pound iron ball on the end of a four-foot length of wire is widespread in the Soviet Union, whereas activity here is limited to the New England and Middle Atlantic areas. Despite this, all three of our entrants seem likely to make places for themselves among the Olympic top six—Hal Connolly, of Boston, who went abroad two summers ago to get instruction from some of Europe's best hammer men; Cliff Blair, of Hingham, Massachusetts, and Al Hall, a Cornell student from Hoboken, New Jersey. Connolly says he is perfecting a fourth turn in the circle which will give him an added twenty feet. That would put him past Krivonosov's world mark of 217 feet, seven inches.

THE DECATHLON

1. Rafer Johnson, U.S.A. (Kingsburg, Calif.); 2. Milt Campbell, U.S.A. (Plainfield, N.J.); 3. Vasiliy Kuznetsov, U.S.S.R.; 4. Yuriy Kutyenko, U.S.S.R.; 5. Bob Richards, U.S.A. (LaVerne, Calif.); 6. Uno Palu, U.S.S.R.

When Bob Mathias, of Tulare, California, was at his decathlon peak in 1952, it was thought that there wouldn't be another all-round track athlete of his caliber in years, but in 1955 his world record was shattered by a fellow Californian, U.C.L.A. freshman Rafer Johnson, who established a new mark of 7985 points. This year Johnson seems certain to succeed Mathias as Olympic champ and to break Bob's Olympic record of 7887 points too.

Battling for the silver second-place medal should be Milt Campbell, former Indiana football player and decathlon runner-up at Helsinki, and Vasiliy Kuznetsov, of Nizhni-Novgorod in Soviet Russia. At six-three and 210 pounds, Campbell is a bit larger than Rafer Johnson and just as fast. Only in the jumping events does Campbell fall slightly behind.

Kuznetsov will have to score heavily in the javelin and discus if he expects to stay with the two American boys in this grueling two-day, ten-event test of speed, strength and skill. Then there is the other American contestant, vaulting parson Bob Richards, who is also a good decathlon performer.

Also on the track program are two walking events. The United States will be represented, and that's all. However, to round out the record, the walks are hereby picked as follows:

20,000-METER WALK: 1. Josef Dolezal, Czechoslovakia; 2. Mikhail Lavrov, U.S.S.R.; 3. Leonid Spirin, U.S.S.R.; 4. A. Yeggarov, U.S.S.R.; 5. Lasse Hindmar, Sweden; 6. R. F. Goodall, Great Britain.

50,000-METER WALK: 1. Ladislaw Moc, Czechoslovakia; 2. Georgi Klimov, U.S.S.R.; 3. Vladimir Ukhov, U.S.S.R.; 4. Dolezal, Czechoslovakia; 5. Don Thompson, Great Britain; 6. R. Skront, Czechoslovakia.

And that wraps up the men's track-and-field events. Using the common ten-five-four-three-two-one scoring system, these predictions add up to 245 points for the United States and ninety-five points for Russia. That's almost as lopsided a margin as in the men's track at Helsinki, where we got 224 points to Russia's fifty-seven.

For those who like a happy ending this is the place to stop reading. From here on, the picture clouds considerably.

In the feminine phase of track and field, our performance will reflect the fact that most Americans don't consider this a desirable sport for young ladies. We won't challenge the supremacy of Russia's amazons.

Karen Anderson, a rapidly improving young javelin thrower from the Philadelphia suburbs, and Earlene Brown, a Los Angeles housewife who is becoming an outstanding shot-putter and discus thrower, have outside chances. We have a good high jumper in Millie McDaniel, and good sprinters in Mae Faggs, Isabel Daniels and Wilma Rudolph. However, Russian, Australian or English misses are favored in all these events. Our girls don't figure at all in the hurdles or broad jump.

BASKETBALL

This made-in-America sport grows in world popularity every year. Twenty-five nations are expected to have Olympic basketball teams at the Melbourne Glaciarium. It is difficult to conceive of anybody stopping the all-star United States squad that Coach Gerald Tucker, of the Bartlesville (Okla.) Oilers, has at his disposal. However, our close call against the Russians in the 1952 Olympic finals, and the United States entry's loss to Brazil in the 1955 Pan-American Games tournament show that our basketball heroes aren't always as invincible as we expect them to be when operating under international rules, which vary from our own in a number of minor ways.

... ...

Not the Man I Used to be

By William W. Pratt

My vigor and vim I can no
longer boast of;
The years, in their passing,
have shooed them away.
The get-up-and-go that I
once made the most of
Has now been succeeded by
sit-down-and-stay.

This time Bill Russell, the six-foot-nine-and-a-half marvel from the University of San Francisco, should give us an unbeatable edge. Russell won't be a one-man team, of course—not with running mates like K. C. Jones, of San Francisco, and Carl (Sugar) Cain, of the University of Iowa; A.A.U. aces Chuck Darling, Burdette Haldorson, Bill Houghland, Bob Jengerard, Jim Walsh and Dick Boushka; and armed-services players Bill Evans, Gib Ford and Ron Tomsic.

If there is another Russian-American final, look for the Soviet players to try a stalling-and-possession game built around the seven-foot-six-inch, 404-pound Siberian giant, Vasily Akhtayev, as their best gamble for staying in the contest.

SWIMMING & DIVING

It will be difficult for the United States to equal its great water display of 1952 at Helsinki, where our male swimmers and divers took six of eight firsts and scored a total of ninety-three points, while our women racked up forty-eight. The Russian girls and boys, who accounted for only six and two points respectively in '52, won't be much of a factor in '56, either. However, Japan and the home team will be tough—the Olympic swim-stadium seats have been sold out for months in anticipation of some Australian triumphs.

Aussie Jon Henricks seems a body length better in the sprints than the top United States and Japanese men. In the 400 meters, though, we have a solid chance, with George Breen and others, while at the 1500-meter distance, Breen—who is from Cortland State Teachers in New York—appears to be in a class by himself.

We have considerable strength in the 100-meter backstroke, including Honolulu's Yoshi Oyakawa and Pittsburgh's Al Wiggins. Japan's Masaru Furukawa looks best in the orthodox breast stroke, and his teammate, Jiro Nagasawa, was favored in the 200-meter butterfly race until last month, when Bill Yorzyk, a product of Springfield College, in Massachusetts, broke the world's record at our Olympic swim tryouts. In the springboard and platform diving, most of the top places should go to our men—the Ohio State trio of Don Harper, Glen Whitten and Bob Clotworthy off the springboard, and the California contingent of Gary Tobian, Dick Connor and Willie Farrell off the high platform.

In women's swimming we have fewer gold-medal hopes. Australian and Dutch girls may take charge in a number of events. Our best chances rest with versatile Shelley Mann, of Arlington, Virginia, in the butterfly, and Northwestern University sophomore Nancy Simons in the 100-meter free style. Sylvia Ruuska, of Berkeley, California, is a fourteen-year-old phenom in the 400-meter free style. And when it comes to diving, we still have the world's best in Mrs. Pat McCormick, of Los Angeles, a double winner at Helsinki.

ROWING

The Yale varsity crew, which was the surprise winner in our Olympic tryouts, will be favored to capture the eight-oared race, just like every other United States entry since 1920. At Melbourne this year, as at Helsinki in 1952, Russia and Australia shape up as the crews to beat.

The eight-oared race is just one of seven Olympic rowing events, and in the six others, the United States is no better than a toss-up with the world's many good rowing nations. Rowing in pairs and foursomes is not part of our college crew programs, so we are dependent in these events upon talent from a handful of boat clubs. In the single sculls, John B. Kelly, Jr., of the Philadelphia rowing, contracting and movie-making Kellys, will be making his third try for the Olympic title won by his father in 1920.

All in all, we'll do well to match our 1952 Olympic rowing performance, when we managed to get twenty-four points to the Russians' twenty.

BOXING & WRESTLING

Our amateur boxers won five of the ten weight divisions at Helsinki, but there is no indication of such a sweep this time in the ring at the West Melbourne Stadium. An American squad of A.A.U. national champions lost five out of six meets in a tour of Western European countries last year. Maybe some new Floyd Pattersons—he was an Olympic winner in 1952—will emerge when our final boxing tryouts take place in San Francisco next month.

The word is that the Russians have improved considerably since the 1952 Olympics, when they won no titles, but got four men into the semifinals in this sport previously monopolized by the United States, South Africa, Italy and Argentina. On the whole, the Soviet boxers lack speed, but are very strong and superbly conditioned.

American amateur wrestling officials hope for an improved showing in the free-style competition this year. They also have assembled a team for the unfamiliar Greco-Roman wrestling—the only Olympic sport we didn't enter in 1952—in which no holds are allowed below the waist. Bill Smith, the 1952 free-style welterweight champ, will return as a middleweight this time if he is not disqualified for having coached. We have such other hopefuls as heavyweight Bill Kerslake, flyweight Dick Delgado and lightweight Frank Bettucci.

OTHER SPORTS

Our weight-lifting team, which won't be picked until next month in Los Angeles, should prevail again at Melbourne, despite the steady advancement of Russian lifters. Our superheavyweight, Georgia's Paul Anderson, sets new world's records almost every time he lifts in competition. In the lower weight divisions we have defending Olympic champs Tommy Kono and Norbert Schemansky, plus a number of other capable men to send against the best Russians, Turks, Iranians and Egyptians.

Twelve United States gymnasts—six men and six women—will go to Melbourne, but with little likelihood of getting anything more than a trip out of it. For the Soviet Union, on the other hand, this should again be a gold mine. While our gymnasts were being shut out at Helsinki, their men were scoring ninety-two and a half points, and their women ninety-five and a half. Gymnastics plus women's track brought the Russians 258½ of their 553½ Olympic points in 1952.

Soccer is one of the big Olympic classics to many nations, but it will be of only academic interest to the United States. It's a minor sport in this country, and our team will get into the first round at Melbourne only because of an entry cancellation which made our summer elimination match with Mexico unnecessary. The West German team was the surprise winner of the world soccer title in 1955, and rates up with the Russians, Yugoslavs and Hungarians this year. Germany will be represented by a combined East and West German unit in soccer, as in all other events; the International Olympic Committee insisted on this.

Of the remaining seven sports on the fifteen-day Melbourne schedule, the United States can expect to win medals only in yachting and shooting. We may not enter a team in men's field hockey, which has been the special preserve of India for decades. As for canoeing, cycling, fencing and the little-known modern pentathlon, these things just don't seem to be down our alley.

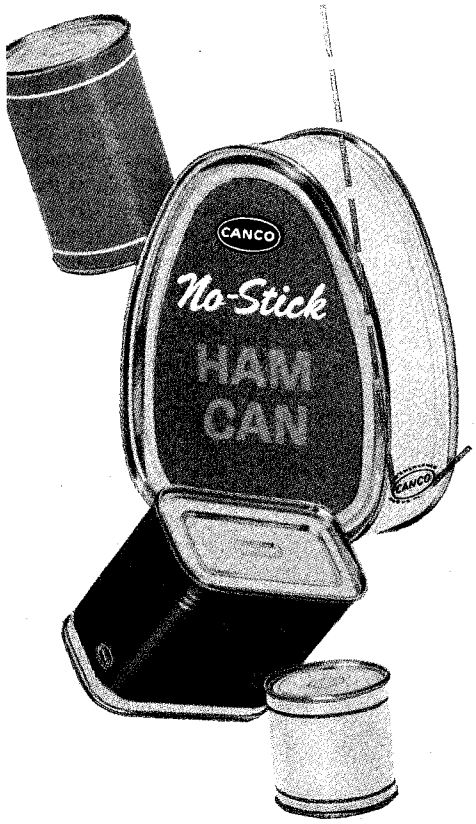
One branch of the 1956 Olympic Games has already been run off. The equestrian events were held in June in Stockholm, Sweden, having been switched there due to complications arising from Australia's quarantine laws for horses. Germany came out ahead, with thirty-nine points, according to the unofficial scoring system. Sweden was second with thirty-three. The United States was almost shut out, with two points, and Russia fared only slightly better with six.

To sum it all up, the Americans should wind up at the top of the unofficial point standings, with the Russians a solid second, and athletes from many other nations contributing outstanding achievements. This is the immediate Olympic outlook. However, there is much to be said for the long view of the Olympic authorities, who refuse to recognize the games as a competition among nations, and take the position that the sport is the thing. After all, the ancient Olympics in Greece ran for a period of 1170 years, from 776 B.C. to 394 A.D. The glory of those original games has not been forgotten, but who today can remember whether Corinth outscored Athens in the summer of 192 B.C.?

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Symbol that brings you a wide choice of meats for your choicest of meals



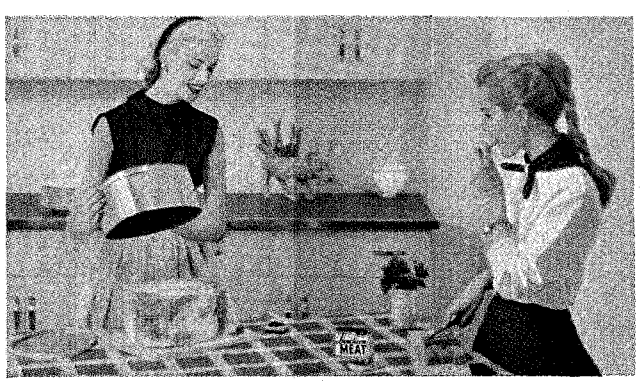
In your home, more than a thousand meals are served yearly. And meat and meat products in wholesome, economical form give infinite variety to all these meals—because of the can and a symbol you probably seldom notice.

The symbol is a trade-mark—a small oval on cans made by American Can Company.

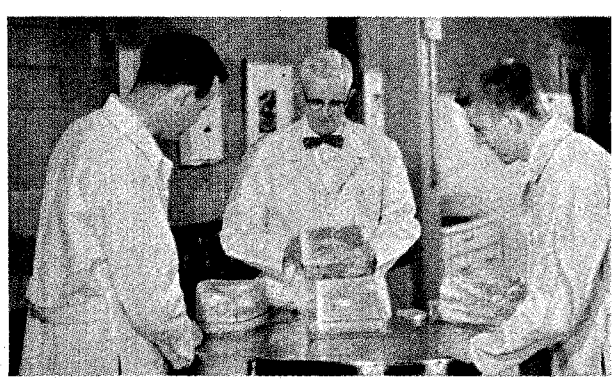
Back of it is Canco's belief that the can is more than a container; it's a way of helping you live better . . . more conveniently . . . for less money.

Back of it, too, is Canco's motto "Can do," and the *spirit of cooperation* that makes this motto work.

BEHIND THIS SYMBOL ARE THE SERVICES OF CANCO'S "CAN DO" MEN. HERE'S HOW THEY HELP BRING YOU MEAT IN ALL ITS TASTE-TEMPTING VARIETY.



NEW CONVENIENCE FOR YOU—in canned loaf ham, luncheon meat, whole hams. Key winds easily on new "self-tracking" tear strip. "No-stick" container lets contents slip right out. Anodized interior protects ham's color. Only Canco has all three!



MEAT TECHNOLOGIST G. H. McDONELL is one of the many Canco specialists who help the meat industry produce a better product. Faced with tough problems and great opportunities, Canco's researchers and service people have always answered "Can do!".

CANCO "Can do"... *that's the spirit of* American Can Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flipped by a flapjack!

Bill Carson slammed the car door so hard that morning his wife heard it in the back of their house. Bill was still mad about the silly argument they had just had over, of all things, pancakes.

"The least she could do is learn to make pancakes without burning them." Bill grumbled as he zigzagged through the rush hour traffic. Then, the flashing light at the plant entrance reminded him he was in the wrong lane to turn right. Hurriedly, Bill swung across the outside lane as he glanced over his shoulder . . . just too late to see the car that hit his and flipped it over like a flapjack.

Is that the way accidents really happen? Is that how thousands of people and millions in property are destroyed every year? Experts answer, yes. Their studies prove that the ordinarily careful driver with something on his mind *other than driving* is the Number One cause of *most* traffic accidents.

Think about yourself. You're probably a careful driver *most* of the time. Yet, if just for a moment, you let anger, worry or any distraction take your mind off the road, *you're in danger.* The *first* time it happens can easily be your *last!*

ALLSTATE SAFETY CRUSADE

ALLSTATE® INSURANCE COMPANY

Look for this emblem! It's proudly displayed by car owners leading the crusade for safe driving.

©A. I. CO.

The Labrador Limited (Continued from Page 45)

The Labrador Trough, to which this record-breaking road is the access, is not a newly discovered geological formation. It has been known for sixty years that up there on North America's cold eastern shoulder there was some nice rock if you could get it. In 1948 the Post published an account of the rich modern finds and the decision by Canadian and American ore people to develop the iron deposits.

At that time the railroad construction still lay ahead and by no means everyone believed that Labrador could be penetrated by any road in any fashion. One American company invited to become a partner in the effort flatly refused on the ground that no one could build a railroad over muskeg. Most of Canada's insurance companies, invited to share the financing, ducked the opportunity.

But the railroad is now there. The golden spike of success was driven by Jules Timmins, of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, on February 13, 1954. On the morning of that day the temperature was fifty-three degrees below. On July thirty-first the first iron ore—like that of the Mesabi Range, rich enough to ship directly to furnaces—moved 357 miles south to Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence. This was the railroad's destiny, to carry ore south to waiting ships.

Sadly enough, Trapper Joe's crack train, one of two weekly package-express trains, is a mere by-product of this main job. Joe's run is faster and his equipment mostly nonfreight, but the cargo of his train runs to crates of lettuce and oranges, small machine parts and personal packages. For the French-Canadians at the maintenance camps, there are garlic and peas for salad and soup, and for the Newfoundlanders, porridge and flour. A third non-ore train each week hauls heavier supplies, bulldozer parts, crane and bucket repairs, building supplies and automobiles for the northern-terminal town of Schefferville, named for the Catholic bishop of the region. The longest Sunday-afternoon drive at Schefferville is four and one half miles out to Squaw Lake, a float-plane base, yet there are by now perhaps 150 automobiles in town, roughly one for every dozen residents.

Schefferville was merely the moss-covered shore of Knob Lake before the railroad was decided upon. But Seven Islands, down where the St. Lawrence widens into a gulf, was a town before the railroad came. There were then perhaps 800 people living in houses beading the sandy beach, most of them concerned with codfishing. There are now 7000 and doubtless more automobiles than there were people then. Major streets and many others are paved, the water front has sprouted a big modern ore dock, the older houses are lost among the new, and there are subdivisions still growing. The old church is still the highest building in town, the Hudson's Bay Company has a bright new store and Spaghetti King John Barboni is planning an annex for his restaurant. There is a colony of Montagnais Indians, and twenty-six miles out the only road which reaches that far is a seven-hole golf course.

On Canadian maps Seven Islands is Sept Isles, and in town the street signs read both Arrêt and Stop. The fishing village never had a road connection with the outside world, but a gravel connection with the road up from Quebec City, more than 300 miles southwest, will soon be completed. There have, however, always been river communications with Quebec and Montreal and across the 100-odd miles to Mont Joli on the south shore. But these thin lines of news and exchange, like the codfishing, are now submerged in the presence of the ore dock and the great ships that move quickly in and out. They ply to Montreal, transferring ore there to smaller boats which can get into the Great Lakes through the river and the Welland Canal. When the St. Lawrence Seaway is finished, larger ships will go straight through to Toronto or Cleveland. Now many of them move to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Europe.

There never was a road north before, discounting the short trail to a very private and carefully secluded fishing club on the tumbling Moisie River. And now there is only the iron road, but it may be pointing to a new and important economy and a new population area. This is hard to believe just now as Trapper Joe's northbound express pushes out of town and slides into the endless black spruce of the coastal plain. The trees here are not tall, but well-needled and reasonably plump. Farther up the line atop the Labrador plateau they will, in retrospect, appear rankly flourishing. Up on the plateau everything is stunted by short season and thin soil. At Schefferville 100-year-old trees may be only eight feet in skinny height, and on the ground only mosses and ground pine will live at all. Within 100 miles farther the trees disappear.

The few miles of coastal plain make an easy run. Then for the next 100 miles the proportions of this railroad success begin to appear. The roadbed rises among coastal hills. A tunnel pierces a rock hill and as the first diesel unit—no steam on the QNSL, except for two engines for culvert thawing—rolls out it is immediately on a 705-foot bridge high over the black, roiled Moisie River. Every foot of the road has its construction history. At this Mile 12 tunnel it was a cave-in. The hill above broke through the tunnel roof. One man was standing above. He seized a birch tree as a sort of parachute drag and rode the top of the mass down into the tunnel. Three days later, his nerves settled, he was back at work.

For the next 100 miles the QNSL wiggles up three river valleys to gain the comparatively flat Labrador plateau. The scenery of the climb is magnificent, abounding with ill-tempered rapids and cataracts and explosive waterfalls as the rivers scamper off the soaked upland. In the valleys the sheltered trees equal those on the coast—black spruce, birch, shrub-size pin cherries. But on the upland the trees turn ragged and shrink, and lemon-colored caribou moss begins to take over the plateau floor. On the first of July at the north end of the run there are still snow pockets, and ice on the lakes.

At intervals abandoned air strips and disintegrating tote roads appear, a history of construction that is in the process of erasure. Some of the tote roads come up to the line from parallel lakes, a reminder that the men who built this railroad had to build their own accesses to it. Pieces of a bulldozer, for example, would be flown to a lake near the survey line of the railroad. On this remote shore the pieces would be put together and the bulldozer would then cut its own road to the rail site. Only then could it begin its main job of carving, shaping and grading the railroad roadbed itself. Camps multiplied themselves in any way they could. Boats were built on the spot to carry equipment along lake shores to other coves from which the unborn roadbed could be reached. In some ways it was like weaving a chain on the other side of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fence by reaching through occasional knotholes.

Seventeen aircraft—operated without fatalities throughout—$300,000,000, nearly 7000 men, and thousands of tons of gear, fuel and food were required to complete the project. And trouble did not end with the finished line. There were hills that came loose. One hillside slid down at precisely the right time to carry over a long drop a caboose containing eleven men. Shorn of its trucks, the caboose body tobogganed 200 feet and remained upright. No one was hurt.

Once atop the 2000-foot plateau, the QNSL at Mile 151 enters Labrador. For the next 200 miles the run is through this roomy possession of Newfoundland Province. But if Trapper Joe pulls the train up just right at Schefferville he can stop half the train in Quebec again where that province curls around the upper west portion of Labrador. It is on this plateau that the railroad meets muskeg, that subarctic swampland which is solid in winter, quavery in summer and treacherous any time. Muskeg compresses under weight. Ten feet of it would squeeze down to two under the weight of a rail bed, and it was because of the eighty-odd miles of muskeg that some ridiculed the possibility of building the QNSL.

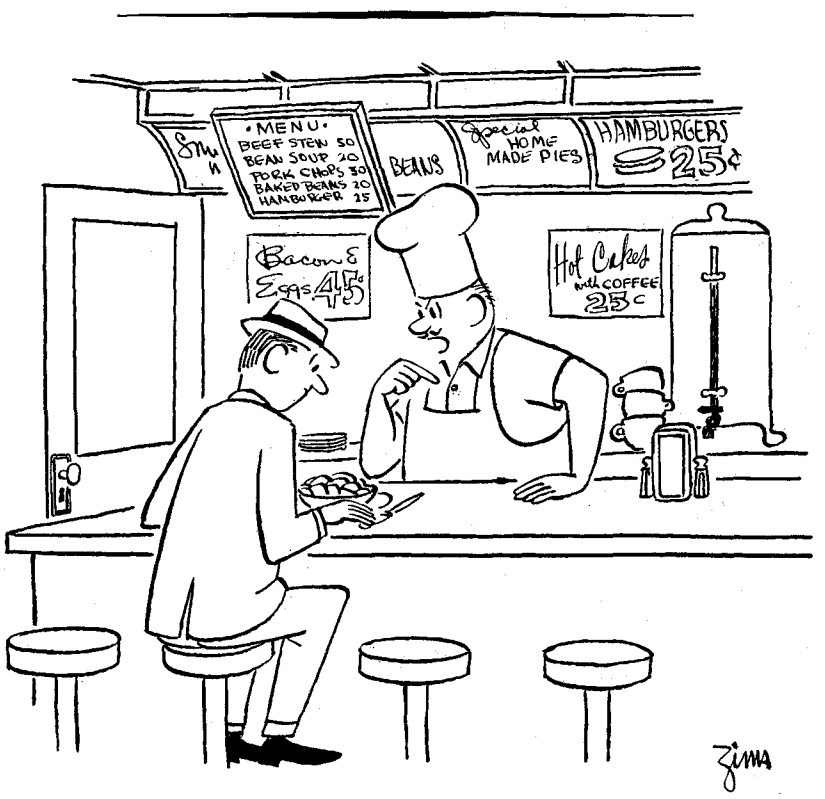
General manager of the project, Bill Durrell, was not one of these. He believed the muskeg was shallow enough to be drained or safely filled without dangerous marginal subsidence. He had experience to back him. A Timmins mining and construction man, Durrell had been chief of construction at Goose Bay, the wartime base which a great many Canadian and American fliers will remember. The QNSL was to run north and south about 300 miles west of Goose Bay.

The muskeg was tamed. It was not fully conquered, but after four or five years more of ballasting and stabilization where need appears, it will be snug. And already it is carrying more than its projected initial load. The plateau and the muskeg are not as scenic as the southern third of the road, but for Trapper Joe they have their points. By the time the height of land is reached, Joe will likely have spotted only a few rabbits, a groundhog or a beaver. But from here on he can add sea gulls, an occasional loon, two or three caribou and perhaps a brace of Canada geese. If railroad manager Jack Little is in the business car at the tail end, Trapper Joe may have time to pick up the radiotelephone and advise the boss that some wild creature is in sight.

But the pickings are surprisingly small, for Labrador's game history is dolorous. The great herds of caribou have disappeared. The Labrador duck has been extinct for decades and the eider duck, once numerous here, has been seriously thinned out. The caribou may have moved away from fires set by Indians, and the birds may have been less than wary of man on southerly migrations. At any rate, the driving force was not population, since Labrador's people—one person per fourteen square miles—are mostly in coastal fishing villages.

The happiest reduction in living things is in black flies and mosquitoes wherever the bulldozers have scraped the landscape free of the moss carpet. These spots are few, to be sure, but there are ballast pits and maintenance camps scattered along the right of way. Some of the camps will be permanent, and already the tiny clusters of wooden buildings are sprouting white-painted rocks bordering signal towers and pathways just like railroad properties everywhere. Only one of the way stations can remotely be described as a division point. That is Oreway at Mile 186, where there are a rail yard and accommodations for crew shifts. Another speck of a community is shaping farther up the line, where a group of private interests with the Newfoundland government are beginning the tough job of driving a vehicular road to Grand Falls, 150 miles east. At Grand Falls the plentiful waters of the plateau pour over a shelf 50 per cent higher than Niagara, creating one of the world's greatest potential power sources. If this road is completed it will be the first offshoot from the QNSL which is not associated with Seven Islands, Schefferville and iron.

At Mile 328 the railroad crosses Menihek Dam, a power site which supplies Schefferville and the six-yard electric shovels that bite into the ore deposits. Seventy-six hundred tons of cement were flown in to build Menihek. At Mile 337 is a lake named Astray, a sober name in a land where starvation comes quickly. At Mile 357 is Schefferville. This is the reason for the miles of hard-won railway



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"But it is Beef Strogonoff. I am Strogonoff."

Whatever happens

You're in good hands...

...with Bill Armstrong of Long Beach, Calif.

Californians have taken a real liking to long, lanky, soft-spoken Bill Armstrong. In his quiet way he really gets a job done. Whether it's a community project or charity drive, Long Beach folks know they can always count on Bill Armstrong for help.

With an attitude like this, it's no wonder that Bill is highly successful in his profession. As an agent for Allstate, the auto insurance company founded by Sears, he has been a member of the Allstate Honor Ring sales group for the past nine straight years. Bill's policyholders have a lot of confidence in him because they know he'll really see things through. Of course, Bill and his fellow Long Beach agents offer a really *better* value, too! Allstate's rates are usually lower* than those of most other leading companies. And Allstate is famous for fast, fair claim settlements.

There are over 3,000 Bill Armstrongs throughout the U.S. and Canada. There's one in *your* area! A different name—a different face, but the same enthusiastic interest in your insurance problems. Get acquainted with him and you'll know why, whatever happens, *you're in good hands with Allstate!* You can't buy *better* protection, why pay more?

25th ANNIVERSARY ALLSTATE INSURANCE COMPANY 1931-1956

ALLSTATE®
INSURANCE COMPANY
STOCK COMPANY PROTECTION

Agents offices in Sears stores...Insurance Centers...and in other convenient locations throughout the U. S. A. and in Canada. Also in Honolulu, Hawaii.

Founded by Sears Assets and liabilities distinct and separate from the parent, Sears, Roebuck and Co. Home Office: Skokie, Illinois. *In Texas participating policies are issued at standard rates.

©A.I.CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, from the air, still are no more than a faint, pencil-thin scar on an otherwise unmarked land. Schefferville is a trifle less than fifty-five degrees north. It is not arctic, nor much farther north than Prince Rupert in British Columbia. But the maps mark the difference in the waters off each coast. They read: Labrador Current (cold), Kamchatka Current (warm).

Schefferville has nine taxicabs, and all streets and roads but one are of iron-red dirt. There is no hotel or public restaurant, but there are completely modern, good-looking houses, a private supermarket for employees of the Iron Ore Company of Canada, a paternal affiliate of the railway and owner of all the ore cars. There is abundant good food in the company cafeteria.

There is a movie in Schefferville, bilingual, and the little truck which says Fire Department on one side says Department de Feu on the other. There is one private store where baby shoes are fur-lined, bandanna handkerchiefs are stacked high, snowshoes and boots are displayed, and the glove counter is more mitten than glove. The Hudson's Bay Company is building a store because this town is growing and will grow more. It is the top of the ore chute that leads down the rails to the ships at Seven Islands. Only a step out of town are the mines—Ruth Lake, French, Gagnon and more around them. They are open pits, at least one of which was recently a hill. The shovels here load thirty-four-ton trucks with ore that equals Mesabi's in iron content and is varied enough for the appetite of any furnace.

By the end of this year Schefferville will have dispatched a total of more than 20,000,000 tons of ore over the QNSL rails. It is a full-scale-production town, and more. Five miles away from the planned, curved streets of pastel-colored houses is a float-plane base. Here, in June, groups of young geologists assemble exploration gear for flights to lakes as distant as 300 miles. There they camp for the summer and search for other metallic deposits. Weekly or biweekly planes, deftly picking out the correct little lakes from the thousands in this land which is half water, take them supplies.

This further exploration goes on rapidly. The original concession companies, Labrador Mining and Exploration and Hollinger-North Shore, obtained a huge exploration concession from the two provinces, but each year a fraction of it must be surrendered until only a modest piece of the original area is selected and retained. Labrador Mining was moribund when, in 1942, it was bought by the Hollinger mining interests from Ontario, who subsequently invited the M. A. Hanna Company, of Cleveland, to join in developing mines and building a railroad. The two top men in this association were Jules Timmins, of Hollinger, and George Humphrey, now Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. The Iron Ore Company of Canada was then formed and five American steel companies came in as partners.

Schefferville, sitting on ancient rocks, is in most ways thoroughly up to date. There is no television at either end of the railroad, but both communities have taken an intense interest in automobiles. In both towns authorities have had to deal strictly with unsafe driving, and, incredibly enough, Schefferville, without pavement and with no trains but ponderous strings from the mining spurs, has already had one fatal rail-auto wreck. Schefferville has only one new-car dealer, Jock Marshall, owner of a filling station. Marshall displays no cars, but will procure any make and sell it on typically modern long terms, discounting the papers with the one bank. About the only aspect of the modern automobile that is missing is car theft. There is no way to get a stolen car out of town except by the QNSL.

The economic heartbeat of this distant community is visible whenever an ore-laden train leaves town—about seven times a day during the season. Each train will inevitably be a heavy one, at least 115 cars, each car heaped with 100 tons of ore and the whole string pulled by four diesel units looking rather smart in the QNSL colors—gray, yellow and orange. These are the aristocrats of the single track to Seven Islands. The mile-long trains roll down in about seventeen hours, and under optimum conditions it is possible to move ore from mine to waiting boat within the limits of a single day. All trains carry radiotelephones and traffic is under a centralized-control system from Seven Islands.

The 2900 ore cars are as tailor-made as the rest of the railroad. They are designed for the heaviest loads and the quickest turn-around, and since there is no possibility of exchanging them with other lines, they were built to be emptied only by the rotary car dumper at Seven Islands. Their roller bearings, aside from saving inspection and maintenance where manpower is sparse, are for the important purpose of preventing hot-box wrecks. For here there is no chance to reroute trains around a wreck by using the rails of other roads. When the QNSL track is blocked, the whole chain of two towns, waiting ships and the connecting rails stop dead.

The ore trains operate in a hurry-up world of half years. The ore cannot be crushed or handled when it is frozen and this effectively clips six months off the calendar. In winter the railroad hibernates, while those who remain in Schefferville repair equipment and strip overburden from more iron deposits and make ready for the next season. Along the right of way, spring, when the snow and ice melt and the water rushes to leave the plateau, is the most destructive season. Line washouts are still an annual possibility throughout the 357 miles.

Once the ore trains are under way, they soon leave the reddish colors of Schefferville and hurry along a surprisingly clean, light-colored roadbed. The gravelly ballast, which was taken where it could be found, has no industry alongside, no coal, steam or smoke to darken it. Even the ties, brought in from British Columbia and Texas, appear clean under the 132-pound rails. These are rails that were laid by a bright idea in 1953 and 1954. They were brought forward on take-apart flatcars, which, once their cargo of rails was exhausted, were picked up piece by piece by the head-end crane and set off the track. This permitted the next car to be moved up to the rail-handling crane while the skeletons alongside were put back on the tracks by a rear crane after the forward work unit had passed.

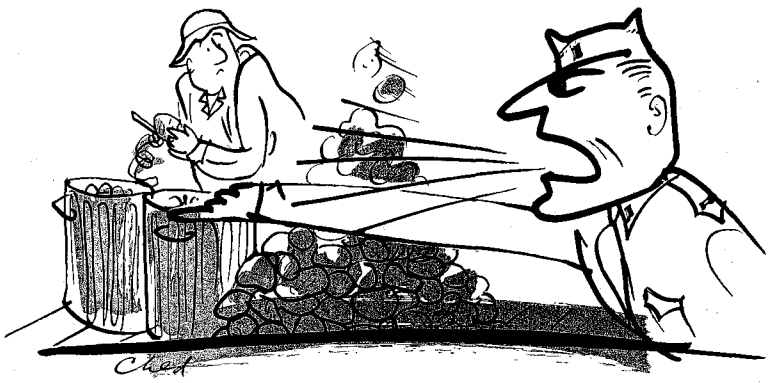
Leaving the plateau, the ore trains roll down the valleys of the Wacouna, the Nipisso and finally the Moisie. These are twisting rivers, and curves follow one another so closely that for miles the cab and the caboose of a long train will only once in a while be in sight of each other. From this untrammeled scenery the ore trains slide out onto the narrow coastal plain and, at the head of the Seven Islands yards, into the hands of the most modern equipment. Each car of ore has a punch-card pedigree, its contents analyzed by an independent laboratory before it leaves Schefferville, and as the train comes into Seven Islands a card-sorting machine can quickly split up the train into whatever classifications are needed. There is only one stern rule. If the ore cannot go into a waiting ship, it must go to a reserve pile. QNSL cars cannot sit still. They must go back north.

The Seven Islands yard tower controls power switches, car retarders and even fog lights to cope with the frequent St. Lawrence River fogs. Little pusher engines and a cable pusher called a barney take over the incoming cars in pairs and lift them to the dumper, where they are grabbed, turned upside down, emptied and kicked away. From the dumper the ore moves by long conveyor belts out to the dock and thence into ships.

The ore cars are light-footed. Moving on roller bearings, they can, if need appears, be pushed by a man's hands. But nature at Seven Islands sometimes has no regard even for the nimblest cars. On an elevated arc beyond the car dumper the twosomes, looking now like rather lonely hobos, roll around and back in the direction from which they came. This circular roll-away track was properly designed for normal operation, but it was then discovered that when the breeze coming down the Gulf of St. Lawrence was especially fresh, it was quite capable of stopping the pairs as they wheeled slowly into the middle of the circle. The pitch of the track had to be changed. It was not a major trouble, of course, but just a QNSL northland eccentricity, like having an extrapper as an engineer, a caribou on the track, a ptarmigan flying into a cab window, or a United States Cabinet member as a VIP.

There was one quirk, however, in the history of the iron project that was rather more important. Those who may remember the Post story of 1948 acclaiming the discoveries will remember that a town called Burnt Creek was described as the northern terminus of the railroad-to-be. This, at the time, was perfectly proper. There was a Burnt Creek and it was the town planned as the northern terminus. It was quite a town, and among other buildings it contained a machine shop which assembled equipment that arrived in sections. This was the case with a secondhand churn drill from Minnesota which was landed one day. Its pieces were put together, and to make sure they had done the job right, the men in the shop took it out the back door, set it up alongside the rear wall and started it burrowing into the ground. At a depth of forty-eight inches it was in hitherto undiscovered iron ore. Burnt Creek is now largely a hole in the ground called the French Mine. The town was moved bodily over to Knob Lake, after some careful testing to make sure that Knob Lake was not also just a thin crust over iron. Subsequently Knob Lake was renamed Schefferville.

It was not at all a sad incident. No one begrudges the loss of Burnt Creek, and 100 years from now it may well be forgotten. By that time, also, the QNSL may be doubled in capacity, may be extended to Ungava Bay, may be hauling passengers between cities, and future Trapper Joes may be whistling for crossings instead of caribou. THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Irascible Lieutenant Blister nearly stumbled over Private Gill, who sat doing his best to peel a mountain of potatoes. Gill's best not being good enough for Blister, the lieutenant bellowed widely heard aspersions at the private's efforts and ancestry. Gill bowed meekly to the storm of abuse. On his next leave, however, he retained a lawyer to sue Blister.

"A soldier's superior officer has no right to slander him," the lawyer contended in court. "When Lieutenant Blister publicly held Private Gill up to contempt and ridicule, he slandered him. Therefore Blister should pay damages."

"If an officer can be sued for what he says to his men in the course of performing his duty," Blister replied, "there soon will be neither discipline nor any army. No matter what I said, Gill shouldn't be allowed to collect from me."

If you were the judge, would you make the lieutenant pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The lieutenant did not have to pay. The court said that while military officers do *not* have blanket freedom to slander their men, national defense requires that "officers of the Army and Navy be free from vexatious suits grounded upon their official acts." And, it added, "words of general abuse, regardless how crude, uncouth or vexatious," are not necessarily slanderous.

Based upon a 1955 U. S. District Court decision.

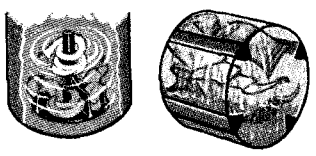
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latest advance in Lint-Free washing!

New BENDIX Tumble Agitator WASHER

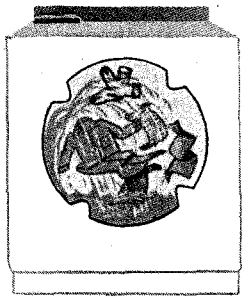
Creates far greater water agitation! Surges thousands of jets of sudsy water through every fiber—clothes get cleaner . . . clothes last up to 25% longer . . . clothes are lint-free!

SEE THE DIFFERENCE IN WASHING ACTION



See a side-by-side comparison of a Bendix Tumble Agitator next to an old-fashioned center post agitator. See how the Bendix Tumble Agitator swirls sudsy water through the clothes. See how the water does the work. You'll be convinced that never before was there such a thorough yet gentle way to get clothes so lint-free, get such really spotless washes.

HERE'S WHY THE BENDIX TUMBLE AGITATOR IS FAR SUPERIOR



Bendix has taken out the old-type center post and its thrashing blades, has turned the tub on its side and placed agitator vanes around the tub. Result, far more agitation yet no twisting, pulling, rubbing and tugging to wear clothes and cause lint. And because the Bendix Tumble Agitator does the work with turbulent water instead of with mechanical blades, one safe speed thoroughly cleans any washable—even the most delicate fabrics. No need for two speeds, as with vertical agitators. And no lint problems!

You get big savings in water and detergent! The Bendix way to wash uses approximately *one* gallon of water per pound of clothes. Most vertical agitators use nearly *two* gallons per pound! That's why leading detergent manufacturers specify half as much detergent when you use a Bendix Tumble Agitator, as compared to vertical agitator models. Let your Bendix Home Appliances Dealer show you the difference! See why Bendix is

KNOWN FOR THE NEWEST . . . RESPECTED FOR THE BEST

bendix
HOME APPLIANCES
DIVISION OF **AVCO** MANUFACTURING CORP.
CINCINNATI 25, OHIO

In Canada, Crosley and Bendix products are manufactured and distributed by Moffats Limited, Weston, Ontario

Tumbling, splashing, surging water gets clothes clean, fresh and bright in the Bendix Tumble Agitator washer. This unique washing method saves you water, saves detergent, too. Most important, it saves your clothes—*makes them last up to 25% longer!* So you get matchless economy with the most thorough, lint-free washing action known!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Killers of the Reefs (Continued from Page 34)

some sleep, Harmony. We'll get under way at midnight."

They raised Palamasea in the early afternoon. It was a low coral crescent, three miles long, and the horns enclosed a good anchorage with a short coral-block jetty. There was a fast-looking, tropic work boat in the bay, a converted cabin cruiser.

On the jetty, a man in frayed and dirty whites stood sucking at an empty pipe. He was thin and cadaverous, with a hooked nose and a bird's nest of sparse straight hair showing in front of a straw hat pushed well back on his head.

Johnny jumped ashore and left the work of making fast to his crew.

"I'm looking for a Mrs. Collings," he told the thin man, who continued to watch the two newly arrived vessels, but condescended sufficiently to point vaguely over his shoulder with his thumb. Johnny stopped short and stared momentarily, and as he turned away the thin man took the pipe out of his mouth and spat. It seemed a deliberate gesture, but the fellow hadn't shifted his apparent attention from the activity on the boats, so Johnny turned and walked along the track.

But the incident added to his indignation and he was still raging half a mile farther along when he turned the corner and saw the girl. She was as golden as the golden day. Her eyes were blue and there was a tint of amber in her skin and her walk was straight and graceful. In any other moment Johnny's heart would have lifted like a singing bird's, but it was chained with resentment against the thin man who had spat on the jetty and an unknown woman who sent her crews out in dangerous seas with rickety gear and insufficient stores. He nearly walked past the girl without noticing her, but she stopped and spoke, and her voice was like the music of the shore.

But all she said was: "Looking for somebody?"

"A Mrs. Collings," said Johnny, taken by surprise.

"Straight on then," the girl said. "But is it something I could do? What did you want to see her for?"

"I want to tell her what I think of her," said Johnny, thoughtless and full of fury.

"No doubt you know her well enough to express an opinion," the girl said icily. "Just what kind of a woman is she, do you think?"

"I think she's probably some rotten little trader who'll starve her men and risk their lives in a rotten little vessel for the sake of a quick dollar," Johnny said. "Apart from that, I don't know anything about her." Something had happened to the vision of beauty. There was a coolness in the air. He looked again at the girl, carefully. "Just where do you come into this?" he asked belatedly.

"Mrs. Collings," said the girl, enunciating clearly, "happens to be my grandmother. I thought I might be able to take your business off her hands because she's not so young as she used to be. You'll be another of Mr. Morrow's little nuisances, I take it. She ought to be able to handle you very well." She stormed off down the path. Johnny watched her go, admiration and resentment warring in his mind; then continued his walk.

But somehow he couldn't recapture the mood of righteous indignation that had possessed him. The path led through an avenue of coconut palms, their butts bolstered by green banks of shrubbery and the bright red splashes of hibiscus flowers. Johnny came all too soon upon the house with wide verandas that nestled in an inlet of the bay.

Nor could he recover his mood of righteous wrath when, to meet his approach, a tiny old lady came from an inner room. Her face was sweet and only slightly lined, and there was a strength of character in it which matched the features of the golden girl along the track.

"I'm Johnny Legrand," he said, "and you are Mrs. Collings."

"You're hot, Mr. Legrand," she said. "Come in and sit down. A lime drink or a cup of tea?"

"I won't stay," he said. "Mrs. Collings, I picked up the Queen Emma at Ubuia last night."

"I'm so grateful. I saw you bring her in. I'd been worried."

Behind her, a pretty native girl in European house frock, with bare feet and skin nearly covered in the patterns of a Gulf tattoo, walked out on the veranda carrying a tray and glasses.

"Nearly a month overdue," Mrs. Collings was saying.

"I came to tell you she's in no fit condition to go to sea. She's a danger to her crew."

"I've a good crew. The boys keep the hull in order. But I have no one who understands mechanics, Mr. Legrand. I have to take their word for the engine. If you tell me she's unfit for sea, she certainly won't sail again."

"You should send her to Samarai for overhaul," he told her rather weakly. All the indignant speeches he had rehearsed fell to pieces when he looked at the frail and cheerful old lady.

"She's been a good ship, but she was past her time long ago. We've tried to keep her running, but it's beyond us—Martie and me. Martie is my granddaughter," she explained. "Now we're faced with selling the Queen Emma, and it's like losing a limb. But we haven't the money, and if she goes to Samarai she'll never come back to Palamasea, and that will be the end of us. The end of quite a long story in these islands. Do change your mind about that drink, Mr. Legrand. Come in and sit a little while."

Johnny moved in and sat in one of the battered cane chairs that furnished the veranda, and looked out on the brilliance of crotons and red hibiscus and pride of India. The scent of frangipani filled the air. It was the garden of a woman who loved flowers, a garden to linger by and enjoy; and he sat there, all his indignation forgotten, and listened.

As she talked, his mind's eye created the pictures: The young girl—a smaller version of the golden girl, surely, he thought—landing at Palamasea with her husband fifty years before; this young couple running a trade store, with copra bringing in its steady competency; the flare-up of brief, insubstantial fortune when they acquired a schooner at last and fished for bêche-de-mer and trochus; the daughter, growing up and finally cutting herself adrift from the islands to make her home in Australia. All the happy times—and then the disasters: the fall in copra and shell prices through the '30's, bringing them back from affluence to another beginning; the war, that made them refugees; the husband killed by Japanese in his coast-watching post; the son-in-law, dead in Germany. And once again, the new beginning.

"You came back to start again?" Johnny marveled.

"I had Martie," said Mrs. Collings. "It wasn't hard. The natives are my friends. We don't need much, you know—Martie and I. But we're finished now. We

It may not be Johnny's fault. Nor, Johnny's school. Almost a third of today's youngsters struggle along with the dulling handicap of poor eyesight—unnecessarily, and *often unnoticed*. Have an optometrist or ophthalmologist examine your Johnny's eyes . . . *soon* . . . and make sure he can see. It can influence his school work, his career, his whole life.

GOOD VISUAL CARE DOESN'T COST...IT PAYS!

Presented as a public service, in the interest of better sight, by Shuron Optical Company, Inc., Geneva, N. Y.—world's largest organization devoted exclusively to serving the ophthalmologist, optometrist, and optician with the finest quality ophthalmic materials . . . since 1864.

SHURON®

Our friends in the ophthalmic professions will recognize the illustration of a boy with a book as an application of the Gestalt figure-ground studies in visual perception.

©1956 Shuron Optical Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Here's the safety reports you asked for, Mr. Depew."

can't hang on much longer. We've had Mr. Morrow making it difficult for us, and pretty soon he'll have Palamasea to himself. That's what he's working for."

"Morrow? A thin, ugly-looking fellow? I think I met him."

Morrow, it seemed, was the dead frog in the tank of Palamasea's content. He had come to light after the war, an itinerant trader, who settled on the island. At first the only effect had been to reduce the volume of trade—bad enough.

But then a consignment of trade tobacco failed to arrive at the Collings store—Morrow had plenty. A consignment of Collings copra waiting on the jetty for the irregular schooner lost its tarpaulins, was saturated with tropical rain, and had to be washed in sea water and resmoked, a matter of infinite labor.

"When our drying sheds burned down this year we left copra alone," Mrs. Collings said. "There was no profit in it any more. There was no proof that anyone burned the shed. It could have been an accident. But Martie blamed Morrow, and she may have been right. We left copra alone, and, of course, we lost the trade, because with us out of it, Morrow refused to pay for copra except in trade goods. We turned to shelling—Palamasea has always had good trochus reefs."

"I heard that," nodded Johnny.

"We lost three boys on the local reefs. I wouldn't let them dive there any more."

Johnny lifted his eyebrows.

"Sharks," explained Mrs. Collings. "The sharks came in. We've never heard of trouble with sharks here before. It was just luck, I guess. But every time the Queen Emma went out and anchored on the reefs the sharks collected. Almost as though they had been called. So we were really desperate when Willing offered to take the Emma through to the Woodlark reefs and try his luck. The old lugger isn't fit to go so far, but we were hard pushed, Mr. Legrand. I was worried this last month since they were overdue. So you'll know I was overjoyed to see her."

"I've brought bad news with it," Johnny said. "She hasn't a cargo."

"No shell?"

"Less than a quarter ton."

The old lady was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Oh, well, it's the end of the road. A quarter ton will pay the boys' wages, and then there'll be nothing left." She hesitated. "I don't suppose you'd be a buyer, Mr. Legrand. A trade store doing no business and a lugger—well, you've seen her."

Johnny smiled wryly. "I can't help. I couldn't buy a square meal. I'm in the same boat as yourself—on my way to Samarai to sell out. Washed up. No shell. It's the same story."

"I'm sorry," she said. "You look like a young man who should do well."

"I'm not weeping," Johnny told her. "There's the world spread out ahead."

In a little while he went. He had turned into the narrow avenue of coconuts when the idea came to his mind. Far down the track he saw the yellow dress of the golden girl returning, but the gay splash of color hardly registered. He turned abruptly and went back.

"I've got a proposition for you, Mrs. Collings," he said. "I'll take your dinghies and mine, and we'll both fish trochus from Calypso Girl. We'll give it a week, two weeks, and see how we go. I have no engine trouble, and neither of us has anything to lose."

"What have you got to gain, Mr. Legrand? You can fish without my boys."

"Local knowledge," Johnny said. "Your boys know the reefs; they'll save me time. And I'll ask credit for food. I'm all but out of rice."

"But what about the sharks?"

"They've had a spell," he said easily. "We'll leave the sharks to the luck of the game. If there's any threat of sharks, we'll give the show away. Is it a bargain?"

"It's a bargain," she said.

The girl was coming up the path among the flowers, and in a moment more her grandmother was introducing them and announcing the new diving partnership. The old lady was evidently pleased at the prospects, but Martie stood, cool and distant, with a lifted eyebrow for the news.

"You seem to have changed your plans," she told Johnny vindictively.

Johnny said, "You'd better arrange for one boss-boy to come aboard Calypso Girl to keep a check on the shell. We can keep each consignment separate that way; or if you like, we'll split even and not bother with a check."

"I think we'll keep a check," decided Martie, taking the initiative from her grandmother.

"Willing can do it," said the old lady.

"No, Willing's a good diver. I'll go aboard myself," the girl said. "That's if you go ahead with it. Did my grandmother tell you about the sharks?"

"There was something funny about those sharks," Mrs. Collings said. "All the years we've been here, fishing bêche-

UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

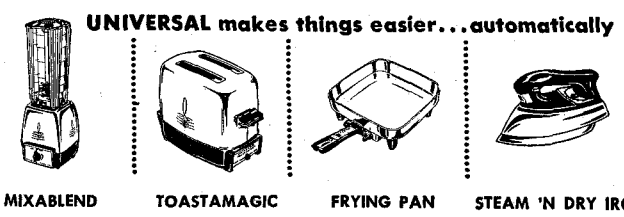
with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR

makes *real* coffee to your taste . . . automatically

The all-new Universal Coffeematic gives you the pride of owning America's most popular coffeemaker and the pleasure of enjoying perfect coffee day after day. With the Flavor-Selector, you choose the strength you prefer. Coffeematic does the rest automatically . . . quickly brews to perfection, signals when ready and keeps your coffee at ideal serving temperature. Discover *real* coffee . . . make it next time in a Universal Coffeematic. *from* $24.95

Ten-cup model shown, $29.95. In copper, $32.95.

UNIVERSAL makes things easier . . . automatically



MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de-mer or shell diving, they never appeared. Until these last two years."

"Morrow and the sharks came together," the girl observed. "We never get our troubles singly on Palamasea."

"We'll meet them when they arrive," Johnny said. "We'll make a start in the morning. What time will you bring your boys aboard?"

"At six. I'll be there at five-thirty."

The reefs lay on the outside of the half-moon island, away from the bay—a distance of two hours' steaming—but close to the land. The sun had leaped high in the sky before Calypso Girl dropped her anchor and dispersed the dinghies—Johnny's two, and two from Queen Emma. One by one, the men in the dinghies dropped quietly over the side, leaving just one at the oars of each boat. Johnny, too, dived in as soon as Calypso lay snug at her anchor with the engine stilled, and swam down to the bottom.

Through the lenses of his goggles the underwater world spread away, planted irregularly with corals and weeds, and peopled with a fantastic variety of fish. A kind of angelfish, brown, with a great half-moon of ermine-white cutting across its other definite characteristics like a scimitar blade, swam in formation with its fellows, circling about the caves of a high boulder, whence peeped a fraternity of parrotfish and a small moray. In a deep crevice a blue groper watched him incuriously. He took no notice of it, swimming on over the more accessible head of the reef. Almost immediately he saw the small, conical Turk's hat of a trochus, and he picked it up. Five or six yards farther on were two together.

The reef was fabulously rich, a natural home of trochus. He trod water at the edge of the boat and threw the shells, one at a time, on the deck. Martie, her hands on her hips, stood watching him.

"How's that?" he called, triumphant. "Five hundred pounds a ton and just look at it!"

He swam to the chains and climbed over the bows; and taking a shell in each hand, he tapped round the crown of one with the base of the other, cleaning away the shell and coral incrustations that had helped to disguise its pattern. The true shell emerged a fraction at a time, clean and free from traces of boring worms.

"It looks like the jack pot," he said, grinning. "We're home and hosed. Home on the pig's back. Money in the bank, and plenty of it."

"Don't count your shell before it's cashed," she warned. "I'll believe it when the check comes in."

All that day he went down with the divers, sometimes swimming without result, more often recovering a shell or two; and when the dinghies came in and delivered their loads toward evening, there were two respectable piles of the conical shells, and the air was cheerful with the sound of chipping as the crew boys put them in order. The only drawback was a minor one—Johnny was itching over arms and shoulders, and didn't find the reason until he saw the divers scraping each other's skins with knife blades. The reef was infested with a microscopic crab or sea insect, a hard-shelled animal which burrowed partially into the skin. They didn't wash off, but the steel removed them easily.

By the end of the third day, Johnny estimated a clear half ton of shell recovered. On several occasions four or five of the boys had reported single sharks—presumably the same sharks—cruising slowly down the reef, and twice Johnny himself saw them. He stayed motionless beneath the water till they passed, and they displayed no curiosity.

After one of these encounters, Martie went down. He protested, but she shrugged off the idea of danger.

"No shark's going to hurt you if you stop still," she said. "It's the people who panic who get taken. If the shark thinks you're struggling, he'll bite. Not otherwise."

"I know that," he said shortly.

He watched her beautiful body in a corn-yellow swimsuit split the surface and go down beyond the range of eyesight. He was falling in love with Martie, he thought—glumly, because Martie was as cold and distant as it was possible for a girl to be. Her grandmother, on the other hand, was happy as a lark at the prospect of heavy catches of shell and a continuing life upon the island.

That evening Johnny was supervising the unloading of the shell when Morrow came walking along the jetty, appraising the haul.

He walked round the sacks of shell and picked up a couple of samples from their open mouths.

"Nice shell. You're doing pretty well, young fellow," he said suddenly.

"Tolerable," Johnny agreed.

"Using old lady Collings' diving boys, eh? Don't you think you'd do better on your own?"

"I think I'm doing all right," maintained Johnny.

Morrow shook his head. "Watch out for that kind of a partnership, son. It isn't healthy."

"Thanks for the warning," Johnny said. "But we'll stay partners."

"Partners, are you? That's what I wondered. You'll do no good on Palamasea while you run with the old lady," he said. "She'll be pulling out soon and the island will be better off."

"Better for you, you mean," Johnny suggested.

"There isn't room for the two of us," Morrow said, and walked off.

The next afternoon Morrow's launch came out while they were swimming for the shell, cruised round them and went back into harbor.

"I'll put my cards on the table, son," Morrow said that night. "Don't work for the old lady. Fish all you want for yourself, but leave her out of it. Palamasea's not big enough for two traders, and I'm staying."

"Thinking of playing rough, Mr. Morrow?" Johnny inquired pleasantly. "I can play myself."

Morrow grunted. "I'm a lot older than you, son. I'm giving good advice, that's all."

In midmorning Morrow's cruiser came out and lay rocking on the swell, inshore from Calypso Girl. Johnny watched her idly for a while, then went to slip over the side. He was suspicious of the cruiser's presence, but couldn't see what harm Morrow could do.

Over his shoulder, he spoke to Martie, "Might be a good idea to keep out of sight. Some of these old fellows living alone get a bit crazy. He might have a rifle or something."

"I certainly have no intention of hiding away," Martie said composedly.

"All right about your intentions," Johnny grunted. "I'm just asking you to play safe. You don't know his intentions."

Martie, sitting on the hatch, looked up. Some of the sunlight was caught in her hair, and she was as beautiful in that moment as anything Johnny ever hoped to see, but she said, "You probably know his intentions better than I. You've been having these long conversations."

Johnny could have slapped her. Already, in his mind, his trochus freight was built up to a tonnage on which he could live happily ever after, or at least lay a foundation for his future; and it was a future in which Palamasea and the golden girl already had a prominent if hazy place. He opened his mouth to say something hasty; then changed his mind, turned and dived down into the water.

He was angry and his heart was filled with a great discontent, and probably his perceptions were dulled, or he would have been aware of a new factor as soon as the sea closed over him. It was a factor of sound, something like the sound of the spat of the pearl oyster as it propels itself through the water, but enormously hastened and sharpened and magnified. He became conscious of it slowly, and took no notice. He went on down, past Willing. Willing was coming up, his knees drawn up to his chin, his hands folded across them. There would be only one reason for that—sharks—and as he reached the bottom Johnny saw them. Not one or a few, but an army of gray shapes, each cruising slowly and independently. As one passed him, another would loom up from the close-laid limits of his vision. It was in their number the menace lay.

Johnny, aware, nervous, headed against their direction, swimming hardly at all, holding his place. His empty lungs normally never worried him; now he was aware of their limitation, not yet approached, but soon to run out. A gap in the platoon of sharks gave him the chance to retire without inviting pursuit. He rose gently in the water, swimming forward, turning round. The gray shapes took no heed of him.

Gently, delicately, he swam. On the surface he could breathe. On the surface, too, he would be more vulnerable. He came to the top at the end of his endurance two chains from the boat, and he lay there a moment resting, the gentle tide widening the distance between him and his Calypso Girl. From the corner of his eye he saw Morrow's cruiser, still close, circling his vessel and himself in a wide, slow arc. He filled his lungs two or three times, then emptied them and, sinking below the water, swam for the schooner.

And again came the sharks, beautiful shapes of tremendous efficiency—small sharks of five feet, several twice the length. And then the monster. He stopped swimming, waited in a growing panic till the big fellow passed; then went for the surface again. On everything that was known about sharks he was safe while he stayed still and completely immersed. But he had to breathe. Calypso Girl was only perhaps ten yards off now. He filled his lungs and thrust his head beneath the water, searching. He glimpsed the monster, turning once again, preparing to make his attack. Perhaps. Perhaps not.

And Johnny panicked. He spun for the ship, flailing his arms. In a flash of consciousness he saw Martie, standing on the deck, swinging a boathook. Harmony and Willing (*Continued on Page 108*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

A pitcher supposedly holds an advantage in throwing from the same side that the batter bats. In jams, the manager whose team is batting will often send in a southpaw hitter against a right-handed pitcher, or vice versa. And the other manager may put in a left-handed relief to pitch against the southpaw. Rules limit this jockeying. Yet here is an odd rumpus which resulted from it.

Let's say the Boston Red Sox trail the Cleveland Indians, 8–7, in the last of the seventh. The Sox fill the bases on a walk, a hit, and a hit batsman. The Indian manager sends in right-handed Bob Feller to pitch to right-hander Ted Lepcio. But the Sox pilot, equal to the occasion, puts left-hander Gene Stephens at bat for Lepcio.

With the count on Stephens one-and-one, the Sox runner on third is neatly picked off by the Indian catcher and tagged for the first out. Breathing easier, the Indian manager signals to the bullpen for Don Mossi, a southpaw, to relieve Feller. But the Sox skipper objects, contending that Feller must finish pitching to Stephens. Not so, the Indian boss argues, as a man has been retired meanwhile.

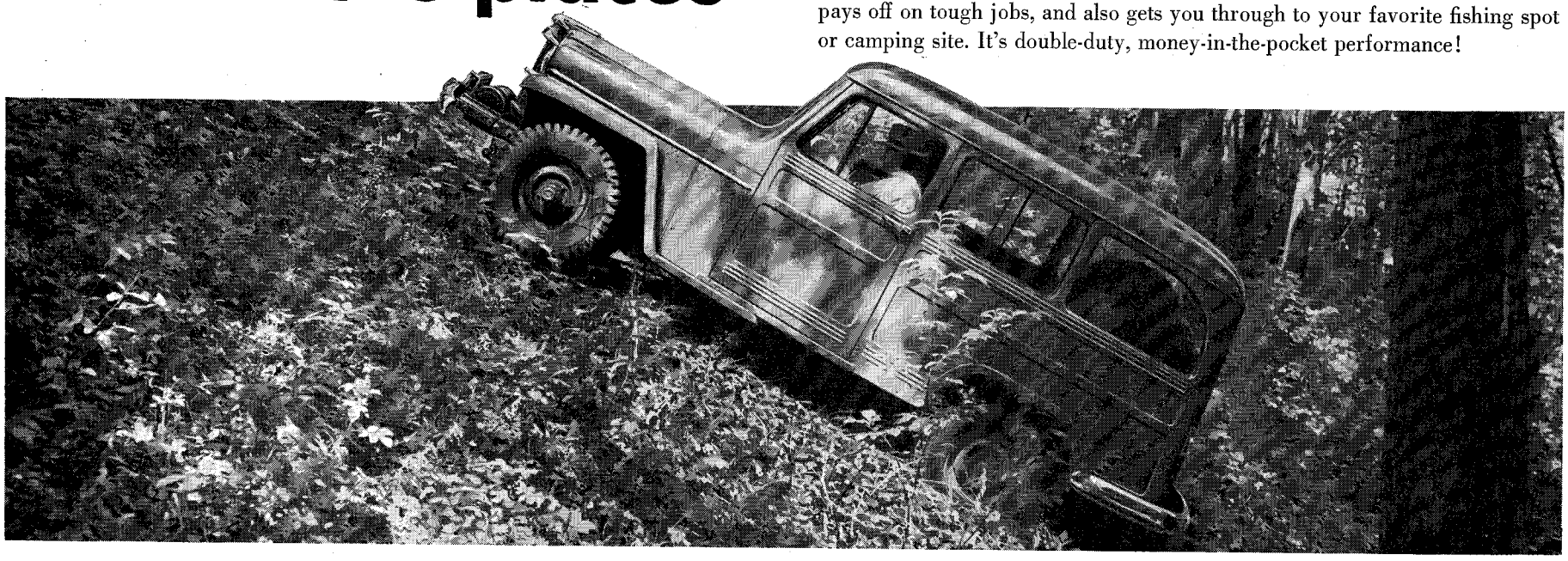
If you were the umpire, how would you rule?

See Page 108 for answer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goes more places

That means places you wouldn't think of going with an ordinary vehicle! The extra traction of the 'Jeep' Utility Wagon's 4-wheel drive digs in to take you through deep mud, sand, soft earth or up 65% grades. This traction-in-action pays off on tough jobs, and also gets you through to your favorite fishing spot or camping site. It's double-duty, money-in-the-pocket performance!

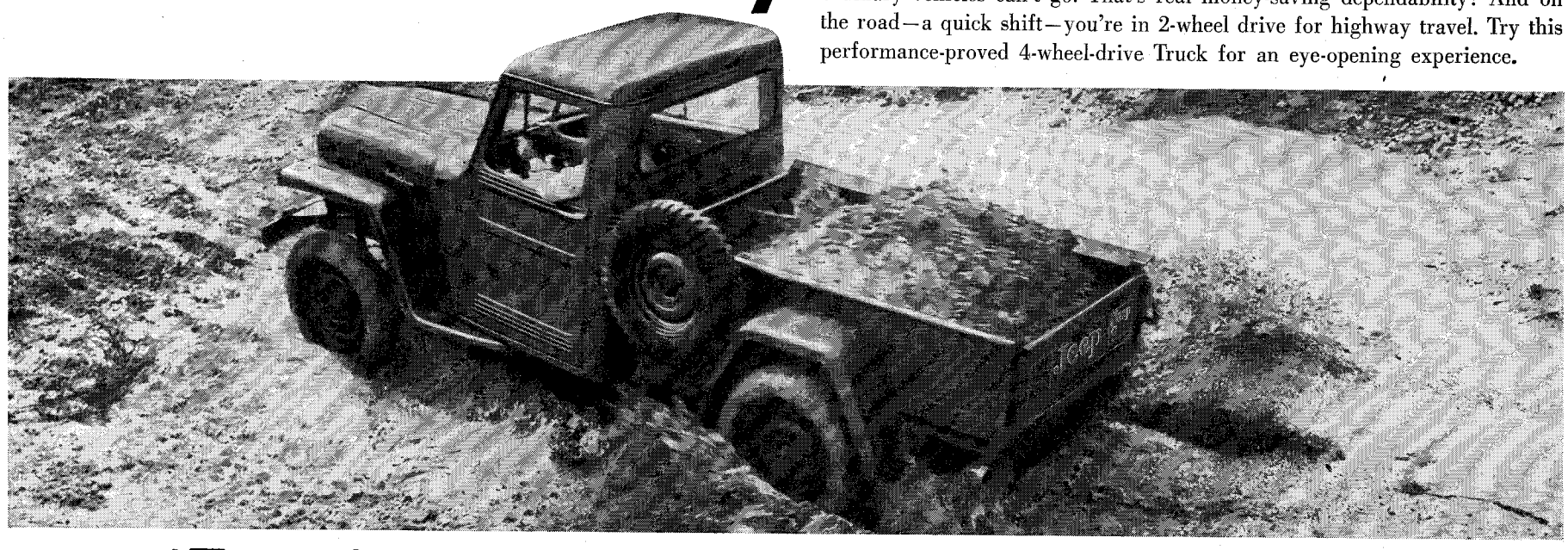


Does more jobs

Here's a mobile power plant that goes right to the job! And the job can be almost anywhere. The Universal 'Jeep' gets there—and, with power take-off or hydraulic lift, works there. It operates time and money-saving equipment from trenchers to winches, belt or spline shaft-driven machinery and most 3-point-hitch implements. It *saves* you time—replaces expensive extra equipment!

Saves more money

A drive behind the wheel of the 'Jeep' Truck will show you why! Its 4-wheel drive "go-anywhere" traction takes you and a full payload through where ordinary vehicles can't go. That's real money-saving dependability! And on the road—a quick shift—you're in 2-wheel drive for highway travel. Try this performance-proved 4-wheel-drive Truck for an eye-opening experience.



'Jeep'® 4-WHEEL-DRIVE VEHICLES BY WILLYS KEEP AMERICA ON THE MOVE

Drive a time-tested 'Jeep' vehicle at your Willys dealer

© 1956 WILLYS MOTORS INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

221 reasons why you should CHOOSE your next battery

When you buy your next battery, it will pay you to choose *carefully* because all batteries are not alike. Some last much longer than others, give far more dependable service, and thus save you money.

Patented materials and processes account for vast differences between batteries. For example, the Exide you buy today stands high above others because of the company's great backlog of patented developments—221 of these patents are now in force. Outstanding among them is a means of greatly extending battery life and improving performance through the use of new types of alloys that include silver.

When you buy your next battery, insist upon an Exide—there are 221 reasons why you should. Get the advantage of these new alloys as well as many other improvements evidenced by 221 current patents and 68 years of battery building experience.

You can buy an Exide that's guaranteed nationwide for as long as 4 years. You are assured new, vital freshness, either with a *Dry Charged* battery (filled by your dealer) or *Wet* (filled at the factory).

Your Exide dealer is listed in the "Yellow Pages." He offers you *experienced battery service*—right in your neighborhood.

Exide prices are as low as $11.95 exch.

WHEN IT'S AN Exide® ...YOU START

(*Continued from Page 106*) and three others were shouting—shouting something to him. He couldn't hear. He pressed on, racing. Then the boathook crashed against his head, and time stopped.

He came to life lying on the deck coaming, and Martie's arms were round him, and she was saying something, half crooning, half weeping.

"Oh, darling, darling! I had to do it!"

He looked up and smiled. His head was bursting with pain, but he smiled; and the voice stopped instantly.

"Say that again." He sat up. The corn-yellow swimsuit wasn't yellow where his head had rested. It was red with his blood.

"You panicked," she said. "You wouldn't stop still. I had to hit you. It was the only way to stop you."

"I thought you were aiming to hit the shark," he said.

"What was the use? Besides, he'd have reached you first. After I stopped you, he swam off again for another look."

He had to admit she'd done the right thing. A still man in the water would be treated with suspicion, investigated thoroughly. A struggling man was a quick mouthful, to be seized before he got away.

He held his head on one side. "Feels sore," he commented. "I want to hear what you were saying when I woke up."

"I wasn't thinking," she said.

Then for the first time since he had met her—only four days before, but it seemed a lifetime—she blushed. She turned away.

"I guess that's the end of the trochus, though," Johnny said, and indeed, the observation seemed redundant. The dinghies were pulling in to Calypso Girl as he spoke. But Harmony was waiting to say something.

"This other captain," he said. "This captain in the boat without sails. I think more better you and me we go see him."

Johnny looked at the cabin cruiser. It was on the run, heading back to harbor. He gave orders and the boys jumped to the anchor. Then he changed his mind.

"I'll see him after we get in."

"No, captain," Harmony insisted. "More better now. Quick now. And follow his wake."

The engine, on Harmony's order, was already running. They raced in, the helmsman not following the shortest course to come up on the cruiser, but swinging out to follow directly on its track. Harmony stood in the bows, scanning the water surface closely. After half a mile he gave a shout, ran back for the boathook and hooked some floating debris from the water. He brought the object forward.

It was a looped cane threading a number of wooden, perforated plates. Johnny took it in his hands. The plates, he saw, were sections of the inner shells of coconuts, flint-hard, and loosely threaded so they danced and rattled when the whole thing was shaken, each concave surface clicking against the concave surface opposed to it. The noise was that of muted castanets.

"You see him before, captain?" asked Harmony.

"What is it?"

"To call the sharks, captain. You shake him, this way, that way, under the water, then the sharks come. All the sharks, captain. All that can hear."

Johnny stared.

"I know this fellow a long time," Harmony said. "Over in the Trobriands they have this something. They call the sharks to catch them for the feast. Shark meat is chief's meat. Very good meat, captain."

"Trobriand magic?" Johnny asked.

"No magic, captain. Rattle him under water and shark comes. Suppose shark is half a mile away, he'll come. Up in the Duke of Yorks, those islands in New Ireland, they have this something too. They call the sharks; then they lasso them, like cowboys. At Aua, in the Bismarcks, they use this call, they say. But I have not seen it there. But it is a good something in any water, captain. Just shake him and shark comes."

Suddenly Johnny realized the significance of the little loop of disks.

He swore. He looked at Martie. The girl was white-faced.

"The three boys you lost," he said. "Was Morrow here?"

She nodded. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm not sure yet," he said.

The cabin cruiser was on her moorings when they swept into the bay, and Calypso Girl tied up to her. Morrow came on deck. He looked at Johnny, sitting on the rail, swinging the shark call, rattling it, and his face was gray.

"You know what this is?" Johnny asked.

"Never saw it in my life before."

"It's yours. It came off your ship," insisted Johnny.

"You can't prove anything," Morrow said.

"I can prove if it works," Johnny told him. "Tonight at dusk, I'll prove it. I'm going to make me a whole bunch of these things and prove whether, say, a man could swim with them—with one tied to each wrist and one to each ankle. I reckon that should prove something."

Morrow looked at him, said nothing.

"Think it over," Johnny said. "If it doesn't work that way, I'll find out how it does. In the meantime, think about it. I've been doing some thinking myself. I've been thinking what you said: that the island isn't big enough for us all. I know what I'm up against now, and, Morrow, I can handle it." He rattled the shark call. "Don't forget. Tonight we'll get together and do some proving. Assuming you're still on the island."

He turned and went below, and Calypso Girl moved off to her moorings. In the cabin, Martie stared at him with a queer look in her eyes.

"You get the darnedest ideas," she said.

"I've got another right now," he bragged. "A better one."

She smiled a sly little smile. "If it's business," she said, "you'll have to speak to my grandmother."

"It's this kind of business," he said, and he took her in his arms.

It took them a long time to disembark, and when they did, a long file of Morrow's boys was carrying gear aboard his cruiser. They were singing as they worked.

THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 106

Feller must finish pitching to Stephens. (See Section 3.07: "If the pitcher is replaced, the substitute pitcher shall pitch to the batter then at bat, or any substitute batter, until such batter is retired or reaches first base, or until the offensive team is retired. . . .")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Domineers Beautiful Women

(Continued from Page 29)

wife. Antoine, today, owns two apartment houses, a country home near Paris, two villas on the French Riviera, as well as five cosmetics plants in various countries which now turn out the most expensive line of beauty products in the world. He cheerfully concedes that this well-rounded empire is the result of Madame Antoine's circumspect and far-from-spendthrift little ways.

The rest he owes to his good stars. Placing his faith in their accommodating magic, he lit on Paris in the early days of our century, a sixteen-year-old lad with bright blue eyes and an emphatic nose, armed with an astrakhan-fur cap, a Catholic prayer book and a stumbling command of French. Five gold pieces were sewed into the lining of his heavy overcoat.

His name was Antek Cierplikowski, and a small fairy tale already lay behind him. Born of peasant stock, the son of a cobbler in the little town of Sieradz in what was then the Russian part of Poland, he'd been apprenticed to the local barber-dentist-surgeon—Antek had been particularly clever at pulling children's teeth without a tear. From there he had gone to the city of Lodz to work for his uncle, a hairdresser whose arsenal included a hand-worked gas dryer and curling irons. One day, the young assistant was sent out to do the hair of a rich lady whom uncle could not visit, as he was in his cups.

"My dear," the lady gasped when he was through with her long, lustrous plaits, "you don't belong here! You should go to Paris."

So Antek went. Before his gold pieces had melted, he had a job braiding human hair into false tresses in the cellar of Monsieur Decoux, a busy Paris coiffeur. The pay was only forty cents a day, but dreary weeks and pangs of hunger were canceled out by pious visits to the Louvre, where Antoine, whose ambition was to be a sculptor, spent hours circling the Greek gods—their chiseled curls, much later, would come to life again in his own sculptured coiffures.

The stars made good their promise. When the young salesgirls from a large department store trooped in one day to have their hair curled for a party, the overtaxed Monsieur Decoux asked Antoine to give him a hand. And, as the "little Russian" did his job with singular bravura and great skill, his pleased employer took him along to his summer establishment in Trouville, the seaside rendezvous of the elite. Antoine recalls, as one of the gold-plated rungs on his way up, a visit to the boudoir of Lily de Moure, a famous beauty of the day, whose long blond hair he was to do for a big day at the races. The lady's hat had not arrived, and Antoine, on a sudden inspiration, urged her to go without one.

Without a hat! Unladylike, but novel. Hatless de Moure, at the arm of a prince of the blood, radiating from beneath a gorgeous Antoine coiffure, made fashion history that afternoon. The "little Russian's" calendar, henceforth, was crowded with appointments, as the most fashionable women of the season discarded cartwheel hats for an authentic Antoine.

Thus, Antek Cierplikowski, barely out of his teens, had become all the rage. And, as the gods like to bestow two blessings at a time, they gave him romance along with success. A pretty French manicurist working in Decoux's Trouville establishment had caught his eye. When the young lady went to London to work in a department store, he followed her, and Antoine and Marie Berthe were married in a London suburb. Staying on to work on his own, and picking up a British clientele, Antoine might have remained in England had not a personal tragedy changed his direction—their baby son, baptized in a drafty church, caught a bad chill and died. The Antoines, who were to have no other children, went back to Paris to forget.

It was the dizzy Paris of the century's first decade—a Paris whose abandon, whose gaiety and elegance have not been rivaled since. This was a world of top hats and champagne, of can-can, vaudeville stars and horse-drawn carriages. And of long tresses. Ladies would do their hair themselves or rely on the nimble fingers of a chambermaid; and if a curling job was needed, the coiffeur would see them in their boudoir and do the job with heated irons. A humble menial, he was at madame's mercy. To Antoine's mind, it should have been the other way around.

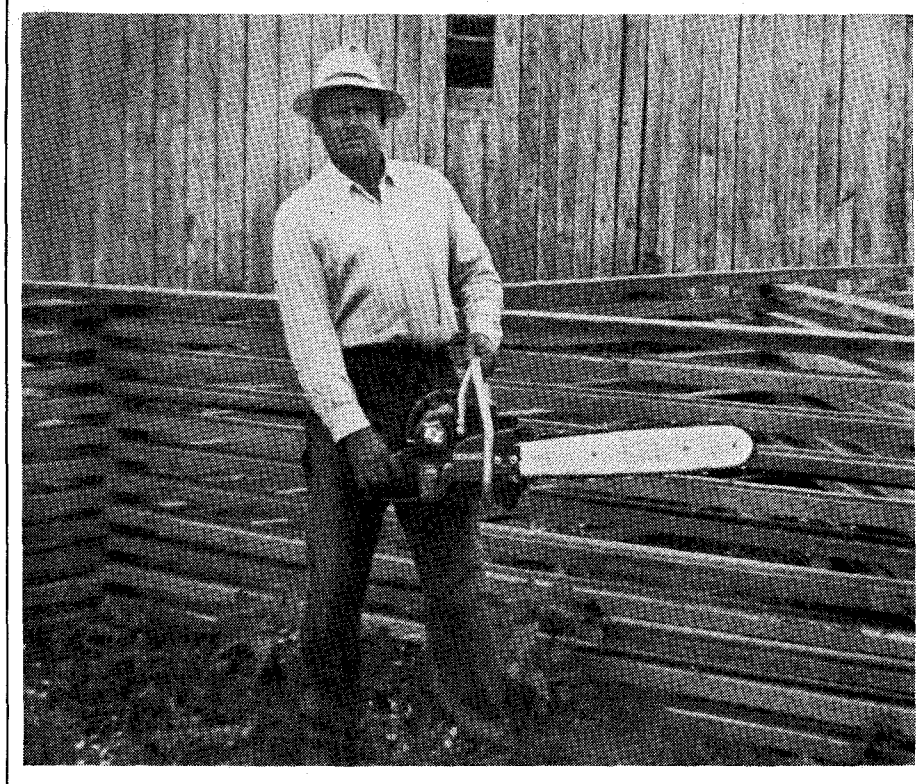
As the young man set out to work his revolution, he was no longer the awkward "little Russian." While he still murdered the French tongue—as he does to this day—he had acquired the easy-going manner of the man of the world. Wisdom absorbed through avid reading and careful listening made up for lack of formal schooling. And his artistic flair, good taste and an intelligence superior to that of most people he met, took him out of his class. Making his headquarters in a modest Paris apartment, Antoine moved with the smart clientele, pitching his tent in the resorts during the proper seasons—Cannes, Deauville, Biarritz. Thus meeting at close quarters the wives and sweethearts of a worldly flying squad composed of Spanish nobles, French aristocrats, fast-spending Argentinians and fur traders from St. Petersburg—with a stray Yankee millionaire thrown in—he based his Paris business on his resort connections. Catching on to the foibles of the great and chattering their lingo, he soon seemed one of them.

Still, underneath the polish, he had the stuff. Hair, to him, was a live raw material which should be treated much the way the sculptor treats his clay. Aware that women's heads, burdened with outsized coiffures, had gone top-heavy, he boldly used the razor to chip away the undergrowth. Then, studying the angles and proportions of the face, and using the old curling iron in such a way as to achieve natural contours, he "shaped" a woman's hair to suit her personality. A pleasing harmony was the result.

One day he was called in to do the hair of Lavallière, a celebrated vaudeville actress then in her forties, who was to play a sweet young thing of eighteen. As Antoine tells it, he was absorbed in thought when the hall porter's little daughter came storming in the door to deliver a message.

"I've got it!" Antoine exclaimed, and clipped the lady's hair into the first bob since Cleopatra's.

But though the actress caused a furor and Antoine was swamped with requests for bangs and bobs, he still held back—his sense of style told him that, in the corseted, long-skirted world which was then waltzing toward World War I, short hair was out of place. It was not till the war had had its sobering effect that he began to let his clients have the benefits of his historic innovation. Thus, womanhood walked open-eyed into a trap from which there was no hope of delivery—it had, in fact, surrendered its sovereignty to the coiffeur. To keep short hair in



"I cut lumber worth $1100 in 2 days" Homelite Chain Saw

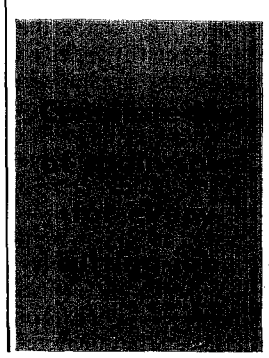
Mr. Ray Gill, owner of a 560 acre Dairy & Beef Cattle Farm in Booneville, Arkansas recently turned his 400 acre woodlot into a profitable home improvement crop. With the help of a Homelite Chain Saw, Mr. Gill cut 20,000 board feet of lumber in two days. The lumber, valued at $1100, was used to build a new house and dairy barn. The complete cost — including skidding, hauling, maintenance, depreciation and saw mill charges, amounted to $311.40. By harvesting his own woodlot with a cost-cutting, fast-cutting, dependable Homelite Chain Saw, Mr. Gill was able to obtain $1100 worth of lumber for only $311.40.

CASH IN ON YOUR WOODLOT THE HOMELITE WAY!

You too can turn your woodlot into a profitable crop — whether for cash, or farm improvements — with a lightweight, power-full Homelite Chain Saw. It will give you more production at lower cost, because you cut more wood faster, easier. Four models available.

For instance, the Homelite EZ gives you 5 full horsepower, weighs only 19 pounds. It will do any type cutting job.

Zips through 8″ Oak in 5 seconds, 18″ Pine in 14 seconds . . . brings down trees up to 3 feet in diameter.



HOMELITE *A DIVISION OF TEXTRON, INC.*
4409 Riverdale Avenue, Port Chester, New York

☐ Please call me about a free demonstration.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ Please send me name of nearest Homelite dealer.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....County.....State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This new establishment at Cannes is his most lavish salon. Here, ladies of leisure may spend long days polishing their physical charms.

Antoine, the world's most renowned hairdresser, rules an empire of beauty parlors that stretches around the globe. On an income of $100,000 a year, he can afford to satisfy his sometimes costly whims.

Near Paris, he has built this elaborate tomb, where he plans some day to repose permanently.

Egypt's Nefertiti was a mannequin in "The Night of the Empresses" pageant, celebrating the opening of the Cannes salon.

place, you have to have it set at frequent intervals—once a day, in those early years, was a good rule of thumb, and Antoine raptly remembers one wealthy client who used to call on him three times a day.

Opposition, from the start, was fierce. As women left their hair in mountains on the tiled floors of beauty parlors, Antoine was denounced from pulpit, lecture platform, in the press, in almost every tongue. Queen Mary banned the bob from Britain's court, and girls were fired from American department stores for having cut their hair. Still, Antoine was riding the wave of the future, and he won. And thus we find him, in the leggy '20's, already at the zenith of his power—one of the architects, in fact, of the new female silhouette that captivated our youthful hearts and that we now look back on with benign nostalgia. The great Poiret was taking women out of corsets, belts slithered to the hips, hemlines crept up—the flapper had arrived, and she was crowned by Antoine's shingle.

The master was then getting $100 for a new cut—one titled customer who summoned him to London was charged $2000 plus expenses. He had installed himself in the same second-floor salon—a former tailor's shop—which serves as his establishment today. Located on gray, fashionable Rue Cambon, an emerald's throw from the Ritz, it was then furnished with expensive period pieces. Its chief attraction was five gleaming washbasins forming a kind of fountain in the largest room. Considering that, until then, all clients—unless they made the coiffeur visit them—had been attended to in airless booths, the clubby camaraderie of the shampoo-and-dryer room was in itself a novelty. Affording customers an opportunity to see that they were not the only ones whose hair "you couldn't do a thing with," and to discuss the shortcomings of an absent friend, it caught on right away. "I'll meet you at the fountain" became the watchword of the chic Parisienne.

Antoine had fulfilled his promise of giving women a small head, but there remained the problem of "shaping" a short bob and keeping it in place. The old marcel wave, wrought with irons, made short hair look as if mice had been through it and, what with here a curl and there a curl, the contour of the head was an elusive thing. Antoine, always the sculptor, started to work on wet hair with his fingers. Discarding irons which had curled by spiraling a strand of hair from the tip in, he built his curls from the scalp out. Cylinders rather than spirals, his curls were tightly packed, flat rolls. And, having got direction from the roots up, they fell in line to form a wave. Here, then, was Antoine's famous "sculptured curl"—mechanization could step in and do the rest: a permanent wave he invented fixed a short haircut in neat, flowing movements. Soon, so august a jury as the Encyclopaedia Britannica felt prompted to observe that Antoine had given modern woman "that sculptured look which makes her classically beautiful."

Perhaps it was their fond regard for Figaro, the cocky barber of Seville—whose eloquent disdain for France's upper classes had helped bring on the Revolution of 1789—that made the French take Antoine to their hearts. Painters, actors, musicians were proud to count themselves among his friends. No gala party was complete without his presence. His showmanship made news, and if, on some occasions, he turned himself into a ham, he did it with such style that he was willingly forgiven.

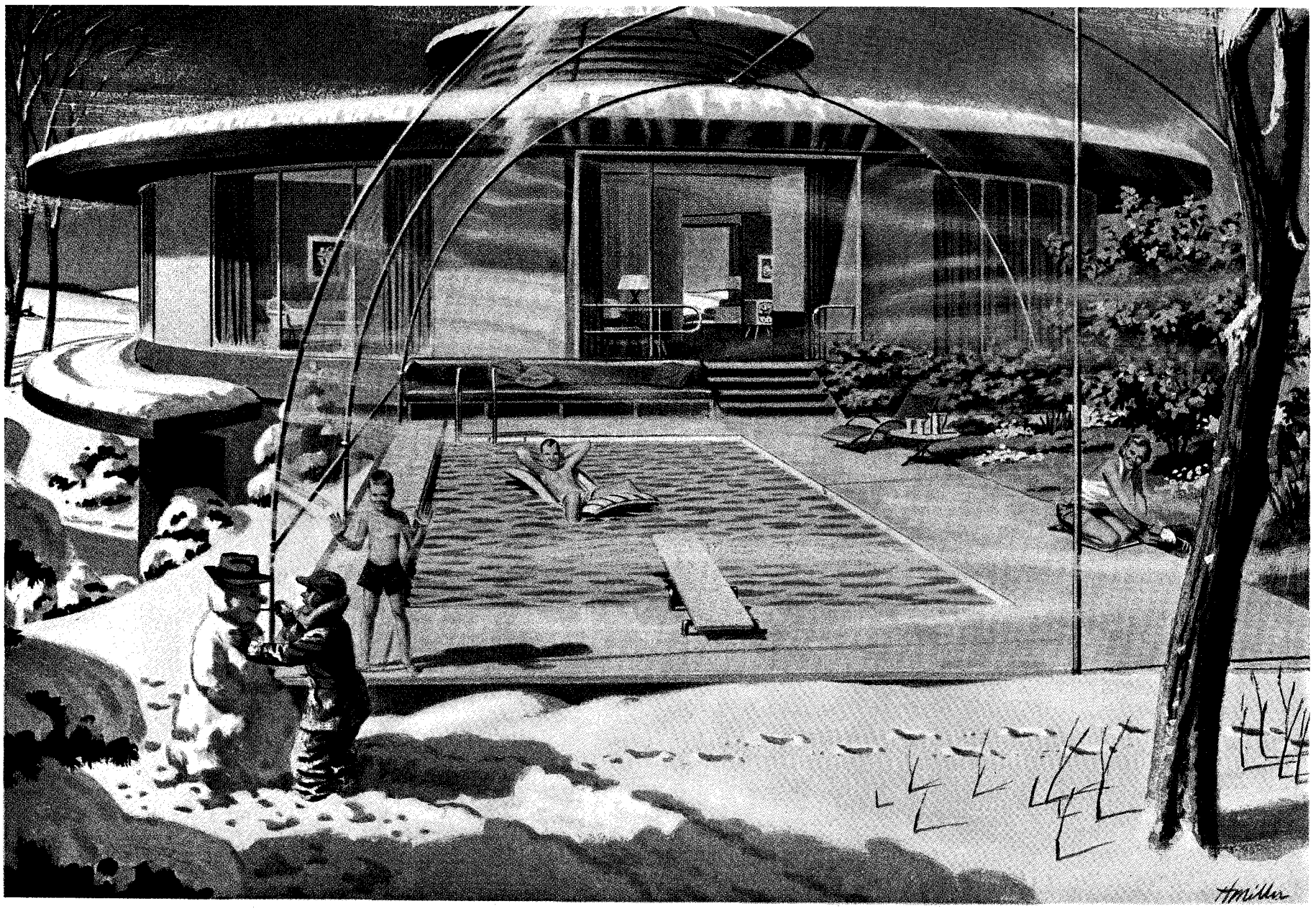
At the housewarming of his "glass house" atop a large apartment building he'd bought in 1927, Antoine was dressed entirely in white. The invitations had been slabs of glass, and guests dined off square glass plates, lounged in glass *fauteuils*. Sometimes, when the reporters came to interview the master, they'd "surprise" him improvising on the organ or find him standing absent-mindedly in front of a dark stained-glass window, dressed in pajamas and reciting lyric poetry. At his country place, fifteen miles south of Paris, his private airport served as base for two light planes, and Antoine would fly off in all directions, with J. B. Millien, the bright young manager of his cosmetics business, at the controls.

Curiously enough, when Antoine styles himself a creative artist, he is not really overstating things. He has, in fact, a knack for sculpturing and has done creditable work in his spare moments, including several fair portrait busts. In 1948 some plastic furniture designed by Antoine was shown in Philadelphia's Museum of Art. He also designs hats—he did a wider-brimmed one for Greta Garbo; and a hat he once fashioned for a client off to a ball in Venice consisted of a pair of black silk stockings. Antoine took first prize at a Riviera fashion show with a dress he had constructed entirely of newspapers. He has done wigs for Paris ballets, and designed costumes for Europe's most exclusive theater, the Comédie Française. In 1952, already hurtling toward seventy, he set the hairdressing trade on its ear with a display of stylized hairdos shown on live models and on busts in his Paris apartment; one number, called Medusa, appeared to be a knot of golden snakes, all of them tresses made of human hair.

"A woman who claims she wants to look her age," says Antoine, "is a hypocrite." Having discovered long ago that dealing with a woman's hair means dealing with her personality, he has evolved an understanding of the female soul that would do credit to a psychoanalyst. "The psychological effect of careful hairdressing is almost beyond calculation," he wrote in a somewhat slapdash autobiography published at the end of World War II, and he insists that "to do people over" is his sole satisfaction. Accustomed to seeing the client sink into his chair weighed down by clouds of black depression—"don't I look awful?"—he makes her feel, in the words of one of them, "like an exquisite princess—the only woman that exists for him in the entire universe" while he manipulates her hair. And, in his own words, she is "ready for anything" as she walks out again, coiffed head high in the Paris breeze.

Nor can this ego lift be achieved with a just-come-from-the-hairdresser look—Antoine's contours have, in fact, grown ever softer with the years, until they reached the current casual appearance. A client's hairdo, while following a trend, ought to be "hers, and hers alone," and he would like nothing better, he admits, than to devise as many hair styles as there are women in this world. He hates prefabrication. When, after the disappearance of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre, Parisiennes besought him to do their hair like (*Continued on Page 112*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FUTURE HOMES will be able to face in any direction—turned from hour to hour or season to season by your electricity. Electrically operated climate-conditioned extensions will permit "spring or summer terraces" all year round—enjoy swimming, winter fun and gardening all at once, if you wish.

Power companies doubling electricity for new kind of living

Plenty of electricity can make your home of the future a house of marvels!

To help bring this new electric age, America's more than 400 independent electric light and power companies are *doubling* today's electric supply—building power plants and lines at a rate of $2 billion a year.

In the future, you'll be able to flip switches to raise or lower table and work surfaces to any height. Electricity will bring beds out of the walls in the evening—then "make" them and fold them into the walls in the morning. The power that controls your home's climate will even do the dusting.

You'll need much more electricity, and you'll get it—from America's independent electric companies. And unlike federal electric systems, these companies don't depend on tax money to build for your future.

In the new electric age—as always—people will benefit most when served by companies like the ones bringing you this message—*America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**. **Names on request from this magazine*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*) Mona Lisa's, he obliged with ill-concealed disgust. And he won't send you off, if he can help it, looking like a suburban Audrey Hepburn or Marilyn Monroe.

This does not mean that individuality can't be improved on. Antoine thinks nothing of ordering a customer to have her ears pinned back by way of a slight operation. He can be brutal when the client does not know what's good for her: "If you don't change that hairdo, madame, your husband will change wives." He does believe in dyeing hair—the world's most famous redhead, Magda Lupescu, friend and later wife of Rumania's King Carol II, was his client for a long, long time—but he won't ever grant a color that clashes with your type. Pink, for example, is reserved for natural blondes.

Though Antoine is primarily to blame for the blue, purple and green tints with which a graying wife occasionally flabbergasts her husband, he now believes that a plain silver rinse is the best thing for gray, while white itself can be extremely beautiful. "Simplicity and chic is what a woman after thirty-five should strive for."

For all the precious heads that have passed through his hands—from Sarah Bernhardt to Claudette Colbert, from Mistinguett to Mata Hari, from the Duchess of Windsor to Eleanor Roosevelt, not counting an assortment of Rockefellers, Vanderbilts and maharanees—Antoine retains a soft spot for his first love, the plain, run-of-the-mill Française who is inclined to take a risk and be herself. Americans, Antoine complains, "are so afraid of standing out" that they curb his inventive genius. What puzzles him is that the average American, once she has crossed the ocean, is far more daring than she'd be at home. "Do what you want with me," she's apt to breathe. And he will do just that, flipping his razor like a conductor's baton and coming up with a new symphony for her.

Antoine's entry into the United States was, as one might expect, spectacular. Performing at a gathering of fashion experts in the oval dining room of the old Ritz in New York, he used live models to display his new creations. One of the girls, a striking blonde, was coiffed like a Greek god and draped in a sheet of gold cloth held together with a lone, precarious clasp. She brought down the house—Antoine, overnight, became part of the New York skyline.

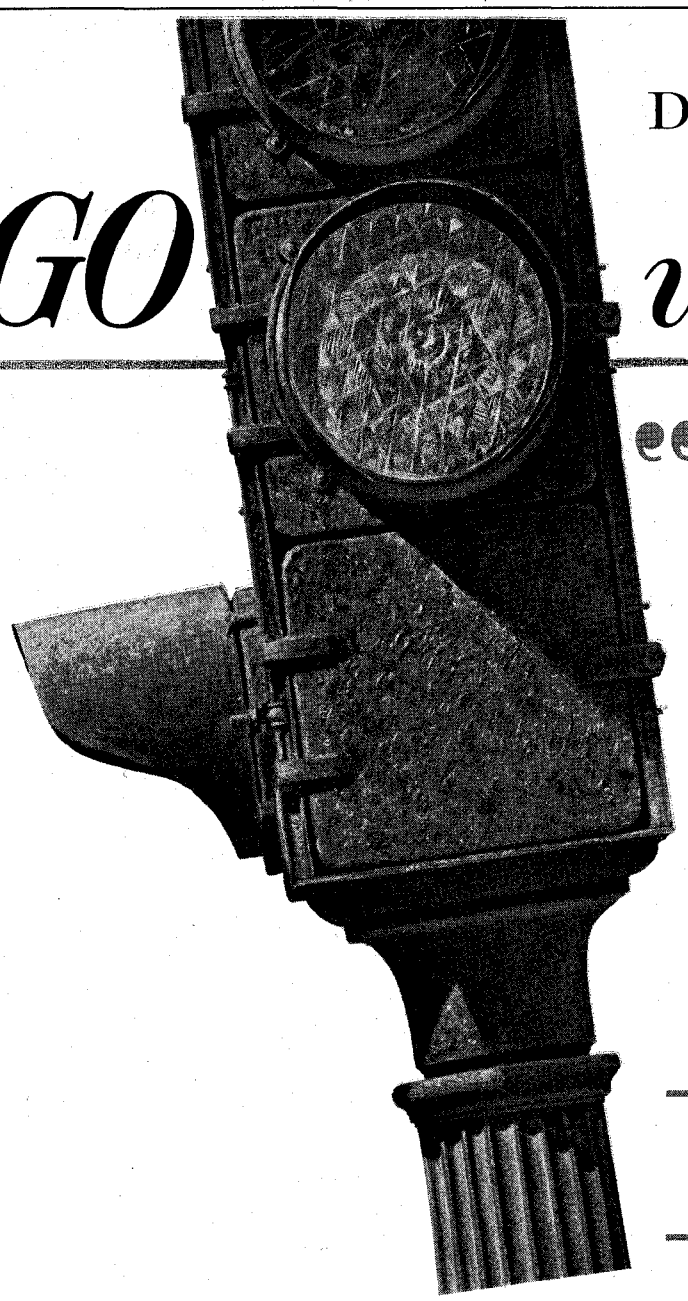
It was in 1925. He'd been imported by a large, uptown department store to serve as star performer in its beauty parlor. The clever Marie Berthe, who had gone over on a scouting trip, had sent word back that, although bobs were being worn, heads were still far too large. "I could see right away," she recalls, "that there was work to do."

There was indeed. Taken in hand by Seligman & Latz, concessionaires of beauty parlors in department stores, Antoine soon found himself traveling, much like a famous violinist, from town to town, cutting and setting hair. His contract called for an annual two-months' tour through the United States, and he was launched on one such trip when World War II cut off his retreat. While Marie Berthe, back home, was trying hard to keep the Rue Cambon establishment alive, Antoine surveyed his growing American empire from a pink villa on Fire Island, New York.

Although he finally became a citizen of the United States, his friends suspected that his heart was elsewhere. They knew they had guessed right when, toasting him in champagne aboard the ship that was to carry him back to France, at last, in 1949, the sixty-five-year-old Monsieur Antoine took one terrific, joyful leap which landed him on the ship's railing. Striking a jaunty farewell pose for the photographers, he stole the show, according to eyewitnesses, from a bevy of beautiful models someone had brought along for the occasion.

Today, he is again ensconced in his beloved Paris—"the boudoir of the world," as he has called it. Once a year—usually in the fall—he inspects his American colonies which now include some seventy beauty parlors of the Seligman & Latz chain, a school for hairdressers in New York, and a cosmetics factory in Hoboken, New Jersey. During his annual tour of duty, Antoine loyally tries to visit about twenty-five of his salons—attending customers at fifty dollars a consultation, performing for the benefit of the press, officiating at women's-club luncheons and being, in general, himself.

These annual performances have, of late, taken on something of a P.T. Barnum flavor. ". . . in person!" blare the ads. "The famous, fantastic, fashion-making hair stylist of Paris!" "Proud to announce the arrival of Antoine, world-renowned master of hair design." "Just back from Paris!" Or, humbly: "Meet the master!" Poor Antoine does his best, with as much nonchalance as he can muster, to live up to the public's expectations—appointments with him may be booked more than a month ahead. Nor does he seem to have the slightest trouble, when suddenly faced with a television camera, in whipping up a dozen new and striking coiffures on wax heads or live models. Adorned with fancy names—Surprise, Nostalgia, Vertigo—these new creations, as a rule, make history.



Don't drive a sluggish car...

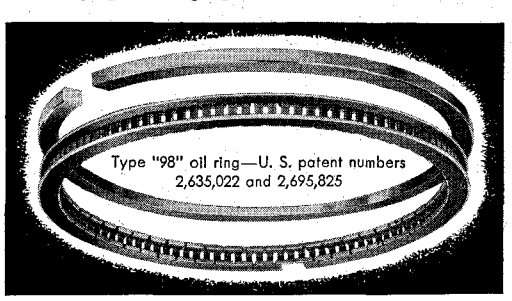
GO *with that* "new car feel"...

see your Doctor of Motors

Your car *CAN* be a joy to drive! Bring back that grand "new-car feel" with an alert, responsive engine—see your Doctor of Motors for a power-restoring overhaul with Perfect Circle 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings.

In PC's 2-in-1 Chrome set, the top compression ring was specially designed to perform where pressures are greatest, heat is highest, and lubrication is poorest. The new Type "98" oil ring with self-expanding spacer assures a uniform pressure against the cylinder wall, plus a side sealing action on the ring groove. Both rings are plated with thick, solid chrome that resists wear, more than doubles the life of cylinders, pistons and rings.

For full-powered performance with positive oil control, Doctors of Motors everywhere install and recommend Perfect Circle 2-in-1 Chrome piston rings—a sure way to bring back that "new-car feel."



Better Mechanics everywhere install

PERFECT CIRCLE

2-in-1 Chrome piston rings... *The Standard of Comparison*

Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Ind.; The Perfect Circle Co., Ltd., Don Mills, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exaggerated for the sake of emphasis, Antoine's new coiffures, much like Dior originals, will be toned down and made more wearable when the hairdressing trade gets through with them. This may take a whole year, or even longer, as in the case of two-tone hairdos, which Antoine launched about five years before the public took to the blond forelock.

There has, in fact, been nothing revolutionary in hair since Lavallière had her first bob and bangs. The process, rather, is one of constant evolution. Here Antoine's sense of timing and good taste comes into play. Forever trying to improve on his "small head," he had, before the war, decreed the upswept hairdo. Brought to America in 1935 and rejected by the trade, it was accepted three years later, when fashionable tourists brought it back, on their own heads, from the Rue Cambon. The upsweep was succeeded by the feather bob, which was, in turn, succeeded by the poodle, from which evolved the strictly forward, Italian hairdo that led up to today's casual.

Though Antoine is certain that short hair is here to stay, he does not necessarily approve of it for all occasions. A woman who wants to look functional from nine to five may wish to sparkle after eight. And that, with a three-and-a-half-inch haircut, says Antoine, is no easy job. Hence, from the start, he favored switches such as false braids and chignons, to be pinned on for evening. A surprisingly large number of his Paris clients do use the device—the trade in human hair, much of it from the shorn heads of nuns in European convents, is just as brisk today as it was half a century ago when Antoine braided tresses in Monsieur Decoux's basement. And Antoine, during his career, has done more daring things with switches than he could have attempted with bobbed hair—he's dressed them up with ribbons, feathers, roses, sprays of orchids, silver stars, gold dust and diamonds. He's dyed them all the colors of the rainbow, he's lacquered them, and he did one last winter with tinsel, fir twigs and all the decorations of an old-fashioned Christmas tree.

Still, even Antoine is aware that the idea of a switch repels some members of both sexes. If one could only make short hair look long! Experimenting with a multi-purpose "basic" haircut, he recently came up with a six-in-one coiffure in which we may, perhaps, discern the Frenchman's tongue-in-cheek reaction to the economy-sized package and the supermarket. As this is something that has to be seen to be believed—a three-inch curl is, after all, a three-inch curl—Antoine delights in demonstrating his brilliant sleight of hand on television programs, transforming a plain bob into a "long" coiffure with a few flicks of his almighty brush.

It is this operation that lies behind the Oriental look—"direct from Paris!"—which Antoine pushed hard during last winter's tour of the United States. Advertised, coyly, as a "China doll," "pagoda-like effect," or even "the smooth shingle bang of the Oriental child," the novelty itself was a three-layer haircut—a head shorn in three lengths, decreasing at the neck to two and a half inches. A technical improvement on the all-round basic haircut, this tiered cut was, in fact, nothing but a more convenient basis for the current back-to-nature look with its soft neckline and deep, flowing waves. Tomorrow's coiffure, which, Antoine hints, will make allowance for the growing penchant for bulky hats, is likely to be based on last year's "China doll" that wasn't.

In the old mother house on Rue Cambon, whose faded décor gives it the warm intimacy of a bistro, the magic of the fountain still works its spell—especially on Saturday nights, when the Parisienne likes to run over to her *coiffeur* for a once-over before the week's grand soiree. No more than twenty-five can be attended to at any time. The staff, hand-picked and trained by Antoine throughout the years, is headed by his star disciple, Adrian, a young American who formerly worked for him in New York.

Competition here in Paris has become lively since the war—such able and successful hairdressers as Guillaume, Antonio, Aubry and Alexandre now bid for Antoine's scepter. Prices on Rue Cambon, consequently, are low by our standards. A basic cut costs between three and eight dollars; a permanent no more than twelve dollars; shampoo and set, seven or eight dollars, and there's a flat five-dollar rate for tourists in need of a quick wash, trim and set. Few customers spend more than eighteen dollars, as compared to a by-no-means exceptional seventy-five dollars in Antoine's ambitious New York parlor.

Though Antoine puts in a steady working day when he's in Paris, he rarely finishes a client's head these days. Bored with mere technicalities and sticky details, he limits himself to the silhouette, leaving the pin-curling to an assistant. Only two categories still seem irresistible to him—the beautiful and the "impossible." Snatching the razor from the hand of the attendant on spotting one of his two fatal types, he steps up to the chair with gleaming eye and finishes her off with the inimitable Antoine flourish.

Artistic inspiration may carry him away, and if the customer protests, "Please, Antoine, don't cut that curl!" he's apt to keep on snipping: "Madame, you don't tell your surgeon when to amputate." And, for the privilege of walking off with an Antoine original, the customer will, nine times out of ten, shut up.

Meanwhile, at seventy-one, the master fails to see why body should rule spirit. Looking a sanguine fifty-two and acting like a man of thirty, Antoine curbs his waistline by being at all times "a little hungry," without denying himself any of the things he likes to eat or drink. He recently, after a decade's abstinence, resumed almost continual smoking. Though less flamboyant than he used to be, he still wears ruffled shirts, bell-bottom trousers, and, of course, his trade-mark, a platinum ring with a square-cut onyx.

Earning an estimated $100,000 a year before taxes, Antoine can lead the unencumbered life he loves. Just before World War II he built one of this city's first functional apartment houses, and in its duplex penthouse, affording one of the most startling views of Paris, Antoine and Marie Berthe are what the rest of us would call "at home." Weekends are still spent in the "little gray house" outside Paris, now a trifle cramped by the cosmetics factory which occupies the outbuildings of the old farm.

During the leaden Paris winter, Antoine flees, like other millionaires, to balmy Cannes on the Riviera. He owns two villas there. The older one, a charming period piece, was turned, this spring, into what promises to be the world's most lavish beauty parlor. There customers may spend entire days—lounging, taking the sun, drying their hair under the cypresses and orange trees of an enchanting garden, listening to distant music and nibbling salads from a dietetic kitchen.

For peace, he goes uphill, where, high above the crowd, he contemplates the blue Mediterranean from his modern cottage, named *Coup de Vent*, or Gust of Wind, for a frontward-swept hairdo he once launched. There, promenading among oleander shrubs and delicate mimosas, tagged by Chéri, his snow-white Pomeranian, he thinks of red, black, blond and chestnut heads that have been his to play with—and of the lamentable changes that have come over this world since Antek Cierplikowski, five gold pieces in hand, set out to trim it.

THE END

"I got him all the way home before I realized he wasn't my husband!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"BON VOYAGE" with NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

You're off to a good trip with safe, spendable First National City Bank Travelers Checks. Accepted instantly like cash around the globe, they haven't the dangers of cash, because if you lose them or they are stolen you get a prompt refund in full. Why take chances on spoiling vacations or other trips when this inexpensive insurance of the funds you carry costs only $1 per $100. Buy them at your bank.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by
The First National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Stop his scratching misery

Is your dog frantic from scratching? It's a sign of fleas or summer eczema. Stop his itching torture *quick* – with Sergeant's Scratch Powder. Kills fleas, ticks, lice. Checks fungus and doggy odor. 49¢ and 79¢ at any drug or pet counter.

Sergeant's®
SCRATCH POWDER

R-D Clears and Prevents Root Blocked Sewers

Money Back Guarantee

Eliminates digging.
At your Plumbing or Hardware Dealer. Only $3.95 2-lb. box.
Send for free booklet.
Hercules Chemical Co., 416 B'way., N.Y. 13

Tips for TIRED EYES

● 1. Hold reading matter about 14 inches from face. 2. Avoid reading in poor light. 3. After driving, exposure to dust or wind or when eyes are overworked, bathe them with LAVOPTIK Eye Lotion. Quickly soothes inflamed, sore, burning, itching eyes or money back. Get LAV-OP-TIK Eye Lotion today. All druggists.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So fresh!

So clean!

Does good!

Tastes good!

Real cool!

A clean, fresh mouth is always important!

Want to really rise and shine? Wake up your mouth with a Lavoris rinse. Your mouth will feel fresh and tingly clean!

Lavoris is a soothing astringent that leaves delicate mouth and throat tissues clean and invigorated. And, it tastes so good your whole family will want to use it.

Take a tip from your dentist—use the **SPARKLING RED** mouthwash that tastes good...does good!

The Case of the Lucky Loser

(Continued from Page 51).

and then make another right turn a mile or so down here. That'll be Chestnut Street and that will bring us to Sycamore Road. We can get back on that."

Della Street made a right turn as she left the driveway.

Perry Mason, looking back through the rear window of the car, suddenly whirled his head and settled down in the seat.

"Something?" Della Street asked.

"Two police cars just turning in from the State Highway," Mason said. "Apparently we made it in the nick of time. . . ."

Back in his office Mason found a jubilant Paul Drake.

"We're ahead of the police all the way, Perry."

"How come?"

"That car Jackson Eagan rented," Drake said; "there was a driver's license number on the records."

"What was it?"

"License number Z-four-nine-oh-five-five-three," Drake said.

"Able to trace it?"

"There again we had success. I got in touch with my correspondent in Sacramento. He rushed a man down to the motor-vehicle department. That is the number of a driver's license issued to Jackson Eagan, who lives in Chico, a city about two hundred miles north of San Francisco in the Sacramento Valley."

"You have the address and ——"

"I have the address," Drake said. "I have the guy's physical description from the driver's license, and our correspondent in Chico is checking on Jackson Eagan right now."

"What's the description?" Mason asked.

Drake read off his notes: "Male, age thirty-five, height five feet ten inches, weight a hundred and seventy-five pounds, hair dark, eyes blue."

"That helps," Mason said. "Now tell me, Paul, what the devil is this?" Mason removed the cover from the tape recorder.

"That's a darn good grade of a high-fidelity tape recorder," Drake said. "It has variable speeds. It will work at one and seven eighths inches a second or at three and three quarters inches a second. At one and seven eighths inches a second it will run for three hours on one side of a spool of long-playing tape."

"You understand how this particular model works?" Mason asked.

"Perfectly. We use them in our work right along. This is a high-grade outfit."

"All right," Mason said, "let's see what's recorded on this tape."

"It's the latest long-playing tape," Drake said, plugging in the machine. "You get an hour on one of these spools at three and three quarters inches to the second or an hour and a half if you use the long-playing tape. At one and seven eighths inches per second you get three hours on one side of the tape."

"What's the reason for the difference in speed?" Mason asked.

"Simply a question of fidelity. You use seven and a half inches for music, three and three quarters inches for the human voice where you want high fidelity, but you can get a very satisfactory recording at one and seven eighths."

"O.K.," Mason said. "Let's see what's on the tape."

"I guess the machine's warmed up enough now," Drake said.

He threw a switch. The spool of tape began to revolve slowly, the tape being taken up on the other spool, feeding through the listening head on the machine.

"Seems to be nothing," Drake said after a moment.

"Keep on," Mason said. "Let's be certain."

They sat watching the tape slowly move through the head of the machine for some three or four minutes.

Drake shook his head. "Nothing on it, Perry."

Mason regarded the machine in frowning contemplation.

"Of course," Drake said, "there might be something on the other side. This is a half-track recording. You record on one side of the tape, then reverse the spools and record on the other half of the tape.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We didn't expect you folks until tomorrow."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is, the recording track is divided into two segments and ——"

"Reverse it," Mason said. "Let's see if there's something on the other track."

Drake stopped the machine and reversed the spool. Again the tape fed through the head of the machine, but this time there were voices. A woman's voice said, ". . . fed up with the whole thing myself. You can stand only so much of this gilded. . . ." There followed complete silence.

Drake manipulated the controls on the machine. There was no further sound.

"Well?" Mason asked.

Drake shook his head. "I don't get it."

"Let's take a look at this other box," Mason said. "What's that?"

Drake opened the box. His eyes suddenly glistened in appreciation. "This," he said, "is really something."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"As We Forgive——"

By Alma Roberts Giordan

To ask forgiveness is not
easy.
To own to error and
acknowledge wrong;
To swallow pride, lower the
flesh a peg,
Call for a soul uncommonly
strong.

To grant forgiveness is not
simple.
To cancel grudge, forget the
brutal hand;
To turn magnanimous good
on evil done,
Love and humility demand.

Pity I feel, and God must
feel it·
For him who has not learned
the penitent art.
But more I weep for him
who asks God's mercy,
Yet carries grudges in his
heart.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Knuckles tapped on the exit door of Mason's private office.

"That's my secretary," Drake said, listening to the rhythm of the code knock.

Della Street opened the door.

"Please give this to Mr. Drake," the secretary said, handing Della a sheet of paper on which there was a typewritten message.

Della Street handed it across to Paul Drake.

"Well, I'll be damned," Drake said.

"What is it?" Mason asked.

"Telegram from my correspondent in Chico. Listen to this:

"JACKSON EAGAN WELL-KNOWN TRAVEL WRITER RESIDING THIS CITY. MOVED AWAY. HAD TROUBLE TRACING, BUT FINALLY FOUND RESIDED BRIEFLY AT MERCED THEN WENT TO YUCATAN, WHERE HE DIED TWO YEARS AGO. BODY SHIPPED HOME FOR BURIAL. CLOSED COFFIN. WIRE INSTRUCTIONS."

Drake ran his fingers through his hair. "Well, Perry, now we've had everything. Here's a case where the corpse died twice."

Mason nodded to Della Street. "Get out blanks for a petition for habeas corpus," he said. "We're going to file a habeas corpus for Ted Balfour. I have a hunch that it's up to me to work out a legal gambit which will keep the real facts in this case from ever being brought out."

"How the devil are you going to do that?" Drake asked.

Mason grinned. "There's a chance, Paul."

"One chance in a million," Drake said.

"Make it one in five," Mason told him. "And let's hope it works, Paul, because I have a feeling that the true facts in this

"All right, what is it?"

"A wall snooper," Drake said.

"What's that, Paul?"

"A very sensitive mike with an electric boosting device. You fasten it to a wall and sounds of conversation in the next room that you can't even hear come in on this mike, are amplified and go on the tape. Then you can plug in earphones, and as the tape goes through a second head, you can hear what's been recorded. That's the reason for what we heard on the tape, Perry. The device had been used for a snooping job; then the tape had been fed through the erasing head. They quit erasing on the last few inches of the second half track and a few words were left."

Mason thought that over. "Why would Ted Balfour have been doing a snooping job, Paul?"

"Perhaps a gag," Drake said. "Perhaps a girl friend. It could be any one of a hundred things, Perry."

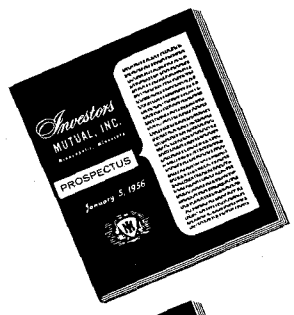
Mason nodded. "It could even be that he was checking up on his uncle's new-model wife," he said.

"And the job wound up in murder?" Drake asked.

"Or the job wound up by his having a murder wished on him," Mason observed.

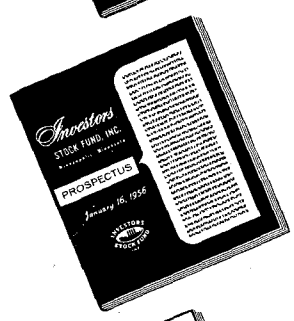
Are you interested in

MUTUAL FUNDS?



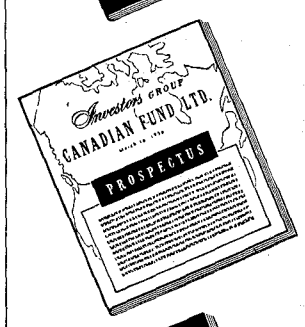
A balanced fund, for instance?

Investors Mutual, Inc., is a balanced fund with objectives of reasonable return, preservation of capital and long-term appreciation possibilities through diversified holdings of more than 500 common and preferred stocks and investment quality bonds.



A common stock Fund?

Investors Stock Fund, Inc., offers an open end mutual fund with professional supervision of diversified securities, emphasizing common stocks. The securities for this fund are chosen with objectives of long-term capital appreciation possibilities and reasonable income.



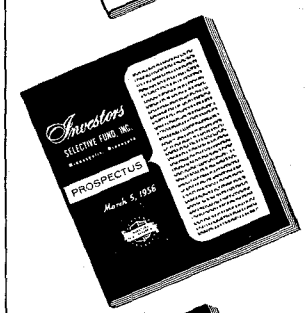
Canadian investments?

Investors Group Canadian Fund Ltd. is a diversified, continually managed mutual fund organized in Canada with investments in Canadian securities, seeking long-term growth possibilities through . . .

(1) Investments in companies participating in the development and expansion of Canadian natural resources, industry, and commerce.

(2) Automatic reinvestment of all dividends and other earnings.

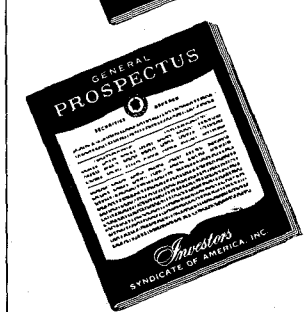
(3) Special tax considerations.



A bond and preferred stock fund?

Investors Selective Fund, Inc.—the primary objectives of this mutual fund are to provide a reasonably stable quarterly income and to conserve the value of the investment.

• • •



"Installment type" face-amount certificates?

These certificates can help you accumulate money systematically over 6, 10, 15, or 20 year periods. Obtain full information in a free Investors Syndicate of America prospectus-booklet.

To obtain a free copy of any of the prospectus-booklets shown, consult the yellow pages of your telephone directory for the name and address of your local distributor, or write us direct.

The securities of all these companies are exclusively distributed by

Investors DIVERSIFIED SERVICES, INC.

914 INVESTORS BUILDING, 8TH & MARQUETTE • MINNEAPOLIS 2, MINNESOTA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case are so loaded with explosive they could touch off a chain reaction."

Judge Cadwell assumed his seat on the bench, glanced down at the courtroom and said, "Now, this is on habeas corpus in the case of Theodore Balfour. A petition was filed, a writ of habeas corpus issued, and this is the hearing on the habeas corpus. I assume that the writ was applied for in connection with the usual practice by which an attorney who is denied the right to communicate with a client applies for a writ of habeas corpus to force the hand of the prosecutor."

Roger Farris, the deputy district attorney, arose and said, "That is correct, your honor. We have now filed a complaint on the defendant, accusing him of the crime of murder of one Jackson Eagan, who was then and there a human being, the murder committed with premeditation and malice aforethought, making the crime first-degree murder. The prosecution has no objection to Mr. Perry Mason, as attorney for the defendant, interviewing the defendant at all seasonable and reasonable times."

"I take it then," Judge Cadwell said, glancing down at Perry Mason, "it may be stipulated that the writ can be vacated and the defendant remanded to the custody of the sheriff."

"No, your honor," Mason said.

"What?" Judge Cadwell rasped.

"No such stipulation," Mason said.

"Well, the court will make that ruling anyway," Judge Cadwell snapped. "It would certainly seem that if this man is charged with murder —— Now, wait a minute. The court will not accept the statement of the prosecutor to that effect. . . . You had better be sworn as a witness, Mr. Prosecutor, unless the facts appear in the return to the writ on file in this court."

"They do, your honor. The facts are undisputed. Even if they weren't, the court could take judicial cognizance of its own records."

"Very well," Judge Cadwell said.

"May I be heard?" Mason asked.

"I don't see what you have to be heard about, Mr. Mason. You surely don't contend that where a petitioner has been formally charged with the crime of first-degree murder and has been duly booked on that crime he is entitled to be released on habeas corpus, do you?"

"In this case, your honor, yes."

"What's the idea?" Judge Cadwell asked. "Are you being facetious with the court, Mr. Mason?"

"No, your honor."

"Well, state your position."

"The Constitution," Mason said, "provides that no man shall be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense. Your honor quite recently reviewed the evidence in the case of People versus Balfour and found him guilty of involuntary manslaughter."

"That was committed with an automobile," Judge Cadwell said. "As I understand it, this is an entirely different case."

"It may be an entirely different case," Mason said, "but the prosecution is barred because this man has already been tried and convicted of the crime of killing this same Jackson Eagan."

"Now just a minute," Judge Cadwell said as the prosecutor jumped to his feet. "Let me handle this, Mr. Prosecutor. . . . Mr. Mason, do you contend that because the People mistakenly assumed that this was a hit-and-run case and prosecuted the defendant under such a charge, the People are now barred from prosecuting him for first-degree murder—a murder which, so far as the record in the present case discloses, was perpetrated with a lethal weapon? . . . I take it that is a correct statement, is it not, Mr. Prosecutor?"

"It is, your honor," Roger Farris said. "It is our contention that Jackson Eagan was killed with a bullet which penetrated his brain and caused almost instant death. We may state that the evidence supporting our position is completely overwhelming. The bullet went into the head, but did not emerge from the head. The bullet was found in the brain when the body was exhumed and that bullet has been compared by ballistics experts with a weapon found in the bedroom of Theodore Balfour, the defendant herein, a weapon which was the property of the defendant. The fatal bullet was discharged from that weapon.

"It was quite apparent what happened. An attempt was made to dispose of the victim by having it appear that the man had died as the result of a hit-and-run accident. We are perfectly willing, if Mr. Mason wishes, to move to dismiss the former charge of involuntary manslaughter against Mr. Balfour so that he can be prosecuted on a charge of first-degree murder."

"I don't request any such thing," Mason said. "The defendant has been tried, convicted and sentenced for the death of Jackson Eagan."

"Now just a minute," Judge Cadwell said. "The court is very much concerned with this point raised by Mr. Mason. The court feels that point is without merit. A man who has been tried for involuntary manslaughter committed with a car cannot claim that such a prosecution is a bar to a prosecution for first-degree murder committed with a gun."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"Why not!" Judge Cadwell shouted. "Because it's absurd! It's ridiculous on the face of it!"

"Would the court like to hear authorities?" Mason asked.

"The court would very much like to hear authorities," Judge Cadwell said, "if you have any that bear upon any such case as this."

"Very well," Mason said. "The general rule is that where a person is indicted for murder, the charge includes manslaughter. In other words, if a man is charged with first-degree murder, it is perfectly permissible for a jury to find him guilty of manslaughter."

"That is elemental," Judge Cadwell said. "You certainly don't need to cite authorities on any such elemental law point, Mr. Mason."

"I don't intend to," Mason said. "It therefore follows that if a man is tried for first-degree murder and is acquitted, he cannot subsequently be prosecuted for manslaughter involving the same victim."

"That also is elemental," Judge Cadwell said. "The court doesn't want to waste its time or the time of counsel listening to any authorities on such elemental points."

"Then perhaps," Mason said, "your honor would be interested in the Case of People versus McDaniels, 137 Cal. 192 69 Pacific 1006 92 American State Reports 81 59 L. R. A. 578, in which it was held that while an acquittal for a higher offense is a bar to any prosecution for a lower offense necessarily contained in the charge, the converse is also true, and that conviction for a lower offense necessarily included in the higher is a bar to subsequent prosecution for the higher.

"The court should also study the Case of People versus Krupa, 64 C. A. 2nd 592 149 Pacific 2nd 416, and the Case of People versus Tenner, 67 California Appellate 2nd 360 154 Pacific 2nd page 9, wherein it was held that while Penal Code Section 1023 in terms applies where the prosecution for the higher offense is first, the same rule applies where the prosecution for the lesser offense comes first.

"It was also held in the Case of People versus Ny Sam Chung, 94 Cal. 304 29 Pacific 642 28 American State Reports 129, that a prosecution for a minor offense is a bar to the same act subsequently charged as a higher crime."

Judge Cadwell regarded Mason with frowning contemplation for a moment, then turned to the prosecutor. "Are the people prepared on this point?" he asked.

Roger Farris shook his head. "Your honor," he said, "I am not prepared upon this point because, frankly, it never occurred to me. If it had occurred to me, I would have instantly dismissed it from my mind as being too utterly absurd to warrant any serious consideration."

Judge Cadwell nodded. "The court feels that the point must be without merit," he said. "Even if it has some merit, the court would much rather commit error in deciding the case according to justice and the equities, rather than permit what might be a deliberate murder to be condoned because of a pure technicality."

"I would like to suggest to the court," Mason said, "that it would be interesting to know the theory of the prosecution. Is it the theory of the prosecution that if the jury in this case should return a verdict of guilty of manslaughter, and the court should sentence the defendant to prison, the prosecution could then file another charge of murder against the defendant and secure a second punishment?"

"Certainly not!" Farris snapped.

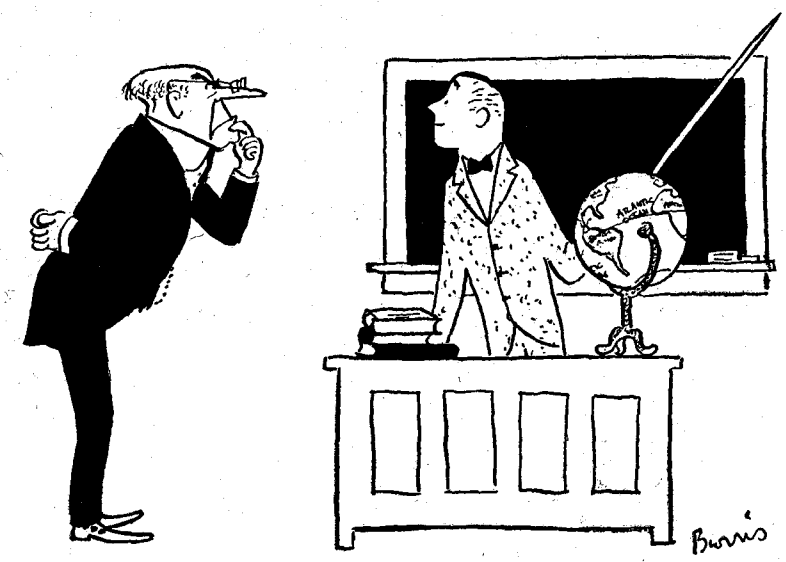
"If you had prosecuted this man for murder originally," Mason said, "and the jury had returned a verdict of not guilty, would it be your position that you could again prosecute him on a charge of involuntary manslaughter?"

"That would depend," Farris said, suddenly becoming cautious. "It would depend upon the facts."

"Exactly," Mason said, grinning. "Once a defendant has been placed on trial jeopardy has attached. Once the defendant has been convicted and sentenced, he has paid the penalty demanded by law. If the prosecution, as a result of poor judgment, poor investigative work or poor thinking, charges the man with a lesser offense than it subsequently thinks it might be able to prove, the prior case is nevertheless a bar to a prosecution for a higher offense at a later date."

Judge Cadwell said, "The court is going to take a sixty-minute recess. The court wants to look up some of these authorities. This is a most unusual situation a most astounding situation. I may state that as soon as I heard the contention of the defendant, I felt that the absurdity of that contention was so great that it amounted to sheer legal frivolity. But now that I think the matter over and appreciate the force of the defendant's contention, it appears that there may well be merit to it.

"Looking at it from a broad standpoint, the (*Continued on Page 118*



The Perfect Squelch

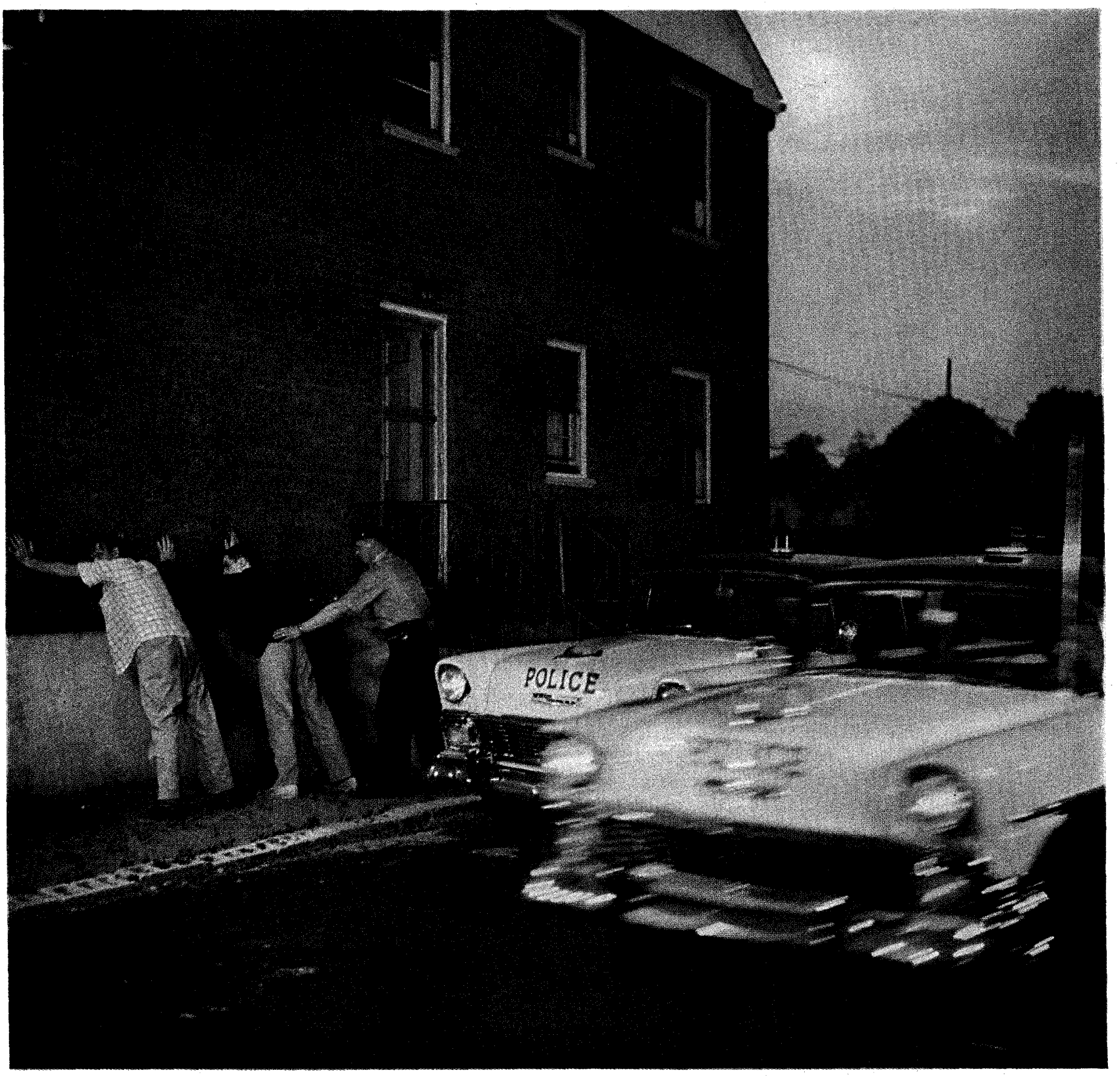
Mr. Johnson, a young man with a fine teaching record, was being interviewed by the school board for the post of principal of the local school. All the board members except one were obviously impressed by his qualifications and eager to hire him. The exception, an old-fashioned fundamentalist named Hackett, persisted in asking endless questions about Johnson's basic views.

Patiently and politely Johnson assured him that his educational ideas were conventional and that he believed in giving students a solid groundwork. But Hackett, far from satisfied, kept repeating his distrust of what he called modern trimmings and new-fangled teaching tricks. Finally, while his fellow board members squirmed with impatience, he said, "Now, about geography, Johnson. How would you teach geography?"

"Well, Mr. Hackett," Johnson said cheerfully, "how would you like it taught? Round or flat?"

Lawrence C. Santana

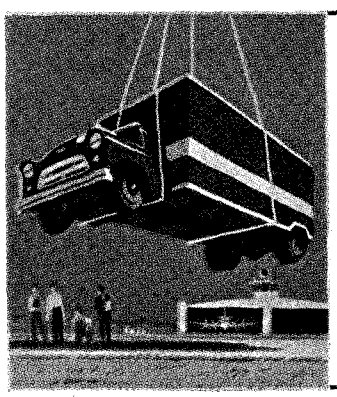
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For safety in emergencies...Rayon Hi-Test Tire Cord

Nearly all police cars rely on rayon for hard, high-speed driving . . . proof that you can depend on rayon!

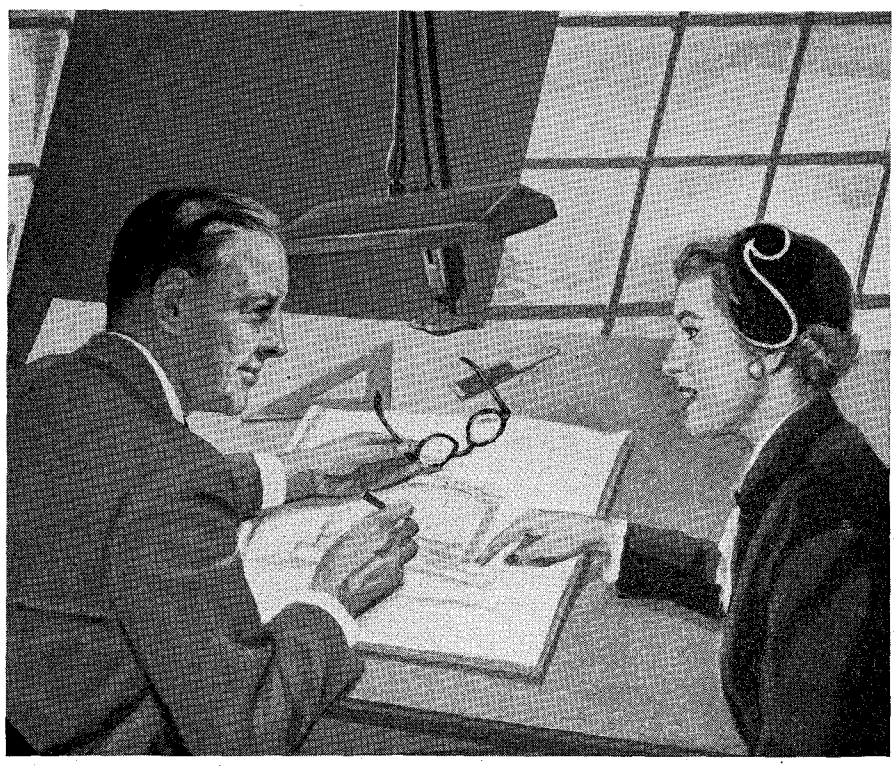
Quick get-aways . . . sudden bursts of speed . . . screeching stops. Patrolling highways and back country roads . . . in all kinds of weather conditions. If Rayon Hi-Test Tires are safe for police cars, you should know they're *safer* for you. Rayon is the only cord that actually gains in strength as tire heat builds up at high road speeds. No wonder 9 out of 10 cars ride on Rayon. For premium safety at no premium in price, insist on RAYON HI-TEST Tires. Every car manufacturer uses them as standard equipment on new models. American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



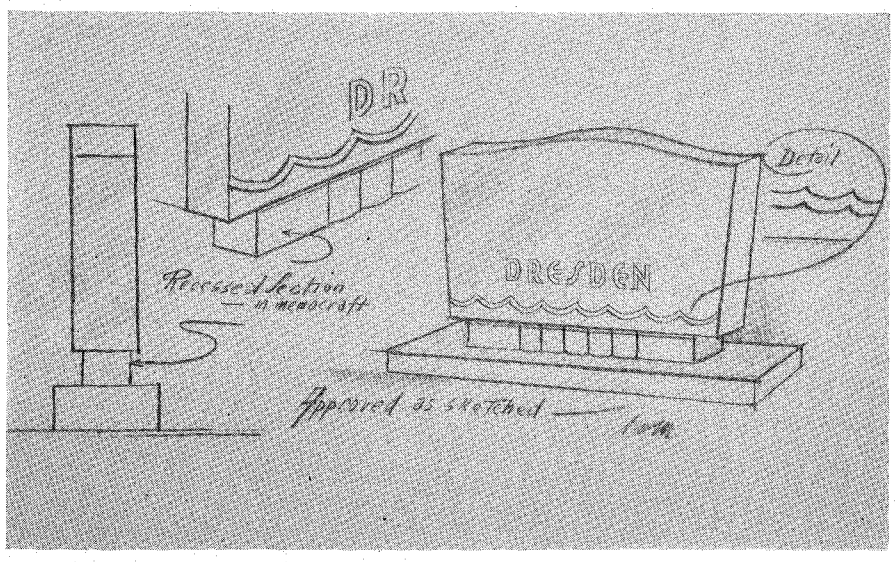
The Rayon Cord from only one tire is strong enough to lift this 12,000-pound truck . . . safely! Pound for pound, Rayon Tire Cord is as strong as steel.

Be sure you ride on RAYON—world's leading tire cord

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



designed for today...



for someone who loved you

(*Continued from Page 116*) defendant was charged with unlawful acts causing the death of Jackson Eagan. To be certain, those acts were of an entirely different nature from the acts now complained of, but they brought about the same result; to wit, the unlawful death of Jackson Eagan. The defendant was prosecuted on that charge and he was convicted.... Is it possible, Mr. Prosecutor, that this whole situation was an elaborate setup by the defendant in order to escape the penalties of premeditated murder?"

"I don't know, your honor," Farris said. "I certainly wouldn't want to make a definite charge, but here is a situation where legal ingenuity of a high order seems to have been used to trap the prosecution into a most unusual situation. Looking back on the evidence in that hit-and-run case, it would seem almost a suspicious circumstance that the witness, Myrtle Anne Haley, so promptly and obligingly wrote down the license number of the car of the defendant, Ted Balfour. The situation is all the more significant when one remembers that the witness in question is employed by a subsidiary of the Balfour Allied Associates. Frankly, our office was amazed when she came forward as such a willing informant."

Judge Cadwell pursed his lips and looked down at Perry Mason thoughtfully. "There is some evidence here of legal ingenuity of a high order," he said. "However, present counsel did not try that hit-and-run case."

"But present counsel did sit in court after the case got under way," Farris pointed out. "He did not sit in the bar, but sat as a very interested spectator."

Judge Cadwell looked once more at Perry Mason.

"I object to these innuendoes, your honor," Mason said. "If the prosecution can prove any such preconceived plan or conspiracy on the part of the defendant to mislead the authorities and bring about a trial for a lesser charge, the situation will be different, but it would have to amount to a fraud on the court brought about with the connivance of the defendant, and there would have to be proof to establish that point."

"The court will take a sixty-minute recess," Judge Cadwell said. "The court wants to look into these things. This is a most unusual situation, a very unusual situation. The court is very reluctant to think that any interpretation of the law could be such that a defense of once in jeopardy could, under circumstances such as these, prevent a prosecution for first-degree murder."

"And may the court make an order that I be permitted to communicate with the defendant during the recess?" Mason asked. "The defendant was arrested and has been held incommunicado so far as any worth-while communication with counsel, with family or friends is concerned."

"Very well," Judge Cadwell ruled. "The sheriff will take such precautions as he may see fit, but during the recess of the court Mr. Mason will be permitted to communicate with his client as much as he may desire."

"I can put the defendant in the witness room," the deputy said, "and Mr. Mason can communicate with him there."

"Very well," Judge Cadwell said. "I don't care how you do it, but it must be a communication under such circumstances that the defendant can disclose any defense he may have to the charge and have an opportunity to receive confidential advice from his attorney. That means that no attempt should be made to audit the conversation in any manner. . . . Court will take a recess for one hour."

Mason motioned to Ted Balfour. "Step this way, if you please, Mr. Balfour."

Roger Farris, his face showing his consternation, hurried to the law library in a panic of apprehension.

Balfour, a tall, wavy-haired young man who seemed ill at ease, seated himself

"Almost got away."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across the table from Perry Mason. "Is there any chance you can get me out of this mess without my having to go on the witness stand?"

Mason nodded.

"That would be wonderful, Mr. Mason."

Mason studied the young man. He saw a big-boned, flat-waisted individual whose slow-speaking, almost lethargic manner seemed somehow to serve as a most effective mask behind which the real personality was well concealed from the public gaze.

Mason said, "Suppose you tell me the truth about what happened on the night of September nineteenth and the early morning of September twentieth."

Balfour passed a hand over his forehead. "Lord, how I wish I knew!" he said.

"Start talking and tell me everything you do know," Mason said impatiently. "You're not dealing with the police now. I'm your lawyer and I have to know what we're up against."

Ted Balfour shifted his position. He cleared his throat, ran an awkward hand through his thick, wavy hair.

"Go on!" Mason snapped. "Quit stalling for time! Start talking!"

"Well," Ted Balfour said, "Uncle Guthrie was going to Mexico. He was going into the Tarahumare country. He's been down there before, sort of scratching the surface, as he expressed it. This time he wanted to get down in some of the *barrancas* that were so inaccessible that it was reasonable to suppose no other white man had ever been in there."

"Such country exists?"

"Down in that part of Mexico it does."

"All right. What happened?"

"Well, Dorla was going to ride as far as Pasadena with him, just to make sure that he got on the train and had his tickets and everything and that there were no last-minute instructions. She was to get off at the Alhambra-Pasadena station, but at the last minute Uncle Guthrie decided he wanted her with him and told her she'd better go along."

"How long has she been married to your uncle?"

"A little over two years."

"How long have you been home from the Army?"

"A little over four months."

"You have seen a good deal of her?"

"Well, naturally, we're all living in the same house."

"She's friendly?"

"Yes."

"At any time has she seemed to be overly friendly?"

"What do you mean by that?" Balfour asked, straightening up with a certain show of indignation.

"Figure it out," Mason told him. "It's a simple question, and any show of righteous indignation on your part will be a good indication to me that there's something wrong."

Ted Balfour seemed to wilt in the chair.

"Go on," Mason said, "answer the question. Was there any indication of over-friendliness?"

Balfour took a deep breath. "I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?" Mason blazed. "Come clean!"

"Uncle Guthrie and Uncle Addison wouldn't like your questions or your manner, if you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Mason."

"To hell with your uncles!" Mason said. "I'm trying to keep you from going to the gas chamber for first-degree murder. As your attorney, I have to know the facts. I want to know what I'm up against."

"The gas chamber!" Ted Balfour exclaimed.

"Sure. What did you think they did with murderers? Did you think they slapped their wrists or cut off their allowances for a month?"

"But I—I didn't do a thing. I don't know anything about this man, Jackson Eagan. I never met him. I surely didn't kill him or anyone else."

Mason's eyes bored into those of the young man. "Did Dorla become too friendly?"

Ted Balfour sighed. "Honest, Mr. Mason, I can't answer that question."

"What do you mean, you can't answer it?"

"Frankly, I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"Well, at times I'd think—well, it's hard to explain what I mean. She sometimes seems to sort of presume on the relationship, and I'd think she —— And then again, it would be —— It's something I just don't know."

"What did she do?"

"Well, she'd run in and out."

"Of your room?"

"Yes. It would be different if she were really my aunt. But she's not related at all, and —— Well, there's not any way of really describing what I mean."

"You never tried to find out? You never made a pass?"

"Heavens, no! I always treated her just as an aunt, but she'd run in and out, and occasionally I'd see her —— One night when Uncle Guthrie was away and she thought she heard a noise downstairs, she came to my room to ask me if I'd heard it. It was bright moonlight and she had on a thin, filmy nightie—and she said she was frightened."

"What did you do?"

"I told her she was nervous and to go back to bed and lock her bedroom door. I said even if someone were downstairs he couldn't bother her if she kept her door bolted, and all the stuff was insured."

"Did your uncle ever get jealous?"

"Of me?"

"Yes."

"Heavens, no!"

"Is he happy?"

"I've never asked him. He's never confided in me. He's pretty much occupied with his hobby."

"Look here," Mason said. "Was your uncle ever jealous of anyone?"

"Not that I know. He kept his feelings pretty much to himself."

"Did he ever ask you to check on Dorla in any way?"

"Gosh, no! He wouldn't have done that."

"Suppose he had been jealous. Suppose he thought she was two-timing him?"

"That would be different."

"All right," Mason said. "You have a tape-recording machine with a special microphone that's built to flatten up against a wall. Why did you have that and who told you to get it?"

Ted Balfour looked at him blankly.

"Go on," Mason said. "Where did you get it?"

"I never got it, Mr. Mason. I don't have it."

"Don't be silly," Mason told him. "You have it. It was in your closet. I took it out. Now tell me, how did it get there?"

"Somebody must have put it there. It wasn't mine."

"You know I'm your lawyer?"

"Yes."

"And I'm trying to help you?"

"Yes."

"No matter what you've done, you tell me what it is and I'll do my best to help you. I'll see that you get the best deal you can get, no matter what it is. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you mustn't lie to me."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Have you been lying?"

"No, sir."

"You've told me the truth?"

"Yes, sir."

Mason said, "Let's go back to the night of the nineteenth. Now what happened?"

"My uncle was leaving for Mexico. Dorla was going with him as far as Pasadena. Then Uncle Guthrie changed his mind at the last minute and took Dorla with him. He's funny that way. He has a restless mind. He'll be all enthused about something or some idea, and then he'll change. He'll have a car and like it first rate, and then something will happen and he'll trade it in on a new model, usually of a different make."

"Would he feel that way about women?"

"I guess so, but Aunt Martha died, so he didn't have to trade anything in —— I mean, Dorla was a new model. She appealed to him as soon as he saw her."

"I'll bet she did," Mason said.

Ted Balfour seemed apologetic. "I guess that after Aunt Martha died the family sort of expected Uncle Guthrie would marry Florence Ingle. She's a

This is the blouse that puts ease (and glamour) into your game. Ship'n Shore's famous Bowler, full-cut and freedom-loving, with action-back pleats and stay-put tails. Everything that scores high, including your choice of two suds-happy fabrics. Carefree Dacron and pima cotton that drips-dry smooth as new, in record time. *Or* silky combed cotton broadcloth.

Same girl, same blouse – different setting! This time, as beautiful as it's business-like. Sizes 28 to 40.

In no-iron Dacron and pima cotton, 3.98

In fine combed cotton broadcloth, 2.98

Ship'n Shore®
bowler blouse

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPEN UP YOUR NOSE

Breathe Again!

When a cold stuffs up your head and it's hard to breathe, just put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril as directed. Instantly, you feel a refreshing tingle. The swelling goes down, the irritation is soothed, your nose opens. You breathe again! Wonderful relief, too, for sneezes and dry, itching nose.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
NOSE DROPS

NOW—for children...
a new, different aqueous nose drop that *clings* to give longer relief. Milder-*feeling*. Fully effective.
New MILD VICKS VA-TRO-NOL Nose Drops

Sport Age
ATHLETIC SOCKS

3 months' wear or 3 new pair

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Soft, shrink-sized for comfort. Nylon reinforced toe and high-spliced heel. For men and boys, at your favorite store.

Also boot socks, slipper socks, dress hose.
PORTAGE HOSIERY CO., Portage, Wis.

improved, softer
EZO DENTAL CUSHIONS
helps make **FALSE TEETH more comfortable**
- Helps Keep Seeds Out
- Helps Ease Pressure on Gums
- Helps Plate Fit Snug
- Helps Prevent Clicking

month's supply only at all drug stores **60c**

TIRED, ACHING, PAINFUL
ANKLES
Quick Comforting Relief!

AT DRUG STORES $1.25
FUTURO Ankle Brace

mighty fine woman and they've been friends—but Dorla came along and—well, that's the way it was."

"You don't call her 'Aunt Dorla'?"

"No."

"Why?"

"She doesn't want me to. She says it makes her seem—she used a funny word."

"What was it?"

"De-sexified."

"So, at the last minute and because of something that may have happened on the train, your uncle decided he wouldn't let her stay behind in the same house with you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that! He just decided to take her with him."

"And she didn't have any clothes with her?"

"No, sir. She purchased things in El Paso."

"Did you go to the station to see your uncle and Dorla off?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who else went?"

"Three or four of his intimate friends."

"How about Marilyn Keith, Addison Balfour's secretary; was she there?"

"She showed up at the last minute with a message Addison had given her to deliver. She wasn't there to see him off exactly, but to give him the message."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, there'd been something of a going-away party before."

"Where was this party held?"

"At Florence Ingle's place."

"Is she interested in archaeology?"

"I guess so. She's interested in things my uncle is interested in."

"She knew your uncle for some time before he married Dorla?"

"Oh, yes."

"And your uncle's close friends felt he might marry this Florence Ingle?"

"That's what I've heard."

"How does Florence like Dorla?"

"All right, I guess. She's always very sweet to her."

"Ted, look at me. Look me in the eyes. Now tell me, how does she like Dorla?"

Ted took a deep breath. "She hates Dorla's guts."

"That's better. Now, Florence Ingle gave this party?"

"Yes."

"And you put your uncle and Dorla aboard the train—that is, some of you did?"

"Yes."

"You left the party to do that?"

"Yes."

"Where did they take the train?"

"At the Union station."

"And then you folks went back to the party?"

"Yes."

"Dorla was to get off the train at the Alhambra-Pasadena station?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how was she to get back?"

"By taxicab. She was to go back to the house—you know, her house."

"You went back to the Florence Ingle party?"

"Yes."

"Did Marilyn Keith go back there?"

"Yes, she did. Mrs. Ingle invited her to come along, and she did."

"Did you talk with her?"

"Mrs. Ingle?"

"No, Marilyn Keith."

"Some—not much. She's a very sweet girl and very intelligent."

"All this was after dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"About what time was it when you got back there?"

"I'd say about—oh, I don't know. I guess it was around eight-thirty or nine o'clock when we got back to Florence Ingle's house."

"And how late did you stay?"

"I remember there was some dancing and a little talk and the party began to break up pretty early."

"How many people were there?"

"Around eighteen or twenty, I guess."

"And you were not driving your sports car?"

"No, I was driving the big car."

"Why?"

"Because I was taking uncle to the train and his baggage was in the car."

"All right. What happened after you went back to the party?"

"I had two or three drinks—not many. But along about ten o'clock I had a Scotch and soda, and I think that almost immediately after I drank that I knew something was wrong with me."

"In what way?"

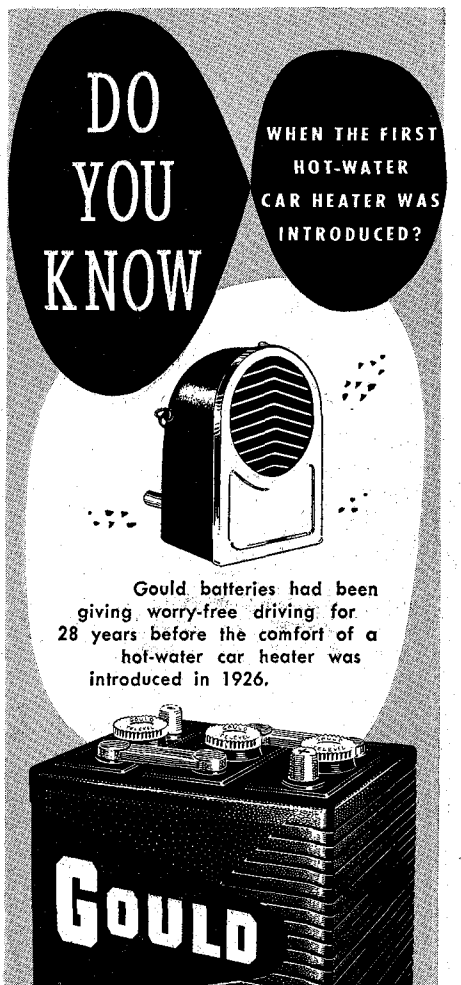
"I began to see double and—well, I was sick."

"What did you do?"

"I wanted to get out in the open air. I went out and sat in the car for a while, and then I don't know—the next thing I knew, I came to in the car. I haven't told anyone else, but Marilyn Keith was driving."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST


DO YOU KNOW
WHEN THE FIRST HOT-WATER CAR HEATER WAS INTRODUCED?
Gould batteries had been giving worry-free driving for 28 years before the comfort of a hot-water car heater was introduced in 1926.
GOULD
DEEPWELL

GOULD-NATIONAL Batteries, Inc.
Saint Paul 1, Minnesota
Gould-National Batteries of Canada, Ltd. Toronto

REFRESH YOUR LIPS

the all—family lip balm

"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you.

By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn $10.00 or more a week in their spare time—and you can do the same!

Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
823 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

CORN'S GONE GETS-IT GOT IT! GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Had a Brain Tumor (Continued from Page 31)

lunch, really to lie down, and swallow the doctors' pills and a couple of candy bars. Eating that stuff for lunch, how had I ever lost thirty pounds in three months? It was 12:15 when I pulled up at our house, my head pounding. I saw that once again I'd parked four feet from the curb. And once more the path to the door was slanting to the left. What made it do that?

A half hour later I regained consciousness, lying halfway in the door. Our dog was licking my face. This wasn't the first time she'd sat by, waiting for me to come to. The pills must have triumphed, for the sinus pain had let up and by one o'clock I was happily back at my desk. Then I remembered. Fired! After Friday, no more news stories, no chance to write.

Today I ask myself how the editor could have been kind enough to have refrained so long from letting me go. But at that time I couldn't understand why I should be fired after three years of apparently satisfactory work. This was a job I hadn't applied for. I'd been doing volunteer publicity for a half-dozen local organizations, and had been asked to join the staff. The part-time job grew to a nearly full-time one. There was less work being done at home, less guidance given our son, Skeety, and his sister, Debbie, but ten and eight years old when I started on the paper. But I was enjoying the work tremendously, except when sinus pain took over.

Now it was taking over again, a band tightening across my forehead, a glare of light blanking out my vision. Stumbling from my desk, I made my way through the hall to the stockroom. My head was twice as heavy as my body. I had to put it down before it fell off. There was the place I'd hidden several days before, just behind the paper cutter. I dropped there, piles of paper serving as a bed. The pain relaxed somewhat. I was nearly asleep when a thunderous roar came from the machine. A workman burst out, "What in Pete's name are you doing there? I could've trampled on you."

That day I beat the children home from school. I was on the sofa when Skeety, now thirteen, came in. "Want help with the checks, mom?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Not today, thanks." My son had been writing checks for me for the last few weeks, because my signature was almost illegible and my sums often wrong. My husband, John, had asked to take over, but I was stubborn. There were lots of things he wanted to take over. It had been a year since he'd suggested I stop working. I fought that too. I liked my work at the office and my writing at home. A manuscript, completed before my mind had given way, was being considered by a national magazine. But it had to be cut to 6000 words. I meant to work on it that afternoon, if only my head would let up. At a conference ten days before, I'd taken notes on the editor's suggestions; now my jottings meant nothing to me. Why had I put down the word "degeneration"? What could it have to do with my article?

I stared at my papers. John was right. The tension was getting me down. Now even my love of writing seemed too much. I remembered the eighth-grade dance John and I had run at school a month before, when I'd fainted in a locker room. I remembered a cocktail party where I had sipped water instead of gin, because for months liquor had been refusing to stay down. But that night my head kept sliding to one side as if I were drunk. Yet a week later I had no trouble entertaining ten friends at dinner. *Sinusitis*, I thought, *has good days as well as bad.*

I still blamed my sinuses. For at least ten years I had pestered doctors about them. My head had been painted, prodded and X-rayed. I know now that a patient should not move from doctor to doctor suggesting his own diagnosis, nor wait for a crisis. I just suffered needlessly. It became John's job, two weeks after I stopped working, to take a drastic step. That was the morning he found me passed out in our second-floor hall.

It was the first time, as far as I know, that "brain tumor" came to any doctor's mind—not an ideal diagnosis to offer a patient or his family.

"Among the commonest of all the disturbances of the nervous system," writes Dr. Morris Fishbein in The Popular Medical Encyclopedia, "are tumors of the brain. . . . Certain signs of tumors of the brain are easily recognized, as, for instance, the changes at the back of the eye which indicate a high degree of pressure inside the skull, the pain which is continuous and does not yield to any kind of treatment, and the vomiting. . . . When those portions of the brain concerned with thought happen to be involved, the difficulties with speech and writing and thinking become apparent rather promptly, although instances are known in which even such symptoms are neglected for months." (I blush!)

I know now that I should have brought more than headaches to the attention of doctors. I should have mentioned the lack of co-ordination in my right arm that made writing illegible, and in my right leg, causing me to stumble. And the contorted vision that made reading difficult; the lack of memory and confusion of thought; the nerve disorders that resulted in constipation and vomiting.

It is easy to understand why my continuous headaches were misinterpreted by physicians. The family doctor who had known me for years had moved away, his successor was in Korea, and the physicians who treated me through the next two years had no real history of my complaints. In distress, I consulted a nose-and-throat specialist who had helped our daughter, Debbie, with sinusitis. But he, too, lacked a record of my many ailments.

Oh, I had sinusitis symptoms—nasal obstructions and discharge, tenderness, headaches—particularly headaches. My last visit at the specialist's was ten days after I stopped working, and the doctor's kind, dismissing remark was, "I'm afraid there is nothing more I can do for your headaches. I suggest you see a neurologist."

I forgot his advice, however, for the next day Debbie came down sick. Three days later she had an emergency appendectomy. Visiting her daily forced me to grope my way through hospital corridors where floors rose and fell, and electric lights blinked on and off. My head pains became unbearable. The day I drove Debbie home she had to lead me to the car and point out the road.

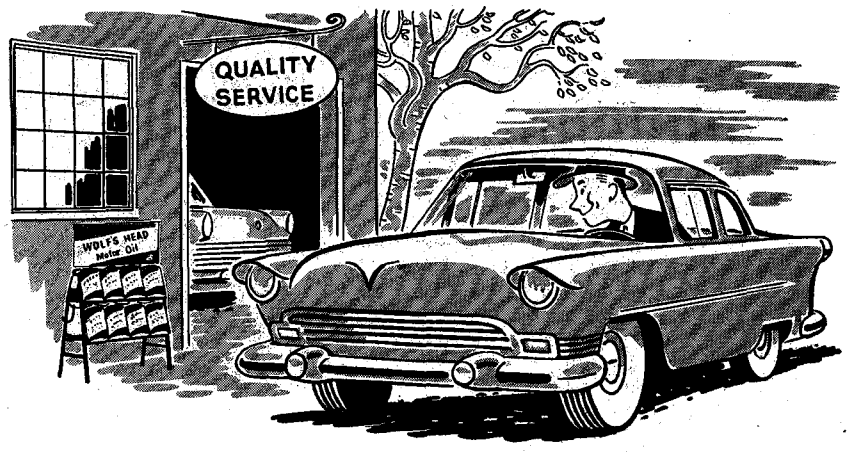
A week later I drove the car through darkness by myself, not a headache or a worry troubling me. Deb was going back to school. All was well with my world. But that was the night my brain gave in. During the wee hours the tumor must have edged into a new position and pressed hard on certain nerves.

By seven the next morning the worst pain I had ever endured had taken over. It took all my strength to get up and aim for the bathroom. I never made it. John gathered me up and got me back to bed. His worst fears had materialized. Not only was my mind failing but my body too. He phoned the general practitioner, Dr. Joseph Harrison, Jr., just back from Korea.

Now, for the first time in three years, Doctor Harrison examined me. He didn't utter the words "brain tumor"; he simply arranged an appointment for me with a very busy eye specialist the following afternoon. It took two doctors four hours to complete their tests. I don't know what their reports signified, but within a week, each day of which John or a friend sat by my bed, room was made for me in Bryn Mawr Hospital.

I have a record of tests made at the hospital, but little recollection of them. Only too vivid, however, are the days when I was allowed no painkillers, when no food was offered, when for hours I was forbidden to move. A glucose-tolerance test was not revealing, it was given again. A spinal-fluid tap, which held me motionless near half a day, was used twice. Suspicious "thickenings" appeared in X rays of my head. A basal-metabolism and blood tests were given. Readying for an electroencephalogram deprived me of pain-relieving medicine for another two days.

If you're particular about your car



...be particular about your oil

...INSIST ON WOLF'S HEAD

It's the "finest of the fine" to millions of car owners from coast to coast. It's richer, tougher oil—specially refined from Pennsylvania crude, nature's best. Insist on WOLF'S HEAD—*Superior* Premium Quality all the way—the modern oil for modern motors.

50c a quart

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA
—made from nature's finest and most expensive crude

SPECIALLY REFINED
—all impurities and inferior lubricating fractions removed

SCIENTIFICALLY FORTIFIED
—cleans as it lubricates—provides *extra* "all around" protection

★ **LONGER LASTING!**

★ **SUPERIOR PROTECTION!**

★ **KEEPS ENGINES CLEAN!**

★ **KEEPS POWER HIGH!**

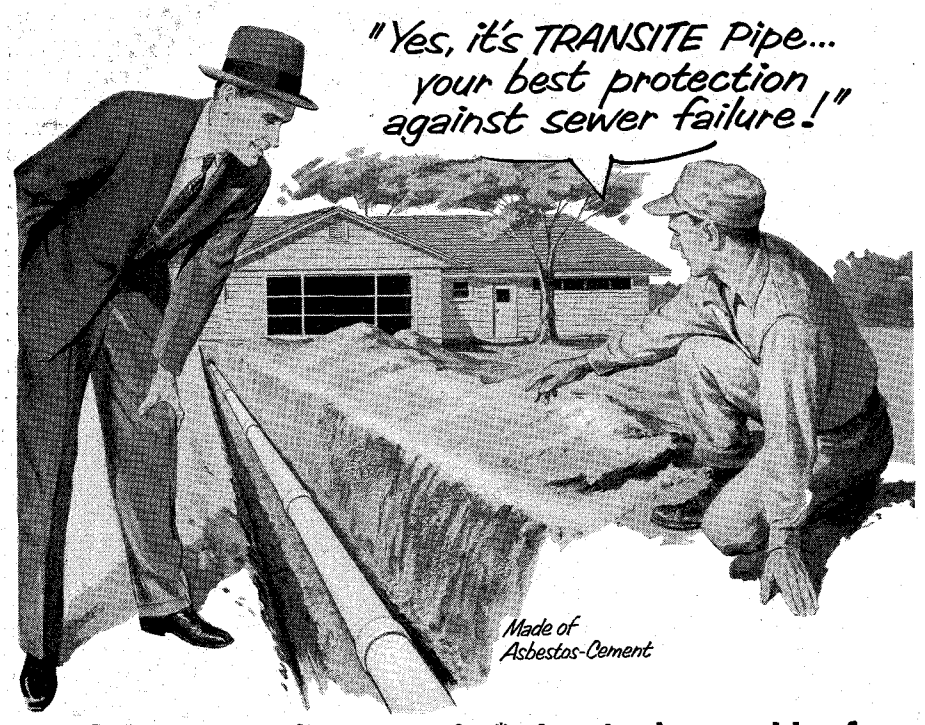
FREE!
WOLF'S HEAD "Guide to the Weather" Folder. Tells how to forecast weather accurately. Write for your copy today.

WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., INC.
OIL CITY, PA.
New York Office: Glendale 27, N. Y.

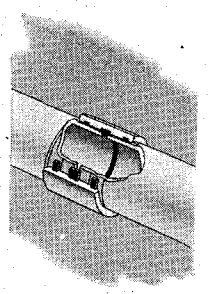
100% Pure Pennsylvania Scientifically Fortified

Member, Penna. Grade Crude Oil Association

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Johns-Manville Transite* Pipe is the trouble-free white pipe that keeps roots locked out



Cut-away view of Transite's exclusive Ring-Tite Coupling.

Transite, the corrosion-resistant pipe, has extra tight Ring-Tite* joints that lock out roots, help prevent clogged sewer lines. Used to convey sewage from house to street sewer or septic tank, Transite building sewer pipe is as strong and durable as the asbestos-cement of which it is made. What's more, since Transite is nonmetallic, it cannot rust.

Transite serves the homeowner in other important ways. It is a corrosion-resistant plumbing vent pipe, a widely used vent for gas-fired appliances, and an efficient air duct for perimeter-type heating and cooling systems.

For details write Johns-Manville, Box 14, New York 16, New York. In Canada, 565 Lakeshore Road East, Port Credit, Ontario.

*Transite and Ring-Tite are registered by Johns-Manville in the U.S. Patent Office

JM PRODUCTS Johns-Manville TRANSITE PIPE

MacGregor
"Number One choice of those who play and coach the game"
43
It's wise to specify quality-made MacGregor football equipment from . . .
SAFETY—SPEED—APPEARANCE . . .
Those are the main reasons why outstanding college, professional and high school teams and coaches prefer MacGregor Absorblo shoulder pads, hip pads, knee pads and other Absorblo protective padding.
AUTHORIZED DISTRIBUTOR MacGregor SPORTS EQUIPMENT
The sign of your sports specialist

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio "The Choice of Those Who Play The Game"

The next week was spent at home in bed with again John or friends guarding me daily. When Doctor Harrison received the results of all the testing they jibed so well with his still unmentioned diagnosis that he recommended an immediate consultation with a neurosurgeon.

I was led to the office of Dr. Robert A. Groff, the neurosurgeon, by John and my sister, Phyllis, who needed each other's help to shove me into the elevator. Yet ten minutes later I was exerting nothing but charm on the doctor. After making various tests, he sent me into the waiting room, and in my absence questioned my relatives. So convincing was their testimony that two days later I was in Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia.

Again I remember a series of tests. Apparently the climactic test in my case was an air encephalogram. Some of the fluid surrounding the brain and contained within its cavities is drawn off through a needle and replaced with a gas—helium or oxygen. The gas serves to outline the chambers of the brain on an X-ray film. The distortion produced by a tumor is revealed and its location shown.

Within an hour of this test, I understand, the doctor decided to operate at once. The rapidly growing tumor was pressing against a vital artery, and the dangers of paralysis and aphasia—the inability to talk or understand the spoken or written word—were acute.

This operation held no terror for me, as I didn't know it impended. For several days I had been on the verge of unconsciousness; I didn't even know that I had a brain tumor. Happily, until that morning John hadn't heard the diagnosis either.

Too often in these cases the patient's relatives, hearing the words "brain tumor," expect the operation to end fatally. Yet 80 to 90 per cent of those with tumors do survive initial surgery, though a question mark is in evidence. Their final recovery depends to a large extent on the nature of the tumor and its position. Complete removal of a well-demarcated benign tumor promises a cure, and there is every reason to believe that the disabilities caused by the tumor—paralysis, visual disturbances, speech impairment, mental confusion—may disappear in time. The ultimate outlook depends upon the exact nature of the tumor. When a tumor cannot be reached without serious risk, relief for a time can often be brought by reducing intracranial pressure.

To reach a brain tumor, the surgeon must first cut through the scalp and peel a flap of it back. He then drills a number of holes in the skull and with a wire saw cuts between the holes until he can detach the block of bone and lift it away. (In my case the skull incision started from a point on my forehead just above the eyes, ran to the top of my head, curved down behind my left ear and back to the starting point. This left an oval opening nine inches long and six inches wide at the widest part.) The membranes overlying the brain must now be incised. Having located the position of the tumor through tests the neurosurgeon then examines the exposed brain to discover the tumor's nature and see whether it can be removed.

My operation took about three hours, and the surgeon was able to predict a promising future for me. The entire tumor was removed and found benign, although it was one of the largest he had ever dealt with. Resembling a squashed lemon, it weighed nearly a quarter of a pound.

The minute I regained consciousness, I was compelled to answer questions and make use of my limbs. These were tests to make sure that no permanent nerve damage had occurred.

"We have to test immediately," the doctor explained to my husband. "The next few days will be difficult for her coordination. But give her a few months and I promise that her brain will be functioning normally again."

It took me four days to land back in this world mentally, though apparently I was quite good at complaining soon after the operation. Why was my head enveloped in a burlap sack, which the nurses claimed was gauze? (And of course it was gauze.) Why did they have railings to fence me in? And why had Moira, my New York sister, bothered to come visit me?

Whenever I woke there were more flowers from friends and more "get well" cards, but it was nearly a month before I could place the names of my well-wishers. Moira, who had taken Debbie and Skeety back to New York with her, wrote long accounts of their activities; but I couldn't remember what the children were like, nor understand the letters read to me.

As the days gathered momentum, nurses taught me to walk again, to feed myself, to travel to the bathroom. When the "burlap bag" came off my head, hospital visitors traveling down our hall stopped to gape at me. Their curiosity didn't worry me. I didn't know that my head was shaved, that brilliant red scars glared over half of it, that seven marble-sized pits had been dug in my skull. On my last day in the hospital I saw myself in a mirror. I couldn't believe that it was a woman I was looking at nor that that woman was I—no hair, no lipstick, that winding ditch in the skull, those terrifying craters.

I tried to phone my children to welcome them back from New York, but I couldn't remember our phone number nor find it in the book. My eyes wouldn't focus. I couldn't decipher the alphabet. When my sister, Phyllis, came to help John take me home, I didn't recognize the dress offered me, yet it was one of mine.

It had been winter when I left home—at least when my mind left home. Now it was spring. Phyllis' plans to take me to her house for a couple of weeks were not approved by Doctor Groff. He wanted me in my own home, doing my own work as soon as possible. "The faster the patient gets back in the swing," he said, "the faster the recovery."

My mother-in-law had given up her job to run our house, care for the children, keep an eye on me. Yet I never had felt so full of pep; blood transfusions had done a wonderful job. I could do anything needing strength, nothing that required a brain. My vocabulary had hit rock bottom. My vision was blurred. John brought out my bifocals, and I was astonished. Had I worn glasses?

He made a chart for the twenty pills I should take daily, but I never could work out which one to take or remember whether I had already taken it. A brain has a rough time getting back into proper functioning condition. It would be there in approximately a year, I was told, but a year is a long time to plan on when only a few weeks are behind you.

With friends stopping by, days sailed easily on—but nights didn't. From one to five each morning I lay awake and worried. After the thousands of dollars that the past four weeks had cost us, how could we still plan college for the children, pay the medical and drug bills, the mortgage, taxes?

I pestered John till he brought out the medical bills that had been accumulating. Blue Cross had paid unbelievable sums. four blood transfusions had come from John's fellow workers at the Bell Tel-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phone Company, my sisters and neighbors had cared for the children, my mother-in-law had taken over our house. Doctors had charged moderate fees, recognizing we were not made of money. But the bills kept mounting. The total was nearing $5000.

"Well, at least there's one thing," I smiled at John. "The payment for that article I revised will certainly help. Has the check come yet?"

He was digging for a cigarette. "No, it hasn't—in fact, it's not coming. I guess you weren't up to that last revision. I'm sorry. We could certainly use it, but there's no sense letting it bother us."

It didn't really bother me more than anything else did. I just continued to lie awake, night after night.

John and the doctors did their best to comfort me, to reason with me, but for over six months I could not get a normal night's sleep.

... ...

Tears May be Idle, But Women Aren't

By RICHARD ARMOUR

When women of a sudden
cry,
Men seldom know the
reason why.
It could be sorrow, could
be pain,
Could be a wily bid for
gain,
Could be from fright and
apprehension,
Could be desire to get
attention.
And women, when they're
racked with sobs
And using tissues up in gobs
And keeping tears from
streaking, staining,
Are far too busy for
explaining.

... ...

God, however, came to my help, almost the first time we had ever worked together. I'd never realized what He could mean to me. Religion had not been emphasized in my upbringing, and I had seldom gone to church. But He didn't seem to resent this. I could reason things out with Him for a time, but I was obsessed with worry.

Had my tumor really been benign, or did they just say that? If my tumor was one of the largest the surgeon had ever removed, hadn't it damaged my brain more seriously than those of other victims? Would my mind ever return to normal?

As time stumbled on, memories began to return. An apparently successful feat that I recalled with amazement was the income-tax return that I had drawn up early in January. When John checked the return, he found my reckoning off by only two dollars. But my checkbook entries for those months revealed my condition. They began to fail seriously in mid-November, with my writing nearly illegible and figures incorrect. In early January I wrote like a six-year-old. On the twelfth, my writing on the tax check was quite satisfactory. On the fifteenth my writing was undecipherable; on February fifth some entries were really clear. I wish I knew how my head had behaved that day.

During my first days at home after the operation, my mother-in-law filled in for every job that was needed. Once I asked John where my key ring was. He handed me a handsome case.

"But that's not mine," I said. "My keys were on an ordinary ring."

He shook his head. "Don't you remember? Debbie bought you this for Christmas." I could have sworn I'd never seen it before.

On my third day home I tumbled down our porch steps and twisted my ankle. When I saw Doctor Groff a month later, I mentioned my fall. "If that's the only real stumbling you've done," he said, "you're fortunate. The position your tumor assumed got all those muscles out of order. But don't worry. In another six months you'll be fine."

When I was first able to leave the house, wearing a wig under my turban, I trotted after my husband in the market. Friends stopped to congratulate me. I couldn't remember their names, nor what my husband had asked me to find on the shelves. I was a four-year-old. But I certainly basked in glory. A brain tumor makes you front-page news and attracts kindness and interest. Many people still regard me with awe.

My big day, my checkup appointment with the surgeon, was set for just a month after I left the hospital. This time I could walk into his office unaided. Doctor Groff beamed with pride. Earning A-plus in every test, I was classed a perfect recovery.

"You don't know," he said, "how satisfactory it is to me to see you walking in here so nearly cured. Only forty-five per cent of our patients can be permanently helped, no matter how skillful the surgery. Now, any questions?"

"When can I drive?" I asked. "In another two months." When could I read? "Try occasionally, but wait five months before being examined for new glasses; it'll take your eyes that long to get back to working order." Would my hair really grow? He pulled out a ruler—why, it had already made half an inch, and would average three quarters of an inch a month. Could I drink? "Let John have yours." Housework? "Sure, why not?" When could I go back to work?

He hesitated. "Let's wait a while—say, six months. Then judge by whether mental confusion has let up, not by your health. You'll be healthy."

"The headaches," I said, "stopped for a month. Now they're back."

"You'll have to expect them," he explained, "while the tissue is still knitting, the nerves sliding back in place; several months—a year—maybe more. And a year from the operation I'd like you to write me a report on just how you are. Long after that, you'll still be taking the anticonvulsion pills."

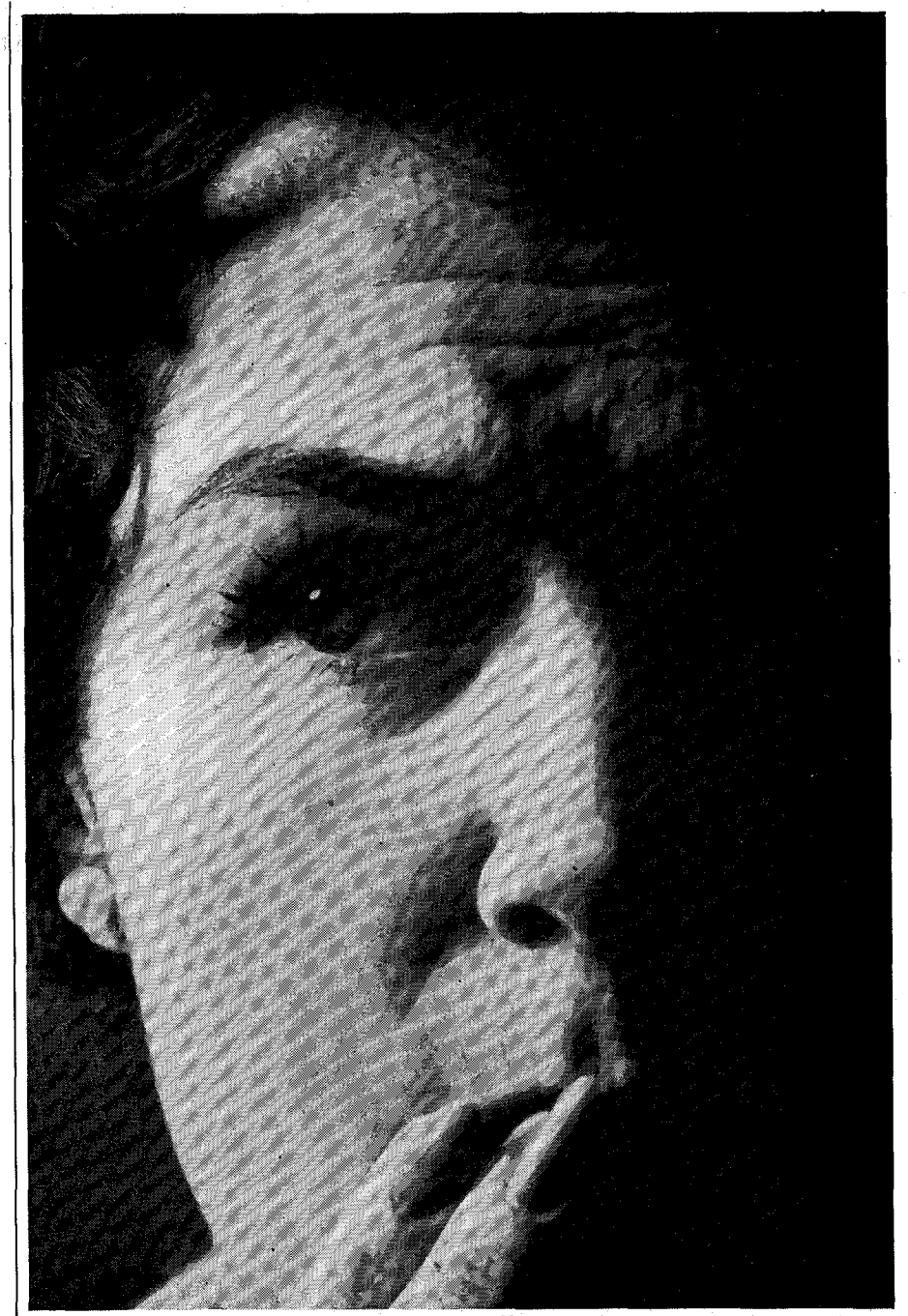
There was one more question I had to ask. "Could this tumor have started ten years ago?"

Doctor Groff nodded.

"My head was aching so severely by about 1948," I went on, "that the doctor had X rays taken with, of course, the thought of sinus infection. They didn't prove anything and unfortunately were not kept."

The headaches unhappily have not given in yet, eighteen months after the operation, but there's promise they will when the brain really gets in place. But I must be progressing, since irritation and depression are vanishing, and taut nerves are beginning to relax.

I still do queer things. Not long ago I sent out a check signed only by my first name. Friends laughed at my concern. They did crazy things, too, they insisted. On the anniversary of my operation, the bank returned another check. It bore the same signature—just my first name. Happily, another arrived the same day, with



YOUR DENTURE BREATH CAN'T BE BRUSHED OFF. When you brush false teeth, you risk offensive Denture Breath. You're safe with Polident! It soaks into places no brush can reach, keeps plates odor-free.

Unless you face these facts about

FALSE TEETH

...you may be in trouble!

You can't clean false teeth the same way you clean natural teeth and expect them to be naturally white... and odor-free!

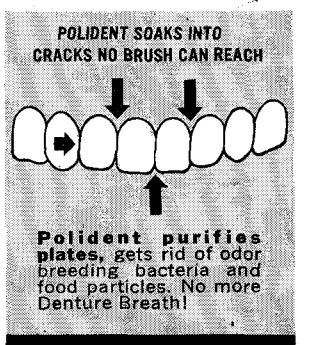
But it's so easy to clean dentures properly with Polident. This wonderful denture cleanser dissolves film—sweetens your mouth as no toothpaste can.

With Polident, you're never embarrassed or self-conscious because of denture breath or dingy film!

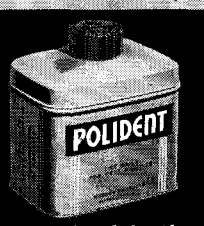
Easy to Use...Instant Action... Just mix Polident powder with water. Slip your plates into this amazing "bath". Stubborn stain loosens. Film dissolves. Clinging food particles and odor breeding bacteria are washed out of tiny cracks and crevices no brush can reach.

Suddenly your false teeth start looking naturally white again... and no more Denture Breath! With Polident it's a soak...a rinse...a clean fresh mouth! You'll never be self-conscious about false teeth again!

POLIDENT®



Polident purifies plates, gets rid of odor breeding bacteria and food particles. No more Denture Breath!

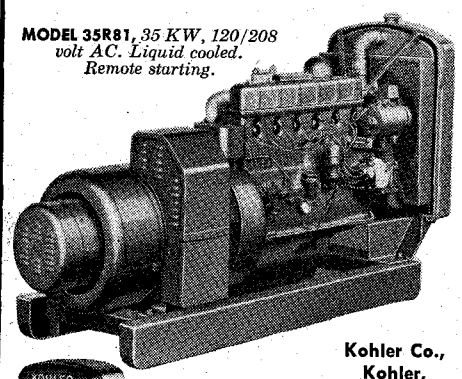


Thousands of dentists recommend safe, scientific Polident. Buy Polident today...At any drug counter...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KOHLER Electric Plants

...independent power anywhere, any time



MODEL 35R81, *35 KW, 120/208 volt AC. Liquid cooled. Remote starting.*

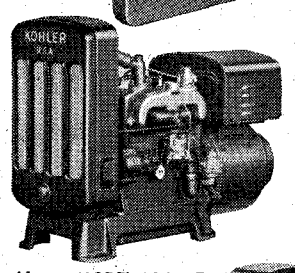
Automatic Stand-by. Insure uninterrupted light and power when central station power is cut off by storm or accident. Models for homes, farms, hatcheries, greenhouses, hospitals, theatres, stores, communication systems, fire alarms, airports, civil defense.

Portable and Mobile. On-the-job electricity for power saws, drills, sanders, pipe threaders and cutters, hedge and tree trimmers, public address systems, excavators, draglines, fire trucks.

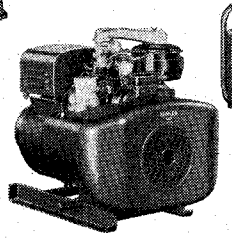
Sole Source. For ranches, camps, oil drilling rigs, pipelines, mines, trailers, lumber camps, work boats. Write for folder K-19.

Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin Established 1873

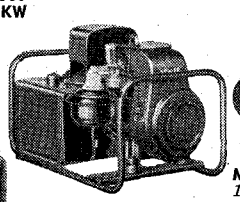
Sizes from 500 watts to 35 KW



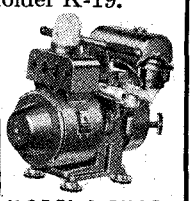
Above—MODEL 5A61, *5 KW, 115/230 volt AC. Liquid cooled. Automatic starting.*



Right—MODEL 3.5RM61, *3500 watts, 115/230 volt AC. Air cooled. Remote starting.*



MODEL 2.5R65, *2500 watts, 115/230 volt AC. Air-cooled. Remote starting.*



MODEL 1.5M25, *1500 watts, 115 volt AC. Air-cooled. Manual starting. For portable sole supply. Also 115 volt DC.*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

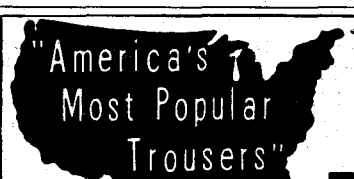
PLUMBING FIXTURES • HEATING EQUIPMENT • ELECTRIC PLANTS
AIR-COOLED ENGINES • PRECISION CONTROLS

Save money! Cut moving costs in half
Rent a Hertz Truck

All you need to rent a Chevrolet or other sturdy truck from Hertz are proper driver's license and identification. Choose any size or model for an hour, day or longer. Driving's easy, and the low rental rates include all gasoline, oil and proper insurance. Your nearest Hertz office is listed under "H" in the phone book—try Hertz—and cut your moving costs in half!

Most experienced...by far
HERTZ
Truck rental

SAXON



FOR THE FINEST STYLES and BEST VALUES IN MEN'S SLACKS SEE YOUR SAXON DEALER!
Write box 951-H, Scranton, Pa. for your FREE copy of "THE HOUR GLASS"

Lackawanna Pants Mfg. Co. SCRANTON, PA. NEW YORK AND ABERDEEN, MISS.

EARN MORE!

Increase your earnings this year by forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, Holiday*, the *Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill*, and other popular publications. Generous commissions. For details write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
821 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

an editor's signature. I had sold the article which I had been unable to revise just twelve months before. I had been working on it steadily under guidance, and a monthly magazine had found it entertaining.

Yes, my brain really is fighting its way back. Since January, I've been thoroughly enjoying a part-time job with an outstanding company under the title of "clerk," and I have to admit it's the only position I'm entitled to so far. The day I received my first pay check was a wonderful day—the first money I'd earned in fifty weeks. During that time my health had cost us nearly $7000.

With deductions, the pay check for the week came to $22.34. That would mean about $1200 a year. In six years I should be able to replace the $7000, most of which had slid out in one month. Six years isn't long.

Elated, I sang as I drove home and dug into our mailbox. It was February, 1956, and the box was brimming, as usual, with bills—the dentist, my skin specialist, Doctor Harrison, who was still giving me shots, the drugstores. Gaily clipping them together I tossed them on our desk—ninety-five dollars.

Ninety-five dollars. I sat down to figure things out. If I earned $100 a month, with ninety-five dollars going to the medical profession, five dollars would be left toward that $7000. I drummed on my desk. Five dollars a month. Just 1400 months to go—116 years. But already doctors' bills were letting up. Maybe it would only take six years—perhaps eight.

And maybe I wouldn't stay a part-time clerk too long. Not so long ago I was president of a corporation, my father's general-construction company. When he died suddenly, I plunged in, handing the wiping of dishes and small noses to baby sitters. I attacked office management, payroll, bookkeeping, secretarial work, corporate taxes. Several hundred thousand dollars' worth of buildings were under contract. I dealt with labor unions, architects, building superintendents, subcontractors—all with perfect confidence and, fortunately, with success.

Now, a clerk. But I'm not worrying. I'm readying for new challenges. Even though a year of my life is lost to my memory, it is grand to know that I'm back in circulation—and that there's every reason to believe my brain will work its way back too.

The Russian to Watch (Continued from Page 36)

at a pretty office secretary, then strolled nonchalantly out of the room.

"Who is he?" asked the somewhat entranced girl.

A colonel laughed and said, "Haven't you heard about Shepilov? He is Nikita Krushchev's right-hand man."

This was my first glimpse of the dynamic character who is now Foreign Minister of the U.S.S.R. That evening, at an office card party, all my Soviet colleagues were gossiping about him: "Shepilov is a great operator, a master of intrigue. But he's such an original thinker that we call him Dmitri the Progressive." . . . "When that handsome Cossack was a youth, he broke the hearts of many girls." . . . "If he had not won the protection of a powerful patroness, Dmitri might still be in police work or might have perished in the 1937 purge."

From their conversation, I learned that Shepilov is a lone wolf as an operator. He prefers to live and work in seclusion and to keep his private life a mystery. He rarely has held an administrative job. Dmitri, a scholarly professor of political economy, first achieved fame by writing brilliant articles and books. Despite his youth, he soon became an "idea man" for the Kremlin inner circle—it was said that he spouted ideas like a geyser.

In our special dining room for high officials in Berlin, Shepilov fascinated me by his gastronomic feats. After consuming a small mountain of beefsteaks and boiled potatoes, he emptied a huge bowl of fresh cucumbers and tomatoes, and then topped off his meal with an enormous slice of watermelon for dessert. But I was surprised to discover that Dmitri is a very moderate drinker. He seemed almost unique among our Berlin staff, most of whom drank vodka even at breakfast.

When at work in our office, Shepilov never wasted words, speaking quickly, sharply, and sometimes rudely. But at our parties, he relaxed like a playful bear. Despite his huge bulk, he is a superb dancer. He has little appreciation for classical music, preferring movies and the legitimate theater to ballet and the opera. But he loves to sing Russian and Ukrainian folk songs in a booming baritone voice.

Shepilov has a sharp, sarcastic sense of humor. He was amused at how communist propaganda described the Soviet conquest of East Europe as "lending a hand of brotherly help" to Letts, Rumanians and Poles. He remarked, "Suppose Anthony Eden asks when we will finish lending a helping hand? My answer is: Only when capitalism is finished!"

Our office asked Shepilov if we should loot West Berlin before transferring it to America, Britain and France. Dmitri replied, "Berlin is a miniature world, where communism must compete with capitalism. In order to win, we must leave as little as possible in West Berlin for our allies." We obeyed him literally, removing factories, trolley tracks, sewer pipes and even toilet seats. Any equipment that couldn't be moved was destroyed.

When looting satellite East Germany, Shepilov showed more restraint. He organized the shipment of tens of thousands of German tractors, horses, cows and plows to Russia's war-devastated collective farms. But he warned, "Don't take everything you find in German barns. Leave enough machinery and livestock so the East Zone of Germany can feed itself."

About this time I attended a huge meeting of the Soviet special-reparations committee in Moscow. No fewer than three Politburo members and dozens of cabinet ministers were present, greedily seeking German machinery for Russian factories. A Soviet publisher demanded that every printing press and paper factory in East Germany be shipped into the U.S.S.R.

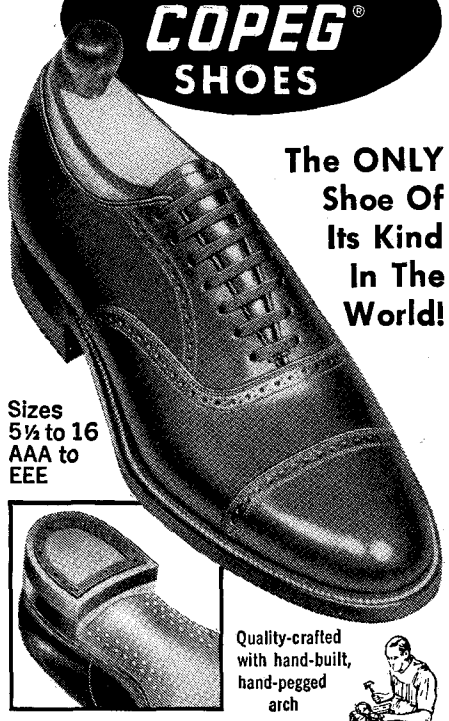
Shepilov stood up boldly and protested "Take half, but leave half in Germany to spread communist propaganda among the German people. With its skilled printers and fine paper, Germany can also publish propaganda for Rumania, Bulgaria and other people's democracies where printing facilities are poor."

The committee approved. Today East Germany prints communist propaganda for all East Europe. The Leipzig press even produces de luxe editions of Russian books for readers in the U.S.S.R. itself.

Shepilov also tried to save the huge Meissen china factory from deportation to Russia. Without skilled German workers, he said, the old machinery would be mere scrap iron. Malenkov disagreed and sent the machines to a small Soviet city where unskilled labor ruined them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Scholl's COPEG® SHOES



The ONLY Shoe Of Its Kind In The World!

Sizes 5½ to 16 AAA to EEE

Quality-crafted with hand-built, hand-pegged arch

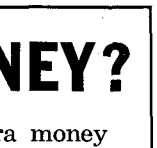
Makes Sensitive Feet Feel "Right At Home"!

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes give you snug, restful, comfortable support and unmatched walking ease. Their famous arch construction of four rows of hand-driven hard maple pegs will never let your arch down throughout the long life of this shoe.

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort* Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog, Dept. S96, **Dr. Scholl's Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois**

HOT, TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring, odorous feet. Soothing. Eases new or tight shoes. Get a can now!



Need MONEY?

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
822 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania

Don't Neglect Slipping FALSE TEETH

Do false teeth drop, slip or wobble when you talk, eat, laugh or sneeze? Don't be annoyed and embarrassed by such handicaps. FASTEETH, an alkaline (non-acid) powder to sprinkle on your plates, keeps false teeth more firmly set. Gives confident feeling of security and added comfort. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH today at any drug counter.

year later, Russia painfully rebuilt the Meissen plant in Germany.

Shepilov is the youngest of the post-Stalin male collective leaders. He was born of Russian Cossack parentage on November 4, 1905, in the South Central Asian city of Ashkhabad. He claims that his father was a farm laborer, but he is very reluctant to reveal any of the facts about his family.

Dmitri spent his childhood and youth in South Russia. He was a lad of twelve when the Bolshevik Revolution plunged this region into civil war. For three terrible years, Red and White Russians, non-Russian rebels and just plain bandits fought battles in his home town. Frightened by the violence and bloodshed, the boy sought salvation in the promises of communism. While still a teen-ager, he became an agent of the Soviet secret police. In those turbulent days there were many youthful Komsomol detectives.

Agent Dmitri possessed an unusual combination of natural talents. He was a Cossack Don Juan, a brilliant high-school student and a star soccer player. These early successes made him ambitious to seek a career in the Soviet capital. When nineteen years old, his impressed superiors in the secret police sent him to Moscow to attend law college.

After graudating, young Shepilov was a researcher in the State Institute for Study of Crime and the Criminal, a division of the Russian police ministry. At the tender age of twenty-five he published his first book—the sensational Alcoholism and Crime.

Soviet censorship, very touchy on the subject, rarely admits that drunkenness is a U.S.S.R. national problem. But Shepilov wrote that Soviet liquor consumption was increasing, and so were vicious alcoholic crimes. Offering cold figures, he proved that Russians prefer potent vodka to the less intoxicating beer and wine. He boldly concluded that Russians are not social drinkers, but drink simply to get plastered.

Then he revealed that most Soviet alcoholic crimes are committed by young workers and peasants who are married and have children. He pictured many of their crimes as a public slander against the Soviet regime. Shepilov blames this unpatriotic behavior on poverty and wretched housing. He recommended that alcoholic criminals be punished lightly because he held that they were mere victims of a bad environment. Instead, just about this time, Stalin increased the prison sentences for drunken criminals. For a time it was thought that Shepilov was in trouble. But he survived.

Behind every successful man there usually is a designing and intensely loyal woman. Shepilov's guardian angel is not his pretty wife, who has borne him a tall, dark-haired daughter. According to Kremlin gossip, young Dmitri's first love in Moscow was a younger woman, Yekaterina Furtseva, the only woman to rise into the post-Stalin collective leadership. In the early 1930's she persuaded Shepilov to leave the police and pursue a more intellectual career as party agricultural propagandist. She then introduced him to her boss, a fast-rising Moscow party leader named Nikita Khrushchev. All three have remained close friends ever since.

Young Shepilov began his agricultural career by forcing unwilling peasants to join collective farms. Then he wrote more than fifty articles and pamphlets complaining that socialized agriculture produced poorly. But, being a fanatic communist, he managed at the same time to praise collectivization. He denounced the peasants for their love of private property, and recommended stronger police control over collective farms.

At the start of Stalin's great purge of the 1930's, when most Soviet officials lived in fear of imprisonment or death, Khrushchev and Furtseva gave thirty-year-old Shepilov a chance for fast promotion. The Lenin Military-Political Academy, which under normal conditions trained army political commissars, opened special courses in leadership for promising young communists. Dmitri was permitted to enroll. From police espionage files, he learned the uncensored truth about conditions in Russia. He was taught how to produce a purge and then assume his victim's job.

Today Shepilov blames Stalin for harming Soviet agriculture by excessive purges. Shepilov was at least an accomplice. In 1937, at the age of thirty-two, he wrote a brutal newspaper article demanding that all the old directors of the Agricultural Ministry be dismissed. Soon afterward, he personally purged the agronomists he had attacked.

Such maneuvers served to improve his own fortunes. By the start of the Soviet-German war, Shepilov was a high agricultural official in Communist Party headquarters, a professor of economics and a "correspondent member" of the erudite U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. Because he speaks fluent Ukrainian, Dmitri quickly wangled an appointment as political commissar on the Ukrainian front. According to Moscow gossip, his motive was to rejoin old friend Khrushchev, the political commander of the whole Ukrainian theater of war. Soon Dmitri became the ghost writer for Khrushchev's wartime speeches.

Shepilov's first major contribution to the war effort was a popular Soviet play named Front. A Ukrainian communist playwright wrote the dialogue, based on Dmitri's original plot. Russian theater audiences often wept during the sad climax—the dismissal of an old Soviet general who is brave, loyal, but hopelessly incompetent in modern mechanized war. The angry veteran warns, "You can't fight without me!"

A high political commissar retorts, "Don't try to frighten us. We have no irreplaceable people!"

This is significant, because Shepilov tolerates Old Bolsheviks, but does not admire them. Now that he's a U.S.S.R. collective leader, some of the Kremlin's elder statesmen may be quietly eased out of power.

Profiting from the war, Dmitri received four military decorations, was political commander of three Ukrainian fronts and rose to the rank of major general. His wartime propaganda tactics were diabolical and cruel. In 1943 a Red Army captain of Ukrainian race was suddenly transferred from Leningrad to the Ukrainian front. His new regiment was driving the Germans out of his home town. As soon as the *Wehrmacht* withdrew, the captain raced to the house where his parents, wife and children had lived two years under Nazi occupation.

All that he found was corpses, horribly mutilated. Like magic, Soviet reporters, news photographers and newsreel cameramen appeared on the ghastly scene. The regiment organized an impressive military funeral. All Red Army newspapers published pictures and news about the frightful atrocity. Along the entire front Soviet soldiers fought like madmen to punish the accursed Germans.

After the war, an MVD colonel stationed in Berlin told me, "The Gestapo committed many atrocities in Russia, but did not kill the family of this Ukrainian captain. Soviet police agents sneaked into the city and murdered them just before the Red Army arrived. This provocation was planned and approved by the front political commander, Dmitri Shepilov."

AMERICA'S FINEST INTERCOMMUNICATION

WEBSTER ELECTRIC Teletalk®

Incomparable Performance

Ask any user about Teletalk's matchless tone quality, its topflight performance and its savings in time, steps and overhead costs. Consult your local dealer (see Yellow Pages).

WEBSTER ELECTRIC
RACINE WISCONSIN

Also makers of Ekotape Tape Recorders

"Ukluk just isn't the same since he got that warm DYNEL underwear!"

WHEN YOU BUY INNERSPRING MATTRESSES AND UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

Look for this Seal

SPRING CONSTRUCTION TESTED, INSPECTED & QUALITY-APPROVED · PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY ·

All Nachman Spring Products are Tested, Inspected and Quality-Approved by the Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory.

NACHMAN

TESTED SPRING CONSTRUCTIONS

NACHMAN CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the Red Army invaded and conquered East Europe, Commissar Shepilov helped with the process of turning several Danubian countries into satellites. This new exciting work fascinated him. After the war, he joined the U.S.S.R. special-reparations committee to gain more experience in foreign affairs. Just before Shepilov arrived at the committee's Berlin branch, I myself had arrived in the same office, transferred there from the headquarters of the Red Army Engineers.

When Shepilov first visited Berlin, he amazed us by his encyclopedic knowledge of agriculture in Europe and even America. He admired the huge crops of German private farms, but refused to credit this abundance to the hard work of private enterprise. Stubbornly, he insisted that U.S.S.R. collectives would be equally productive when they had as much machinery as German estates. Yet Shepilov admitted that collective farmers in Russia work much more enthusiastically on their private gardens than in communal fields. He described how the Soviet peasantry stole collective land to enlarge their homesteads during the war, when rural-police control was lax. According to his solemn prediction, all Soviet private gardens would eventually be abolished.

Early in 1947 Dmitri returned to Berlin in an even more important post. He had just been promoted to communist propaganda chief of all satellite East Europe. At a closed conference in the Berlin branch of the Soviet Information Bureau, he asked embarrassing questions about the true political beliefs of the German people. Then Shepilov quietly explained a program for fooling the East Germans:

For several years, peasants must be assured there would be no collectivization. Small storekeepers were to be told to conduct business as usual. Promises of job security and full employment would be made to industrial workers. The government was not to be described as communist at first, but as an anti-Fascist coalition of democratic parties. The idea was to get East Germans to think: "This regime is not so bad." Thus, while the general population was lulled into inaction, Communist Party members and sympathizers would take over the police, army, courts, trade unions and all other instruments of power. Certainly, by reason of the Soviet military victory, communists were in control from the outset. But this method of infiltration was designed to eliminate all resistance in the end.

After several years, when communism was thoroughly in control, the peasants would be forced into collective farms, small storekeepers would be taxed out of business and industrial workers would suffer worse exploitation than ever before.

Shepilov may not have invented this program, but he executed it brilliantly. He fooled not only East Germany but all satellite East Europe. Today the same soothing falsehoods help communism consolidate power in Southeast Asia.

Profiting from a minor purge in 1948, forty-three-year-old Shepilov became chief of the Propaganda and Agitation Department of U.S.S.R. Communist Party headquarters. For a year he was ideological czar of the whole Soviet empire. But he made the mistake of praising a new book by Politburo member Voznesensky, whom Stalin mistrusted and soon executed. Only intervention by Furtseva and Khrushchev saved Shepilov from slave-labor camp in that crisis. In 1949 he was demoted to a mere party lecturer on capitalist economics.

After this narrow escape, Shepilov for a time seemed to lose his former originality and drive. His writings loudly parroted the Stalinist line, condemning Western socialists as traitors to communism, and labeling Tito a "Balkan bandit," murderer and spy—today Dmitri seeks the friendship of the "Balkan bandit." Almost hysterically, Shepilov tried to prove the United States has 20,000,000 illiterates and 14,000,000 unemployed. He was very proud of a crack he made when he concluded that American prosperity seemed "not the blush of youth, but syphilitic spots on the cheeks."

At the 1952 Communist Party Congress, Shepilov's Stalinist crusading seemed to pay off to an extent. He was elected to the party central committee and appointed chief editor of Russia's largest newspaper, Pravda. Still, he played it safe. Even after Stalin's death, during Malenkov's two-year reign, Shepilov preferred to remain in the background. But he kept busy editing Pravda, lecturing on agriculture, and co-authoring a dull textbook on Marxist political economy.

By late 1954, Shepilov accompanied Bulganin, Furtseva and Khrushchev on a slow trip to Red China. Far from the inquisitive Kremlin, they plotted to overthrow Stalin's rotund successor. As soon as Shepilov returned, his Pravda suddenly condemned Malenkov's emphasis on consumer goods, which all other Soviet newspapers still praised. Premier Malenkov resigned not long afterward.

Shepilov immediately became the Soviet foreign minister in all but name. As chairman of a hitherto obscure foreign-affairs commission of the Supreme Soviet, he recommended that Russia break its military alliances with Britain and France. The Soviet Foreign Ministry quickly obeyed.

Shepilov, not Molotov, accompanied Khrushchev on the famous reconciliation trip to Belgrade. When Tito asked, somewhat sharply, why Dmitri was there, Khrushchev muttered vaguely, "For ideological work."

In July, 1955, while smiling Soviet leaders talked peace at the Geneva "summit" conference, Shepilov visited Cairo and sabotaged peace in the Middle East by agreeing to ship communist arms to Egypt. Soon the Egyptian Government received quantities of artillery, MIG jet fighters, Ilyushin jet bombers, Soviet destroyers and submarines. Subsequently, day by day, the threat of war in the Middle East increased, accompanied by greater tensions all over the world.

Dmitri was well rewarded for this stroke. In February, 1956, he was promoted into the Kremlin collective leadership. By June, he formally became Russian Foreign Minister, replacing Old Bolshevik Molotov, who resigned "at his own request."

New York haberdasheries had better be ready for Shepilov's visit to the United Nations this fall. He would hardly bypass this opportunity to acquire fine American clothes—Dmitri is a fancy dresser, in a colorful Bohemian style. He prefers exotic combinations—a dark purple suit with silver cravat, or a white suit, dark shirt and bright tie.

Sedate Molotov once entered a Manhattan men's shop and announced that he wanted to buy several suits of clothes. All the clerks rushed around trying to please him. Unfortunately, the manager mentioned that one suit was made of coal and wood, and explained the process in some detail. Molotov was fascinated by the chemistry, bought only this suit, said he no longer had time to have it fitted, and hurriedly left.

Shepilov will probably be a far less technological shopper. But colorful, handsome Shepilov is a more dangerous opponent of the free world than tough old Molotov ever was. Dmitri is young, bold, very resourceful, and eager to set the world on fire. Unfortunately for Israel, he is known to be anti-Semitic. After Stalin's death, the derogatory term "Talmudist" disappeared from the Soviet press until 1956, when Shepilov's speeches revived it.

Shepilov is inventive and frequently shifts tactics. On his second trip to Cairo, he probably persuaded Egypt to nationalize the Suez Canal. In recent pronouncements, he stated his basic strategy very bluntly:

Despite "peaceful co-existence," propaganda war against the West will never cease. All colonies except the Soviet satellites will be urged to revolt. The old communist line of racial equality is taking a new twist: Why, the communists will continue asking, does a colored laborer in Africa earn one twentieth the salary of a white American worker? Sporadic plans for disarmament will be set afloat as trial balloons—for Shepilov believes that armament is the "narcotic" keeping capitalism prosperous.

All simply, Shepilov's master plan is the economic strangulation of the United States. The Soviet orbit, which already controls one third of the world's industry and population, has launched a trade war tougher than American business ever has encountered. Shepilov's main targets are Asia, Africa and Latin America—our overseas customers, who in return sell us tin, rubber, copper, wool and other vital raw materials. Soviet salesmen hope eventually to capture these markets by underselling us steadily and relentlessly.

Shepilov's ace in the hole is the fact that communism pays its oppressed workers slave wages. With cheap labor, the U.S.S.R. can underprice American industry, whose workers are the best paid in the world. Shepilov knows that American business must operate at a profit. But if the Soviet loses money to gain a new foreign market—well, the long-suffering Russian people simply absorb the loss. Argentina is already buying inferior communist automobiles, because it pays for them in wool and hides, not in scarce dollars. For twenty-eight years the Soviet people were forced to sacrifice, so that their masters could build a huge war industry. Now they are driven to further privations, so that Moscow can carry on a program of economic strangulation against the free world.

This is why the massive Red Army is being streamlined for the atomic age. Hundreds of thousands of demobilized Soviet soldiers are remobilized into factories to produce more goods for strategic export. Temporarily, the Soviet sincerely seeks peaceful co-existence with the United States. A premature Soviet-American war could ruin Shepilov's monstrous long-range plan.

If this evil sales campaign eventually succeeds, Shepilov predicts an American depression far worse than our economic disaster of the 1930's. Many American factories, he reasons, will shut down for lack of export markets and imported raw materials. His hope is that American unemployed workers may turn to communism for their salvation. Even if they don't, an impoverished United States couldn't afford the financial burden of heavy armament, Shepilov figures.

While poverty and communist propaganda undermine American military power, the Soviet's huge armament production will never slacken, as Shepilov sees it. Perhaps the mere threat of communist force will then subdue the enfeebled, isolated U.S.A. If Americans try to resist, better-armed Russia will simply crush them by force—so Shepilov reasons.

Of course, Shepilov's economic war can still fail. Even he admits that Soviet machines are inferior, communist labor productivity remains low and the Soviet is handicapped by internal friction. Russia's treasury may go bankrupt pouring endless subsidies into unprofitable foreign trade. Unpredictable shifts in Kremlin collective leadership could liquidate both Shepilov and his imperialist plan. American free enterprise is not easily defeated, no matter what the type of competition.

But America's future is threatened. We must watch Professor Shepilov and his shifting tactics with the greatest vigilance. We must never forget that his goal is—and always will be—our perdition.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cranberry Angel Pie

a Party Perfect Dessert for Happy Hostessing

Campfire Marshmallows—Lightest, fluffiest, always fresh. 4 individually sealed Packettes in each Economy Pound Package.

THANKS TO

Campfire

MARSHMALLOWS

the magic ingredient

Cranberry Angel Pie—fluffy, tangy, with dainty melt-in-your-mouth texture and all the EXTRA GOODNESS of Campfire Marshmallows. It's Marcia Camp's newest creation. Be sure to make it soon.

CRANBERRY ANGEL PIE

32 regular Campfire Marshmallows or ½ lb. Campfire Miniatures
11 oz. can frozen cranberry relish (1⅓ cups thawed)
1 tablespoon orange flavor gelatin
1 cup whipping cream whipped

Blend thawed cranberry relish and marshmallows in saucepan. Cook over very low heat (or double boiler), stirring over and over until marshmallows are completely melted. Quickly stir in the tablespoon of orange gelatin. When very cool, fold into whipped cream. Blend well and pour into 10-inch baked graham cracker pie shell. Cool until firm.

try the NEW Cracker Jack

crunchy candied popcorn with
LOTS MORE PEANUTS

a **SURPRIZE** toy inside every package

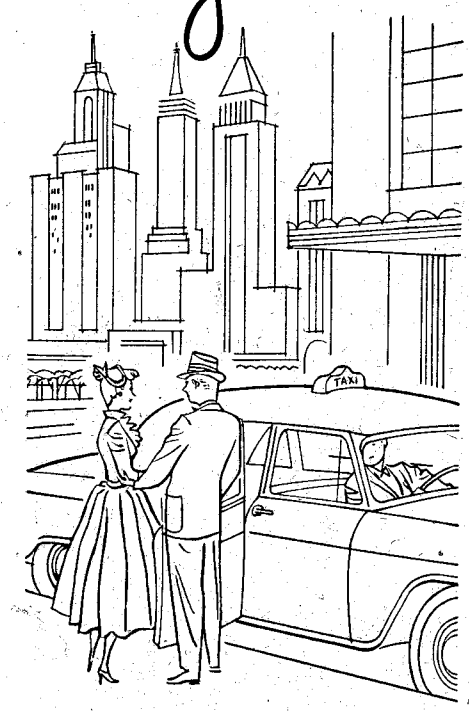
START A COLLECTION

A Cracker Jack® PRODUCT

NEW FOIL PACKAGE
Insures Freshness
BIGGEST VALUE EVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For those who buy the best!



The battery with new Silver-Metalex Grid Alloy for life-long fresh power!

Now, a battery that maintains a full reserve of factory-fresh power . . . gives years of lightning-quick dependable starts, regardless of how much—or how little—you drive. It's the all-new . . .

Willard Super Master

sold, serviced and *guaranteed* by competent dealers in your neighborhood—and wherever you drive!

Keeping Posted

Editor Runs Locomotive Under the Midnight Sun

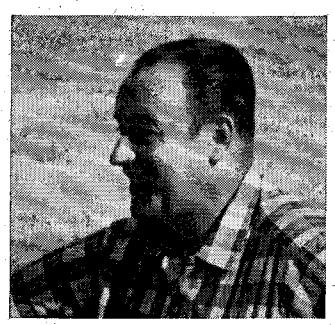
When Associate Editor Art Baum returned from casing the fabulous new iron-ore railroad in Labrador, he brought home an engineer's cap for some reason or other. He has no locomotive; so in the photo he has posed under the cap in a boat on a lake. The lake is on his Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm, and it is quite a sheet of water, extending several inches off each side of the picture. Baum thinks the boat is a homemade dinghy—"I got it from an estate owner who had a lake, but it dried up, so now he has a sunken garden." In contrast, Baum's lake is so wet that it drowns trees around the coastline. His boat is powered by a double paddle, which he says is very efficient for dripping water down into his lap. Shall we now get back to the Quebec, North Shore and Labrador R.R. on page 44?

Engineer Baum (with an authentic engineer gazing over his shoulder) operated the throttle of the QNSL's Package Express, which may be the slowest express train on the continent, averaging twenty-nine mph as it twitches around above awful waterfalls and rapids or barrels over tundra that won't be spongy after a few more years. But the train did forty, say forty-five, under Baum's hot-rod fingers; he says, "You let up on the throttle and, unlike an automobile, nothing happens for a mile or two. It is an unhappy sensation." Where the editor's intuitive artistry showed up was in playing recitals on the engine's whistle. There was a space of 350 miles between formal toots for grade crossings, so he had time to practice tunes. He was warned to whistle for caribou, but saw none, only an occasional snow bunting, a miniature bird that does not obstruct locomotives.

Baum says that Labrador's scenery is magnificent, especially as the train climbs the plateau in the summer sunset which loafs in toward midnight. He kept feeling that the landscape lacked something, and finally realized that it didn't have a blade of grass. That warmed the author's heart, as he is allergic to lawn mowers.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Hillbilly Rockefeller"



Winthrop Rockefeller, onetime playboy of his oil-rich family, bought himself a scraggly farm atop a mountain. And Arkansas hasn't been the same since.

Through Bullets to Freedom

Before Vladimir Shabinsky got away from the Russians and came to the peacefulness of America, he endured horrible years in his homeland. The émigré who, with Ellsworth Raymond, analyzes Foreign Minister Shepilov on page 36 was imprisoned before World War II in a Red camp housing 2000 wives of high Soviet officials whom Stalin had executed. He was made electrical superintendent of the camp, and many of the women, while working for him, told him secret details of Stalin's gory purge of the late 1930's.

During the war, Shabinsky escaped from a bombed prison train, concealed his past and became electrical supervisor in a U.S.S.R. factory. Presently the army made him a lieutenant colonel of engineers and enrolled him in the Frunze Military Academy, the Soviet war college. As the war ended, Malenkov formed a secret committee to strip East Germany of industry, and Shabinsky was assigned to the Berlin branch, to an office across the hall from Serov, now U.S.S.R. secret-police chief. In liaison work with Moscow, Shabinsky dealt with most of Russia's present leaders. Then one day he ran zigzag through a park into West Germany. The Russian bullets flying all around him didn't get him.

About Shabinsky, collaborator Raymond comments, "When something special happens in Russia, the American press, even the State Department, seek his interpretation. This professorial writer, pedant and ideologist is a human encyclopedia on Soviet strategy."

Want to Catch Fish With Your Finger Tips?

Sometimes the material for this page gets too big for its columns; hence this reference to a last week author—though actually it's about a fiendish idea he plans to test out in the future. Journalist Stewart Alsop, who usually writes about world crises, wrote a piece about his country home, Polecat Park, which he says he adores, although it is run-down, disorderly and has a peculiar smell. He has a pond on his acres, and he has devised a plan whereby he will presently catch big fish there, he trusts. His body of water now yields little fish.

In July, Stewart reported that he had commissioned a local electrician (who seemed bewildered by the commission) to string an electric light over his pond, with a timing device to switch it on at sunset and douse it at dawn. Alsop got this idea from reading that powerful lights on Texas towers in offshore oil areas of the Gulf of Mexico enticed bugs, which enticed sea trout to eat the bugs, which enabled men on the towers to catch enormous bug-dieted trout. "After all," Alsop gloats, "my place has bugs." He adds that he has the devilishly ingenious plan to leave his lights off for several nights, thus getting the fish so mad about missing their banquets that he can just thrust his hand into the pond and withdraw it with five fishes clinging to his thumb and fingers.

Alsops on farm; oh, it's just a thorn.

"I'll let you know," says Alsop, "how this works out." As nothing more ever was heard from him, maybe he went to the August political conventions and now is all fouled up mentally with some minor matter such as who will be our next President.

We Have With Us—

Writer Noel Clad and painter Mrs. Clad. The first-timer on page 30 was born in New York State ("I was writing at the time"); the wife was born in California, no doubt painting; they got married in Paris; and here they are in Greenwich Village, Manhattan. To them is wished a life chock-full of manuscripts and canvases.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED